

LET'S LOOK AT AMERICA

NOVELS BY JOHN CREASEY

John Creasey is the author of many crime stories, among them being:

The Toff Goes Gay
Hunt The Toff
Call The Toff
A Six For The Toff
The Toff And The Deep Blue Sea
Make-up For The Toff
The Toff In New York

A Case for Inspector West
Inspector West at Bay
Send for Inspector West
Gun for Inspector West
A Beauty for Inspector West
Two for Inspector West
Inspector West Makes Haste
A Prince for Inspector West

THE "DR. PALFREY" STORIES

The Touch of Death
The Mists of Fear
The Flood

THE DEPARTMENT Z STORIES

A Kind of Prisoner

and he has also written

Round the World in 465 Days
The Log of a Merchant Airman
(with Capt. John Lock)
etc., etc.



Salter & Bred

LET'S LOOK AT AMERICA

by

JOHN CREASEY

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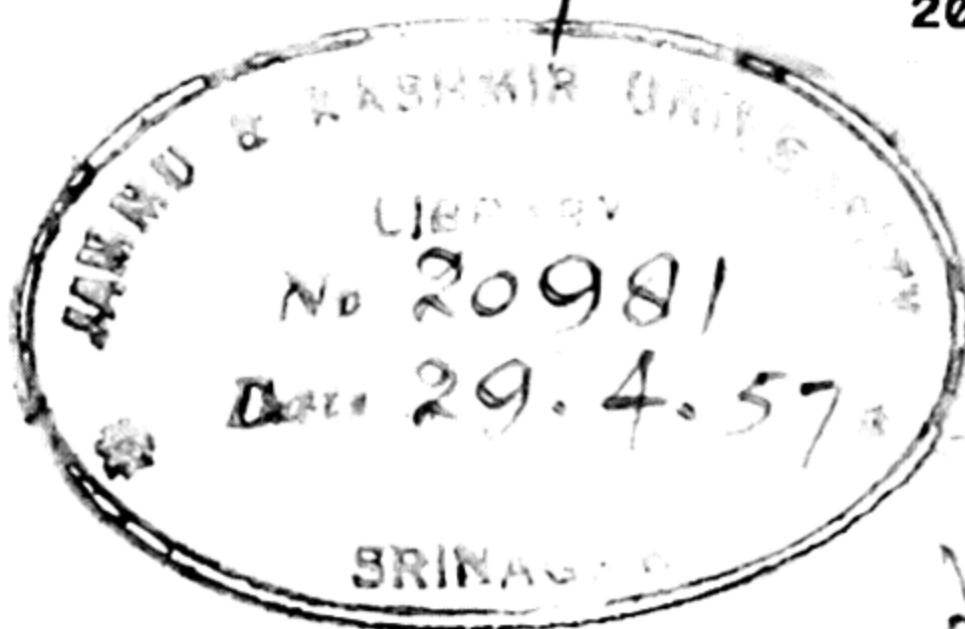


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DEDICATION

To Jean, my wife, who shared the whole trip with me; and to Martin and Richard, our sons, who, by the warm hospitality of our American friends, were able to spend several happy weeks with us

CHAPTER ONE

WELCOME

THE HUGE, silent, pale blue car drew alongside us, and a driver with a bald head raised a hand and called. Neither my wife nor I heard what he said, for another car passed, its horn honking, its wheels spinning as if the driver was anxious to be the next casualty on the road. The first driver, with a round pink face and round pink head, smiled broadly. A woman sitting next to him, and another couple at the back, stared as if we had come from another world, not another continent.

"Say," the driver called, "where you from?"

We were from England, with an English car and English numberplates which are very different from the American licence plate. On the back was a large GB plate placed in the middle of a Union Jack—a relic of Coronation year. The car number, registered at Bournemouth, was simply PRU 518.

"You from Prussia?" inquired the woman next to the driver, shrill in her eagerness to be right.

"No, we—"

"*Peru!*" exploded the man behind the driver.

"No," called my wife, almost desperately, "we're from England."

"England!"

England?

"Honey, you hear that? They're from *England*."

Four beaming faces were turned towards us, and the pale blue car, strangely beautiful, seemed to be steered by remote control. Eagerly, the four talked to us and about us, asked how we had brought the car over, how long we were staying, whether we liked America, and then finally in a chorus:

"Well, have a wonderful time."

Then off they went, smooth, silent, powerful, all but the

driver turning in their seats to wave and smile at us, and wish us well. As we drove on, with the steering wheel on the right side of the car—in America the wrong side—driving on the right side of the road—in England the wrong side—we were passed by dozens of cars, and stared at with eager curiosity: we were trailed by others; we overtook many which had slowed down to see what mysterious automobile was behind, and then were passed, at speed, as if each curious driver was anxious to prove that he could show us a clean pair of heels—or a gaily coloured car.

This first encounter was one of many very similar meetings in some thirty-eight of the forty-eight states which we drove through. Sometimes we drove only a hundred miles or so across a corner, which my wife said wasn't fair, but I'm still glad that we made a detour of a hundred miles in order to set both foot and wheel in the State of Idaho.

It was hard to convince many Americans that PRU 518 was just a serial number, one of the allocation to Bournemouth, England, in the early part of 1955. It was harder for us to believe that so many people could see the PRU and the Union Jack together, and then speculate about Prussia and Peru, but it was so—not only in the United States, but in Canada, too. Yet perhaps it wasn't so surprising. Outside of New York City, we saw exactly three cars with British licence plates, and each of these had American plates as well. Most Americans were surprised to learn that our registration number lasts for the life of the car, whether it changes owners or not; just as we were at first surprised to know that each American state, being its own licensing authority, issues a number plate as a yearly licence, and the number of each car is changed each year. The contrast in the actual plates is characteristic, too, the English being white on sombre black, with three-inch high letters, thus: PRU 518 and the American being any one of dozens of styles and colours—white on black, black on white, yellow on black, and so on—with most states changing the combination yearly. That year, New York's read:

New York
28 L 532
The Empire State
1955

Every American knows that 'The Empire State' is the nickname of New York State, but probably few know that Nebraska is the Cornhusker State. Until he has visited the U.S., no Englishman is likely to realise that each of the forty-eight states of the union has a nickname; and some have two. It's a great asset to motorists. If a car ahead has an unusual looking number plate—green, say, or pink or red or brown—one can draw nearer and find out where it is registered, and learn a great deal more. One might read *Florida, the Sunshine State, Michigan, the Wolverine State, Montana, the Treasure State*—and one's eagerness to learn more is unfailing.

One is welcomed almost everywhere, sometimes without quite realising it. For instance, a day or two after landing in New York I went to the Automobile Association of America's office near Park Avenue, hoping that there was some system by which I could be traced on the road, in case of emergency at home.

"Why, sure there is," a friendly young man told me. "We can't do it, sir, we don't have road patrols the way you do, but you have friends in New York, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, several."

"Well, why don't you tell them what state you'll be driving through, and have them contact the State Police if there's an emergency. All the State Police have motor-cycle patrols on all the main highways and they'll be glad to help."

That seemed very easy and reassuring.

We talked a little, and he was particularly interested in the British system of A.A. and R.A.C. patrolmen who travel on all our main roads with motor-cycles and sidecars, fully equipped to give any motorist running repairs.

"It sounds wonderful," the young man said, "but we couldn't have it here, it would cost a fortune." Of course he was right. Very few of the forty-eight states are smaller than Great Britain and three are nearly twice as large.¹

He proceeded to show me how the A.A.A. makes up for this. Nearly every garage of repute is on its list, and he gave me three Tour Books, covering every state in the Union, all Canada and Mexico, as well as a fat guide to Hotels, Motels and Restaurants. Out of the hundreds of occasions when we followed this guide, only once were we disappointed.

¹ See appendix

Then, he showered me with maps, and gave me some advice.

"You call your Automobile Association the A.A.," he said, "but over here A.A. stands for Alcoholics Anonymous,¹ and you won't want to be misunderstood. Always say A.A.A., Mr. Creasey."

Whenever I forgot, and said A.A., I was warned afresh.

His was a greater welcome than I realised, for when Jean and I were on the road, we found that we had only to turn a few leaves in a book to find out practically everything it was necessary or interesting for a stranger to know. Soon it became a habit to read about the town just ahead of us, and when I was driving Jean would read something like this:

"*Ironwood*, population 11,466, altitude 1500, situated on the Michigan-Wisconsin border. Ironwood is the trading and the mining and lumbering—what's lumbering?"

"Well—lumber means timber here, they use 'timber' to mean the trees themselves. When they're felled and sawn up trees become lumber, they don't use the word 'lumber' in our sense, of junk."

Jean would consider, and then go on:

"... lumbering headquarters of the Gogebic—what's Gogebic—never mind. The Gogebic iron range. Several of the world's largest underground mines are in the vicinity. Mt. Zion, one half mile north of the city affords—but it *isn't* a city!"

"Why not?"

"It can't be, there are only 11,466 people."

"They don't use the word city in the same sense as we do—it's more the equivalent of town."

"Do you mean to say that they don't call New York and Chicago cities?"

"Well, yes, but—"

"Anyway, if we take Mt. Zion there's a beautiful panoramic view of the countryside and Lake Superior . . . mmm . . . Then it says 'Black River Drive, a scenic 17-mile drive follows the winding course of the Black River to Lake Superior, four waterfalls are near the road' . . . I don't think we want to see any more waterfalls, do we?"

"We'll wait until Niagara."

¹ Alcoholics Anonymous—a highly successful organisation which helps Alcoholics to overcome their craving and rehabilitate themselves.

"We're not going to try to get to Niagara tonight?"

"No, it'll take three or four days," I would say, and then our attention would be distracted by a huge sign, reading:

WELCOME TO
Drive Carefully
The Life You Save Might Be
YOUR OWN

a sharp contrast to our English sign, always much smaller, often more artistic—bearing the town's coat of arms; for instance, and saying in a kind of undertone:

Please Drive Carefully

or, when highly original, something like:

So-and-So
Welcomes
Careful
Drivers

The roadside advertisements and exhortations are part of America's way of life; they are practically non-existent in England, except near large cities.

As soon as we had digested that welcome, there would be another large sign, reading:

ALL OUR SERVICE CLUBS		
WELCOME YOU		
Rotary	—	Kiwanas
Hotel "A"		Hotel "B"
12 noon		12.15
Mondays		Tuesdays
	COME AND SHAKE THE HAND	
	OF FELLOWSHIP	
		Lions
		Hotel "C"
		12 noon
		Fridays

I have never once seen any kind of such sign in the British Isles, and I've travelled most of the country.

A hundred yards or so beyond this, for all the important signs

were well spaced, there would be another notice quite unknown to Britain :

THE CHURCHES OF OUR CITY
EXTEND A HEARTY WELCOME
WORSHIP WITH US—PRAY
WITH US

and there would follow a list of the churches, the places and the times of services.

All of these things, commonplaces in the United States, were fresh and new and oddly stirring to us, for in England if we want a church or a service club such as Rotary, we have to hunt for the information. There must be three or four American service clubs¹ to every one in England—where there is no Kiwani, Lions or Jaycees. The only one which really seems general is Rotary, but outside one city I counted thirteen different clubs.

Interspersed between these advertisements are the motel, hotel and restaurant signs, each one claiming to be the best, serving the finest foods, offering the greatest comfort. In England, I've seen three motels, none widely advertised, for the charges are too high or the local authority will not have advertisements 'despoiling the countryside'. The motel system, in which a motorist drives up, parks his car outside the chalet or 'unit' where he and his family are to sleep, and has no fuss or formality, is still an American phenomenon. In the four years between my two visits—1951 to 1955—the number of motels in the North-eastern United States and Canada must have multiplied themselves ten times. The motel with the A.A.A. sign inside an ellipse was always safe for our money. If there were two or three, we simply went to the cheapest according to the book.

Just as we could refer to any town or village in the *Tour Book*—seldom certain until we did so whether the next 'city' would have 97 or 97,000 inhabitants—so we would turn for its introduction to each state. Jean would flick over the pages and read :

¹ A service club is a modern phenomenon, affecting mostly the business and professional sections of a community; each club commits itself and its members to some form of service to the local community—usually some kind of social and welfare work.

Indiana:

Population :	4,136,000	— ranks eleventh (of the 48 states).
Area :	36,291	square miles, of which 86 are water; ranks 37th.
Capital :	Indianapolis.	
Nickname :	The Hoosier State.	
Flower :	Zinnia.	
Motto :	The Crossroads of America.	
Maximum speed :	65 m.p.h.	

After this, she would read a brief introduction to the State, and then quote and comment, something like this :

“ Indiana, boyhood home of Abraham Lincoln, often is termed the most typically ‘ American ’ of the 48 states. Rocky canyons, virgin forests, sand dunes, attractive cities and towns . . . mmm-mmm-mmm . . . Her colourful history from the days of Indian warfare to the present day economic balance of industry and agriculture . . . mmm-mmm-mmm . . . the early eighteenth century saw the establishment of a few French trading posts . . . darling, *French*, I didn’t realise the French came as far north as this.”

“ Nor did I.”

“ Well, they must have—dar—look ! You’re going too fast ! Why, nearly eighty.”

“ Just hovering around seventy,” I would say, and slow down.

On the straight roads, seventy miles an hour seemed a crawl, and across Texas on the day when we did 564 miles in 10 hours, I noticed we were travelling at about 85 miles an hour. The road stretched almost straight until it was lost to sight, the land on either side was flat, sandy desert with little tufts of coarse grass and a few cacti, here and there a Yucca plant with its gleaming silvery flowers. The air coming in at the windows was like a blast from a hot oven, the sun was pitiless, and hope of relief negligible, for throughout the night the temperature was likely to remain in the high 90’s.

I slowed down to 75.

Jean, dozing, sensed the change in speed, opened her eyes and mumbled :

“ Why are you travelling so slowly ?”

There were days when anything under 80 miles an hour seemed to be wearisome.

Of course, the people whom we knew welcomed us with that warmth which is peculiarly American; and so did many whom we did not know except as names in a letter of introduction. There was practically no formality anywhere. One telephoned, was invited, went to visit and was accepted as one of the family—usually after a little uncertainty, for the English have a reputation for being very stiff. ‘Stuffy’ is the word. I can understand it; one of the few occasions when I wanted to hide my face in embarrassment was while walking along crowded 42nd Street in New York; I heard two unbearably ‘refined’ English voices, and saw two bowler-hatted men in dark grey suits carrying furled umbrellas. These walked, oblivious of the grins and the stares of passers-by, completely unaware that they were doing as much harm to England’s reputation as any hostile newspaper headline. I felt much the same, a week or two later, when I heard a record of a talk I’d given to New York Rotary!

Incidentally, the unaffected English voice free from any local accent or dialect fascinates most Americans, who fall silent when they hear it and, when the speaker stops, often ask him to go on, saying:

“We just love to hear you talk.”

I first discovered this when visiting a family with five daughters, then all under fourteen, in a little New Jersey town. I had talked on and on, bringing messages to their father from wartime friends in England, and reminiscing on subjects which could not have interested the youngsters. When I stopped, there was a chorus:

“Oh, don’t stop talking, *please* don’t stop talking.”

“Well, what do you want me to talk about?” I asked.

“Oh, *anything*,” they said, “provided you *talk*.”

This latest was my third visit to America, and I knew some of the advantages in being a visitor, and some of the snags, and some of the things it was necessary to do. Yet on arrival I was surprised once again by the way in which everything was made easy to get the car through customs and on the road. It took less than ten minutes, without fuss or formality, without trip-tiques or carnets—a quarter of the time it takes to take a car into France or bring it back into England. Then I was towed a hun-

See me 209A1

dred yards from the Cunard warehouse to a garage opposite, filled up with petrol, and drove off.

"Enjoy yourself," the garage hand said.

Thus, we were made to feel welcome, to feel that Americans were happy to have us.

Even the customs officer was casual and amiable in the huge shed—where, incidentally, the manner of the porters had improved out of all knowledge; one huge man pushing a truck piled high with luggage kept up a singsong: "*Backs, pliz, backs, pliz, backs, pliz,*" whereas, in 1948 and 1951, he would have growled and pushed you out of the way. The customs officer looked at our seventeen cases, wanted to know how long we were going to stay, hoped we had a wonderful time, and then studied the declaration form which we had filled in on the ship. He passed everything except the last item.

"Books," he read musingly, "and typescripts of original stories. Why, that makes you a writer, Mr. Creasey."

"That's right," I said.

"What kind of books do you write?"

"Mysteries," said I.

"Well, what do you know! You hope to sell any of those books in the United States, Mr. Creasey?"

"Well," I said, "at least I'm going to try."

"Very interesting," he remarked, and referred to an official looking booklet, smiled most amiably, and asked: "How much would you say these books you have with you are worth, Mr. Creasey?"

"It's impossible to say," I said. "If I don't sell any, they won't be worth a cent. I wouldn't like to put a value on the stories over here."

His smile became positively angelic.

"I'm not asking you to do that, Mr. Creasey, that wouldn't be right," he assured me. "But how much is the *paper* worth? Never mind the words. Just value the paper, because they're travellers' samples, aren't they, and there's a ten per cent duty on travellers' samples."

Solemnly, I paid the lawful sum of \$1.00, tipped a helpful porter much too heavily, for he spluttered his thanks, hovered near until we were in a huge yellow taxi, luggage and all, and then waved cheerfully and hoped that we had a wonderful time.

CHAPTER TWO

NEW YORK

IF YOU are American, New York is the largest city in the world. If you are English, it is the second largest. Certainly it is unique; at once the most beautiful city I have ever seen, and the ugliest. I must have read millions of words about it, but nothing said has really captured the almost haunting mystery it has at certain times of the day. I like late evening best; with the afterglow in the west, beyond the end of the narrow streets, above the rooftops and the countless television aerials (antennae), and beyond the Hudson River. The houses are etched black and almost forbidding against the deep orange and violet, purple and red and yellow of the sky. Or, still late evening, standing at a window twenty, thirty, forty stories above the ground, seeing the lights going on in the tall buildings; or seeing them while driving into Manhattan over the Brooklyn, the Queensborough or the Manhattan Bridge, a shimmering mass of giant's diamonds set against the velvet of the darkening sky. Or at three o'clock in the morning, each avenue ablaze with light, cars and taxis streaming with headlamps glowing towards the stop light at the corner, and waiting with impatient, throbbing engine to leap as the colour changes to green. Or at midday, with the sun high overhead and the sky a serene, azure blue, and the simplicity of the great buildings reaching upwards.

Or Park Avenue, at Christmas time, with a huge Christmas Tree at every intersection, aglow with light.

Or Rockefeller Centre with the huge Christmas Tree and the glittering ice rink and the graceful, whirling skaters.

Or Harlem, a capital within a capital, the 'greatest negro city in the world', with nearly a million inhabitants, policed by coloured people, crowded and noisy and lively and gay.

Or the downtown skyline seen from the ferry which goes to

and from Staten Island, a cluster of buildings which looked as if a genius had painted them, using the sky as canvas; shapes and beauty which change constantly as one draws nearer, where clashing colours merge in harmony, like flowers, where stillness cloaks the noise and hustle and bustle of the city.

"The largest city in the world," says the A.A.A. book, bluntly, "with a population of 7,891,957." I checked this with the *World Almanac* which is published by the *New York World Telegram* and can best be compared for general information with the English *Whitaker's Almanac*. (To me, both are invaluable). 7,891,957 was the identical figure quoted from the census of 1950. So I looked up London in the *World Almanac*, too, and read :

London	...	3,348,336
Greater London	...	8,346,137

If there is a comparison, then that between Greater London and Greater New York is as fair as one can get; so the figures make London the larger in terms both of area and population; but your true New Yorker will have none of it.

"Listen," said an irrepressible taxi-driver while driving us to some friends one evening, "never mind 8 million or 9 million. Say London has 9 million, I'll give you 9. Okay. Now let me help you figure out New York's population. Okay. You admit it's got 8 millions, so we start with eight. Then we add all the Costa Ricans and the coloured folk from down south who've come in since the census, how many's that? So you don't know but it's close on half a million, it can't be any less, and you double that because they have a lot of kids, don't they? So that's 9 million. You agree? Then there's the commuters. They come in by train and road every day, must be at least a million of them, that's 10 million already, but wait a minute, we haven't finished yet. No, *sir*, we haven't finished! You know how many hotels there are in New York? Okay, I don't know either, but I was reading the other day there is transient accommodation for a million people in the City. You ever tried to get a room without a reservation? It can't be done, no *sir*, so that's a million visitors, that takes us to 11 million. Why, you can't argue! That's New York, mister, and there's another thing. If you was one of those

census takers would you walk up a couple of hundred steps to find out how many people lived in a top floor back? Well, maybe you would, but *I* wouldn't, I have to study my legs. Maybe if those census takers had been Englishmen they'd have got the total right, but I figure our guys missed out at least a million, so that makes 12 million people in New York any day of the year."

He stopped, looked round and grinned, and said :

"C'n you beat it?"

I didn't try.

Taken by and large, to the stranger the New York taxi-driver is the friendliest one is likely to find. Only one out of hundreds has ever tried to cheat me.

One of the first I ever met looked at the 25 cent tip I'd given him for a forty cent fare, handed me ten cents back, and advised :

"Don't tip me or anyone else too much, mister, it ain't good for you *or* me."

"Sure, we give you a good deal," another said. "We'd give everyone a good deal if they'd let us, but it's the public. They want a ride round the block when it would take them two minutes to walk, do they care if I have to pass up a seventy cent fare for that? No, sir. And what do they give you? Five cents on your twenty-five, if you're lucky. Don't talk to me about the public. Goddam the public! 'Why don't you *hurry*?' they ask me. They want me to drive through the back of the bus? No, sir, don't talk to me about the public."

It is a popular illusion that it is easy to find one's way about in New York. That is true only of a comparatively small mid-Town section, where the streets run straight from East to West, the East River to the Hudson, and the Avenues run north and south. In this section, even Broadway, which runs meandering on a diagonal course, can fool the stranger, while to catch a Seventh Avenue bus at a certain point in the city one has to wait on Broadway; there are dozens of similar innocent little traps for the unwary. As one goes south, to the downtown area, the streets are no longer symmetrically planned, and it is as easy to lose oneself in Greenwich Village as it is in Soho. In some ways it is easier.

The English visitor is often mystified by the use of 'downtown' 'midtown' and 'uptown', terms which are unused in

England—as the use of ‘block’ is almost unknown. The American will say: “Two blocks along,” where we will say: “It’s the second turning.” After six months in the United States I found myself saying ‘blocks’ in England, and my friends looked at me blankly.

Even in the very heart of Manhattan the stranger can get badly confused, for Grand Central Station stands in the way of the perfect street planning, and one finds dead ends and one-way turnings which can send the stranger back where he started from without any trouble at all.

“New York,” insisted the A.A.A. Book, “is the largest city in the world, with five Boroughs—Manhattan, Queens, Brooklyn, Bronx and Richmond.”

Even this is confusing, for whenever I think of New York I really mean Manhattan in spite of familiarity with three of the other boroughs. Manhattan, a rocky island some 12 miles north to south and $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles at its widest point, must be the most congested, busiest, brightest, noisiest, most spectacular district in the whole wide world. The other boroughs are within the city but to reach them one must go over a magnificent bridge or through an unbelievable tunnel. Oddly, it was in New York that I first learned that the city has the second largest tunnel in the world; England has the longest—under the Mersey between Liverpool and Birkenhead.

To ask for the Borough of Richmond by its right name while on Manhattan is to invite a puzzled stare. But if you say Staten Island, you will be directed to the southern tip of Manhattan at once, and told to catch the ferry which boasts that it is the only public transport in New York to retain its pre first World War toll fee of 5c. I don’t know how true that is, but certainly for 10c one can take the ferry trip to and from Staten Island, and sit or stand and watch that skyline, the white gulls weaving, the great train ferries rounding the island. One can see the vast bridges spanning the East River like giant spiders’ webs, see the small boats and the great ships rounding the tip of Manhattan, one can look at the green bronze of the Statue of Liberty, a gift from France to the New World and now a symbol of freedom everywhere. Given the sun, and the sun seldom disappoints except in occasional spells of really bad weather, it is not only cheap but surely the most magnificent short ride in the world.

One can travel on the subway—called in London the underground or tube—from one end of the island to the other, 12 miles for 15c, with nothing more to pay, a sharp contrast to the London system, of charging so much a mile. One can travel by bus for a single rate fare too, either north and south along the avenues or east and west along the streets, sometimes for 12c, sometimes for 15c, however far you want to go. There is no conductor on a New York bus, as there is one in London; the driver takes the money and gives the change and negotiates the frenzied traffic—and, miraculously, some drivers even answer questions civilly. It must be the most nerve-wracking job in America. Almost all London buses are double-decker, of course, but the only double decker bus service in the whole of the United States was discontinued some years ago—on Fifth Avenue, New York.

One compares New York and London because comparison is inevitable, but little of it is just or helpful. The conditions of living are so different, the problems of traffic, housing, shopping are all quite different, too. One can be fond of each city and have no preference for either; and if I had to put a distinction into words I would say that New York has magic, and London, warmth.

It is easy to forget—or not to realise—so many things about New York.

Two Spanish explorers first landed on Manhattan in 1524 and 1525. I had not realised that European influence or history went back so far. In 1609, the Dutch landed, and the island was called New Amsterdam—Amsterdam Avenue is one of the main thoroughfares to this day. By 1653, the population was 800. Then the British came, and:

“ . . . it remained in their control until 1783. Congress met in New York from 1785 to 1790.”

* * * *

A friend in California asked me, a little diffidently, whether I was affected by the July 4th celebrations, the national day of rejoicing that the British lost control.

Affected?

I think it was the most significant thing in modern history,

and shudder to think of what the world situation would be if there was no independent United States today. And the fireworks on July 4th have exactly the same effect on me as those of November 5th.

They go off with a bang, and I've never liked jumping crackers!

* * * *

But back to New York.

It *really* never sleeps; there is kind of siesta hour, about five o'clock in the morning, but there is no time of day or night when traffic is not moving and people are not walking. Small shops, restaurants and drug stores are open for periods which would flabbergast Londoners—in the heart of New York especially one can buy food and drink of every kind until one o'clock in the morning, and again from six o'clock on that same morning—and sometimes for the whole night through.

Wanting records of the popular songs which we'd enjoyed throughout the trip, we walked past a record shop about eleven o'clock one night, to do some window shopping. The shop blazed with lights and bustled with customers.

"We thought you'd be closed," we told the assistant who helped us with infinite pains.

"No, sir. We have two shifts, and open at 10 a.m. and we close at 4 a.m. *next* morning."

Coffee, bacon and eggs, Alka Seltzer, and any kind of patent medicine are available whenever they're needed day and night, whereas I know of only one all night chemist (druggist or pharmacist) in the whole of central London.

During the day in Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street—not only at rush hours—it looks as if one can walk on the heads of the white, black and yellow people. Not all of them are in a hurry, for there is as much dawdling down there as anywhere, and all the year round there are throngs of sightseers, and for the sightseers anything they might like to see, from the world's tallest buildings—the Empire State, for instance, 1,472 feet high, with enough floor space to shelter a city of 80,000 people, with dozens of elevators speeding up to the 86th floor and others to continue the journey to the 102nd. Or

the Rockefeller Centre, "You can do everything here," a guide told us, "except be born or buried." Half a million tourists visit the Empire State building every year, paying a \$1.30 fee—or half a million dollars, if one allows for the children and the servicemen who get in for (about) half price.

Or the Public Library, with its 5 million books.

The United Nations building.

Cheek by jowl with the beauty of luxury buildings is the squalor of some of the tenements—not only in Harlem—and even the finely named Avenue of the Americans, still known widely as Sixth Avenue, has buildings which look almost ready to fall down and junk shops at least as tawdry as some of those in London's Strand or Charing Cross Road.

But old buildings are being torn down—savagely and swiftly as if the workers take a fierce pleasure in it—and tall, gracious buildings with wonderful views are going up, to house the poor and to house the sick. The roar of the pneumatic drill, the bedlam of riveting steel girders, the avalanches of rubble pouring down great chutes to trucks waiting below, is as much part of New York life as the lights of Times Square.

On Third Avenue, the 'El' was being demolished when we left. This cobbled thoroughfare, with the pillars supporting the fantastically noisy elevated railway, has been a traffic nightmare for years. Property values have been very low, it is the home of secondhand shops of all kinds. Now that the 'El' is really on its way out, property values are shooting up. I wonder how many years will pass before Third Avenue is almost as graceful as Fifth?

Not many, I think.

But New York, with its mammoth buildings, its great museums, its historical sites, its railway stations—clean and vast compared with London's—its streets, its zoos and its Central Park, is above all fascinating because of its people. An hour in Chinatown can enthrall; there are the brightly lit barbers' shops, the barbers busy at midnight, the little cafés, nearly every face a Chinese one, be it man or woman or child. Up a narrow staircase leading off a narrow street there is a temple, once headquarters of one of the dreaded tongs; now we are told the tongs are a mixture of service club and Chamber of Commerce. The twisting, cobbled streets lead to and from the Bowery, or Skid

Row—one of the spots where human beings have touched absolute bottom. The drunks still beg for ‘coffee’, the bold ones for a drink, they still huddle in doorways, real human derelicts. *A Guide to New York* puts all this almost attractively, saying:

“Dickens wrote about it, Hogarth painted it, and it is easy to imagine this incredible district of dirt and drunks and human disaster fascinating each.”

It is, quite simply, shocking.

But even in New York you cannot pull down a large section of the city, including thousands upon thousands of homes, overnight; but new buildings and what we would call slum clearance is closing in on the Bowery remorselessly.

Is there anything like it in London? I don’t think so, these days, although some of our dockside areas are pretty crummy. There appears to be nothing like so much drunkenness in England, either, and one is far less likely to see a drunk in the street here than in the United States. Perhaps because of our ‘ludicrous licensing laws’ and the fact that it’s impossible at certain hours to get an alcoholic drink, the problem of drunkenness and alcoholism is not so acute in Great Britain. Nor is the problem of drug addiction.

There are so many things in which I feel (often hurtfully) that the United States has the advantage over Great Britain that it is almost a relief to list a few things where the advantage lies clearly with us. Take post offices, for instance. In general ours seem cleaner, friendlier, more fully staffed, and brighter—our colour is bright red against drab grey-green, too. There are queues (lines) at the counters but they seem to move very much faster than most in the States. Mind you, we don’t have the P.O. box system developed to anything like the same degree, and I don’t know of a single post office in London where there are the rows upon rows of little boxes which the individual can open with his own key and from which he takes his own mail. I confess I prefer to have my post delivered, but the box system must ease the labour problem in the cities.

Generally, too, most English roads are neater, better finished at the edges, and tidier; the hedger or ditcher, a common sight in Great Britain is almost unknown in America. In the cities too, the streets are usually cleaner, and there isn’t much doubt that London scores on tidiness over New York. One of the reasons

for this may be that there's virtually no overnight parking in London; the streets are easier to clean! But New York's main line railway stations are far, far cleaner and tidier than ours.

I think I would rather ask the help of a London policeman than of a New York cop, if help were needed, but it would be a bold man who claimed that either force was 'better' than the other; each has widely different problems of great diversity. I'm quite sure that if I had to travel by tube I would choose London every time, even though it is probably easier to get lost on it. The London tube is much deeper underground, quieter, smaller (in size of carriage) and is generally cleaner; it is a tunnel dug deep in the earth, not just beneath the surface as New York's. But I doubt very much if the London tube has anything so fast as the fast New York expresses, although London trains don't rock so much.

Yes, London scores on some amenities.

She also leads New York easily in one which doesn't give much cause for satisfaction; in open prostitution. In the West End the street walkers stand at many street corners, even in the heart of the city, and the law as it stands does very little to prevent it. I don't recall ever seeing a prostitute soliciting or even attempting to solicit in New York. In fact I don't recall ever having seen prostitution, on the London scale and boldness, in any Western city. But I'm told that New York's call-girl system is far ahead of ours.

* * * *

We went to China Town as humble tourists, and were taken to the Mission House, now housed in the only Chinese theatre in the United States according to the missionary's claim. Here the seats are odd by our standards, rather like extremely uncomfortable pews, and one should sit on the back—so that one's pig tail can dangle freely!

Here the missionary harangued us for five minutes and entertained us for ten with stories of the human derelicts who end up on Skid Row, and how some come back to life.

"Now that I've told you everything I can about this mission, ask me any questions you like as you go out," he boomed, "and why don't you tell me where you come from? I probably know it, I've been most places. And—" a wave of the hand—"every

cent you drop into my hat will be for the mission, we've never refused a deserving case yet. What's that? Sir, we call a man a deserving case if he's old and hungry and homeless, we don't ask him why he got that way."

He stood at the door as we filed past, scarlet top hat held out confidently.

"Where you from, sir? Milwaukie? Sure, I was there in 1921. You, sir? Houston? Sure, I know Houston, I was there when a hotel changed hands for a game of cards. New Orleans sir? Many's the times I've sailed up the Mississippi and heard that music from the old Show Boat, give my love to Antoinettes when you get back . . . London, sir? Well, I was in Toronto—What's that? London, *England*."

He caught his breath.

Then, slowly:

"Well, all I can say is I'm sorry you saw this side of New York, sir, I'm real sorry."

He looked as if he meant it, and I don't know whether he had ever been to London, England, or not.

China Town then—and on Manhattan Island, this restless heart of a miracle city, there are dozens of different national groups—the Costa Ricans, the Danes, the Dutch, the Germans, the Greeks the Italians the Swedes, the Japanese the French the Indian all of these and many others. Hundreds can speak only broken English, but have children who are bi-lingual. They can buy their native food and follow native customs and sing native songs and worship at the churches of their own homeland—and yet all of them are fiercely and proudly American.

Here are thousands who have jumped ship or crossed the border from Mexico, and who ask only that they be allowed to stay—who plead desperately not to be sent away, who see America as a land of dreams and gold and hope.

Go to Times Square any night of the week, but preferably on Friday or Saturday, stand at the corner of Forty-second Street, dazzled by the flashing of millions of electric lamps using \$50,000's worth of current every night. Here you see people of all nations.

Claimed to be the biggest advertising sign in the world (a claim made in 1948 for one in Chicago) a Pepsi-Cola sign in Times Square has 35,000 electric light bulbs, and its waterfall,

not only visible but in quiet moments audible from almost anywhere in Times Square, has 50,000 gallons of water falling just above the heads of the throngs down below, every minute of the day and night.

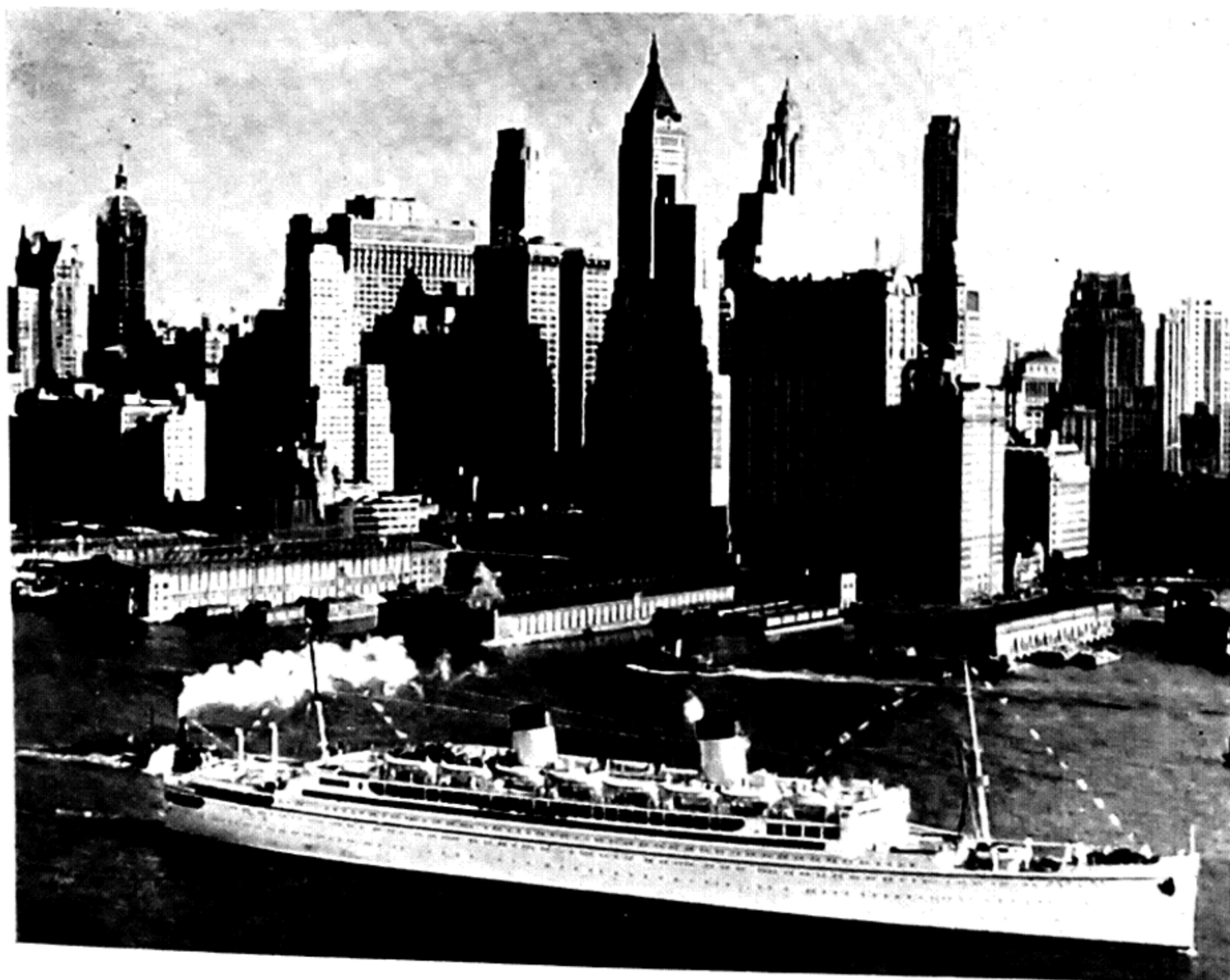
People of all those nationalities, then, will pass you by, many walking idly, the old and the young mingling with visitors from every state of the Union and of most lands abroad. At this corner you can hear nearly every language, watch the sleek shiny hot dogs being prepared, see the oranges squeezed, the ice cream slapped into cones or into dishes, in winter the chestnut men with their little carts, the *Conducted Tour* guides calling: "Leaving right now," the cinema lights flashing on and off and beckoning seductively with pictures of Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell.

Here is New York, the largest city in the world if you are an American, the second largest city if you are an Englishman. I love the place, much as I do London.

But New York, everyone tells us, is not American.



Roof top
Heatwave.
New York City



New York Harbour skyline



Spanish Moss



Daytona Beach

CHAPTER THREE

MOTORISTS' MECCA

"CALIFORNIA IS the first (state) in the country in motor vehicle registration," says 'the book'.

A little investigation shows that the figure of motor vehicles registered in the state is 4,926,543. That is approximately the same number as in the whole of Great Britain. The population of California is a little over 12,000,000, or one quarter of that of Great Britain, and one person in $2\frac{1}{2}$ owns a motor vehicle of some kind.

The total number of vehicle registrations in the whole of the United States in 1949 the last year in which there are comparative figures, was 44,690,296¹ out of a world total of 62,464,000. So some two thirds of the world's motorists are American; it is little wonder that America is the Motorists' Mecca.

Of course, there are drawbacks. Parking in all cities is increasingly a problem, in spite of the subterranean parking places like that in San Francisco, the huge six and seven storey car parks which are beginning to shoot up in large cities. Parking here, as everywhere, is a form of purgatory.

"If there's a thing that makes me mad, it's paying to park a car on the streets of my own town. Why the heck do I pay taxes?" one Californian complained bitterly. He doesn't know how lucky he—and the rest of America—is with the parking meter system, which is about to be tried experimentally in one of England's large cities. The system is simple, and the first problem the perennial one: find room to park. Having done that, one gets in with little trouble because each space is clearly marked with white lines. Then one puts cents or a nickel into

¹ The provisional 1955 figures show 61,301,000 motor vehicles registered in the U.S.—15,000,000 increase in 6 years.

the meter. In most busy streets, 12 or 15 minute parking is the maximum, so that one can usually find a spot. In the side streets, one parks for an hour, and sometimes two. If the time expires, the driver is likely to get a ticket and a \$5.00 or more fine; so usually he gets back in time to move his car or put in more money. This way, the flow of cars in and out of parking places is more regular than at home where, even in large cities, too many people are allowed to park their cars all day—for no fee at all. Yet the opposition to parking meters in Great Britain is continuous, ingenious, vocal and dogged. Perhaps it really makes little difference; it isn't so long ago that arguments against automobiles were continuous, ingenious and dogged.

One asset for American drivers is that no side or parking lights are required anywhere in the United States while a car is parked;¹ whereas no car may legally be parked without lights in Great Britain. One consequence is that by night, there is always plenty of parking space here, but night or day it is equally difficult in the big American cities.

If one could solve parking problems and reduce the accident rate,² the Mecca would be almost without blemish.

In the most populous states and near all large cities, the roads are magnificent, often with four, five or six lanes. In Chicago, New York and other cities, there is a fascinating system by which the number of traffic lanes in any one direction can be controlled. Thus, coming into Chicago in the morning rush hour, there are six traffic lanes; going out, one or two. Going home in the evening, the ratio is reversed. The number is regulated by movable kerbs or islands which are operated mechanically by the police. Mind you, they are necessary! The swarms of cars—whether it be in the parkways feeding New York, New Jersey, Chicago, Miami, Los Angeles, Seattle or any large metropolis, comprise a modern wonder of the world. Thousands upon thousands of fast moving, colourful, shiny vehicles stream past, stop abruptly, and seem to pile up at red lights, only to leap forward on the green. I once saw a herd of sable antelope surging forward near the Matopas, in Southern Rhodesia; the effect was rather the same—perfect unison and great speed.

¹ This is also true of most if not all Continental countries. In Great Britain the opposition to parking without lights in lighted thoroughfares is continuous, ingenious, vocal and dogged.

² See Chapter 4.

To serve this fabulous automobile population, there are countless immaculate garages, many open all night, service stations, auto stores, drive-in restaurants, shops, cafés and—of recent development—banks. For service, one drives in and sits and is waited upon. Cars gather round these places, at certain times of the day, like gawpers round an accident. Smartly dressed girls hurry to serve, brisk service mechanics check levels, clean windshields (windcreens) and generally try to make sure that if you're passing, you will call back. Maps, excellent and clearly marked, with a great deal of topographical detail and touring advice, are to be had for the asking.

They really mean service, too. I had trouble with my trunk (boot) lid, and it was 'repaired' in England, France, Spain and also America—but it refused to fasten again in New Orleans. A mechanic spent half an hour on it.

"Very many thanks," I said. "How much do I owe you?"

"S'okay," he said.

"How much?"

"Aw, nothing."

The lock has never given trouble since, may that unknown man be praised.

Time and time again that kind of thing happens in the Motorists' Mecca.

Increasingly, a new kind of service is being offered, too; "Help Yourself" or slot meter petrol stations—you drive up, put in your money, fill up and drive away.

To the bewilderment of the Englishman, used to paying the full purchase price of a car, plus purchase tax of about 40 per cent (so that a car made by the manufacturers to sell at £1,000 costs the buyer £1,400 with tax); the prices of the same make and model of cars vary considerably in the United States. If a dealer has a heavy stock he will reduce his profit to a minimum, and sometimes sell without any profit, simply to turn his stock into money. At certain times of the year full page advertisements in newspapers all over America offer brand new Buicks, Cadillacs and Chryslers down to the lighter and cheaper cars at 15 to 25 per cent off list price.¹

In England, that is almost sacrilege.

¹ Early in 1956, when sales of new cars began to slump, and used cars became cheaper than ever.

Newspaper, television and radio cajole the motorist to trade his old car for a new one. Hire purchase terms make it possible to buy a \$3,000.00 car for \$50.00 down and payments spread over three years. In England the difficulty is to buy the car one wants when one wants it; in America, the difficulty is to avoid buying it when one doesn't want it. The temptation to own one of the new, glistening, luxurious, powerful models must be nearly overwhelming.

It follows, of course, that secondhand cars have very little value compared with new ones, and sell at a third of the price of an English used car, for comparable models. Yet I found that the story of the short life of American cars a myth. Great numbers of cars are on the road from five to eight years old, all obviously performing very well; but one hears noisy, labouring engines more often than at home, as if each driver is determined to tear his to pieces.

There is also fierce competition in accessories, from tyres downwards, serving the motorist. Newspapers and shop and service windows carry great splash advertisements:

TIRE SALE		TRADE YOUR
33 $\frac{1}{3}$ % OFF	or	TIRED TIRES
BUY RITE—FIT TITE		HERE

and prices are quoted substantially below the list price. Tyres generally are about 15 per cent cheaper in America, at the current rate of exchange, which makes them very much cheaper than ours to American customers, and I was assured that 30,000 miles was a normal life for a tyre. In fact, motoring is much less costly, in every way—beginning with the new car price. Unless one wants a special body with luxury accessories, \$3,000.00 is the absolute maximum that one need pay for a car in the United States; the nearest equivalent in an English car would cost nearly twice as much in sterling, six times as much in dollars.

Petrol costs about half as much, although the price varies widely—I paid as much as 38 cents a gallon¹ and as little as 22 cents, for the same brand and quality of 'gas'. In much of America, if one asks for petrol it means nothing, gasoline is the one universal word. If you ask for 'petrol' and get 'gas' with-

¹ An American gallon—4/5's of the Imperial gallon.

out a question, the man serving you probably spent some time in England during the war; he will usually be ready to talk about it.

The motorist always feels that he is getting value for money, then, but time and time again I heard complaints about the tax on gasoline. This ranges from 7 cents a gallon in Florida, South Carolina, Mississippi and other states, to 2 cents in Missouri, with an average of about 5 cents in each state, or approximately 20 per cent. Sheer disbelief showed on the faces of Americans whom I informed that our petrol tax is something like 200 per cent. Much of the state tax levied from petrol, I was assured, is spent on the state roads. Certainly many of the roads in the more populous states are superb, although most of the best are toll roads—many financed by loans, as large scale investments which yield a profit through the tolls which vary from 10 cents a car to nearly two dollars. On some of the longest turnpikes or thruways the driver is given a ticket at the toll station at which he enters, and pays when he leaves, charged according to the distance he has travelled. One may enter or leave the road at any of the dozens of toll stations.

The drive along the New Jersey Turnpike from the south into New York is the experience of a lifetime. One approaches the wide, fast highway, carrying several lanes in each direction, and nearing New York roads cross it in overpasses and underpasses, then stem from it out of great clover leaves in all directions. From certain perspectives, it looks as if thousands of cars are heading for head-on smashes, but as each road unwinds, the others change direction, swooping or climbing.

My two boys, Martin and Richard, watched this with open mouthed wonder, even though by then they were used to American roads.

Turnpikes, the Freeways and the Thruways are something quite new in my experience, being much more extensive than the German autobahns and the Italian autostradas. I enjoyed driving most on the New Jersey Turnpike, although only a few years after 'completion' an extra lane is being constructed in each direction because traffic has increased so much. Every twenty or thirty miles there is a turn-off to an elaborate service station and an excellent restaurant some distance back from the road. Apart from these turn-offs, one drives on and on through pleasant

countryside, the road curving gently now and again—chiefly, I am told, to keep the driver alert, for many cars crash, running off the road when the driver goes to sleep.

The surface of most of these roads is excellent. The New York State Thruway, which is to run from New York City to Buffalo (near to Niagara) a distance of approximately 400 miles, is served at the moment by snack bars which are unbearably overcrowded, and Jean and I found this the most monotonous road. After nearly two hundred miles in under four hours, we turned off for the company of villages, by-roads and even an occasional pedestrian.

High speeds are illegal nearly everywhere. The New Jersey Turnpike has a speed of 60 m.p.h., and I suppose I kept to 65 most of the way. At that speed, very few cars passed me, but I passed many. On long stretches of road across the South Western desert, comparatively few cars passed when we were averaging 70 to 75—a speed which in the circumstances seemed quite safe. The straight roads allow greater average speed than in England, though. In 35 and 40 m.p.h. stretches the average seems usually to be about 50, and 50 m.p.h. when driving is done in formation, with hundreds of cars massed ahead and hundreds massed behind, is quite an experience. There is perilously little margin for error.

Yet, motoring in America can be a dream.

There are no cyclists on the open road and very few in towns. There is no more than one motor-cyclist to every hundred in England. On the open road a pedestrian is a rarity, although hitch-hickers stand at vantage points with hopeful pointing fingers and glum unhopeful faces. As the roads are almost exclusively used by motorists, dead animals abound, from rabbits to small deer, calves and cows, cats and—all over the county—porcupines and beavers.

Motoring can also be a nightmare, and not simply because of the concentration of traffic, or nerve-racking driving, cutting in and unlawful overtaking—which is particularly noticeable on the magnificent Lake Shore Drive in Chicago and the Hollywood Thruway, in Los Angeles. These two roads seem to affect the attitude of many drivers, and I've seldom seen such wild, reckless and suicidal driving, with Chicago drivers perhaps slightly crazier than the Californian.

The other form of nightmare is on America's bad roads. There are a surprising number of them.

Perhaps 'surprising' is unfair, though. In Great Britain we have 185,523 miles of roads, and most are winding and narrow but well-surfaced and immaculately finished and maintained. A loose surface is a thing of the past. The United States has 2,990,036 miles of roads, and it is really surprising that so many, even in the wilds, are good. Incidentally, the only state in America with more road mileage than Great Britain is Texas, with over 196,000. Texas has three times our area. New York State, about the same area as Great Britain, has 82,724 miles of roads, or less than half. Perhaps these figures show the British traffic density of Great Britain in an unusual light.

The National Highways are generally excellent, even in the great expanse of desert and undeveloped country. Most State Highways are good, too, but particularly in the north and the north-west, in Montana and the Dakotas, many of the roads are very bad. Some of the surfaced roads have pot holes and a form of corrugations—ridges across the road rather like railway sleepers due to poor foundations—and much damage is caused by deep frost, resulting in underground 'boiling' when temperatures rise.

A good map of the area shows more dirt than hard surfaced roads. Rain can turn dirt roads into quagmires in minutes, and the sun can turn them back into dust as quickly. Driving over them, one has a sense of the old Wild West, and realises that it is less than 50 years since roads, as roads, were first thought of in some of these areas now opened to motor traffic. And up here in these wild, desolate lands, where the traffic is comparatively thin, the Motorists' Mecca is slightly tarnished. Service stations are few and far between; so are villages, motels and hotels. One has to drive through the heart of the West, especially the North-west, to begin to comprehend the enormity of the country, and to begin to admire the tremendous task already done in taming it.

But it does not always seem to be tame.

Our first experience of dirt roads was in Arizona. In the small town of Globe, I went into a little baker's shop, for some apple tarts and buns. The baker, a huge, elderly Swede, was intrigued by my accent, and almost beat his hands on the counter when he learned that I was English.

"First time ever I meet Englishman," he said. "Welcome, very welcome." Then he proceeded to ask pointed and knowledgeable political questions, on Colonies, Mau Mau and such delicate matters. Jean was waiting in the car, and getting hotter and hotter. Finally, I managed to ask about the Apache trail.

"Goot? Yes, sure is goot road, won't you stay and talk?"

"No," I said, "I must go, thank you."

"Welcome, very welcome," he said. "You go do something about Cyprus, huh?"

I had been told that one of the most magnificent drives in all America was over the Apache Trail, which ran through the mountains and along the side of the Roosevelt and Coolidge Dams. It sounded superb. I had only a small map, and it did not show that much of the trail was of dirt—or at least, unsurfaced. In a temperature of about 95 degrees, we headed west for the Old Apache Trail, and after a few miles we came upon dirt.

"It isn't on the map, so it can't be for long," I said.

"I hope it isn't," Jean said.

Then a car came towards us, making a great cloud of dust, and we wound up the windows hastily. Within two minutes the inside of the car was like a furnace, and even when the other car was a long way behind, its dust still hung about the road.

There was no shade, and we'd had no lunch.

We came to the Tonto National Monument, where there are prehistoric cliff dwellings which promised to be interesting and to offer some shade. When we reached the tiny museum and the ranger's hut at the headquarters we found three picnic tables in the shade, and the side of the mountain leading to the caves so steep—a rise of 365 feet in a zig-zag half-mile—that neither of us could hope to climb it. Dotted about the steep mountain-side were huge, swollen cacti with enormous spikes, looking oddly like the ruins of some old temples.

We had lunch, and no one appeared. A note pinned to the door gave the distances, which read something as follows:

Phoenix, via Globe—126 miles. Time, 4 hours.

Phoenix, via Roosevelt Dam—85 miles. Time, 5 hours.

That's right—we mean 5 hours, and we're not crazy.

"I hate the thought of turning back," I said.

"I hate the thought of much dirt road," said Jean, "but I suppose we'd better go on."

"Oh, it won't be dirt all the way," I assured her.

It was not only dirt, but gradually as it became more mountainous, developed into a series of hairpin bends, many of them desperately narrow. The heat grew worse as the sun rose higher, for the sky was without a cloud. There was no shade anywhere. Every now and again we would hear the roar of an engine and, tearing round a corner—usually with a small boat fixed to a trailer behind it—would come a car with a nonchalant looking driver at the wheel. This was Saturday, and motorists were heading for the man-made lakes and a fishing or boating weekend.

We were choked.

We were baked.

Jean reached the stage of helpless resignation, and we did not wind the windows up at the approach of other cars. Neither of us cared that these dams were man-made marvels, giving life, through water, to great areas of desert land. Neither of us cared that we were near the largest copper mining and smelting regions in America, that we were driving through country fabulously rich in copper, gold, asbestos and silver. Our faces, lips, clothes and car were lined with thick, acrid grey dust. As a drive, I rate it the worst I have ever had. Yet every now and again we would turn a corner and see the blue lake below us, buried in the heart of mountains frightening in their grandeur, and we would stare, entranced and made forgetful by the majesty of the scene. But it was nearly four hours, with 55 miles on the speedometer, before we reached a spot of even greater spectacular beauty, and then began to run into straighter roads. Soon, we reached tar.

By then, Jean was in a state almost of exhaustion.

We came to a dilapidated Trading Post, and pulled up. If a dozen Indian children swarmed out of a truck, and stared at us, we were too hot and stiff and dirty to take any notice. We limped to the trading post, where a few film-set cowboys sat eating ice cream or drinking sodas. There were swarms of flies and inefficient air conditioning. There was also the usual collection of cheap trinkets, souvenirs and postcards, with some good Indian blankets and leather goods. Almost stupid with fatigue, we went back to the car, which had been in the shade of a tree, but was baking hot.

It was 40 odd miles to Phoenix.

I had always been told that the Arizona lowlands were the hottest place in the U.S.A., except the Mojave Desert. Now I believe it. We drove into the afternoon sun. It was almost too hot to breathe. The road seemed to go straight as a die for ever and for ever. Then, we came to a small town and soon afterwards the outskirts of Phoenix itself, and managed to look at and to admire the rows of phoenix palms which grew so gracefully on either side of the road.

At last, we reached Phoenix. A huge sign read: *109° Today*. In the sun, it must have been nearer 140. There were motor courts on either side, offering swimming pools and air conditioning and luxury, but prices were very high and it was early in the trip. So we drove on, and stopped I think at the last motel court in Phoenix, where we had a pleasant room for \$6.00 between us—instead of \$16—and found a priceless (and free) swimming pool. Soon, a little Japanese girl came to watch us, and then to bathe, her parents took pictures, and all of them looked as cool as people could be.

We ventured out of the air-conditioned room, at half past eight. It was dark. It was hot. On a gas station wall there was a thermometer, still showing 101. We drove cautiously to a motor court-cum-restaurant, and had one of the best and most pleasantly served meals we had in all America; at a reasonable price, too. Then we drove to the centre of Phoenix, parked, and walked awhile. It was 99° when we reached the motel again, just before midnight. It was 97° when we started off at nine o'clock next morning.

But, blessedly, there was some cloud.

Sign-posting varies greatly, from excellent to poor, but nothing is quite so inept as our finger-post signs meant for the driver of a horse and cart and solemnly repainted and renewed. More use is made of the road (pavement) itself for signs, especially in towns and on the turnpikes and similar highways. And great hanging signs are used, essential to save the motorist from taking the wrong turning and perhaps travelling twenty or thirty miles before he can turn back.

Among the motorists' many blessings all over the United States, there are these motor courts (as auto courts, motels, motor hotels) on the highways leading into small villages and towns large and small. Sometimes these are outside 'city limits'

or a five or six mile drive from the centre of the city, but often they are allowed inside the city limits. They vary enormously, but we stayed in only two which were not spotlessly clean. With the A.A.A. to guide us, we seldom found it necessary to spend more than \$7.00 a night, and often discovered that a motel, almost identical with one next door, might cost three or four dollars more.

The average motel provided one fair-sized room, with a shower (sometimes a tub) a space to hang clothes, and a double or twin beds—twins \$1.00 extra. Linen and soap were provided. In the south and the south-west the motels were generally cheaper, and air conditioning was the rule rather than the exception, being needed for seven or eight months in the year. In the north-west and the north-east, air conditioning is the exception and we sweltered night after night in temperatures in the mid-nineties, hearing people walking about the streets because they could not sleep, being told that this was the hottest summer for 47 years.

In most places there are enough motels to be sure of accommodation as late, say, as seven o'clock at night, but it is unwise to be much later without a reservation. A system of reservations with courts in the same association helped with this, but we preferred not to have to be in any one place at a given time—sometimes we would want to stop early, usually we would want to carry on for another fifty miles after seven o'clock.

In the north-west particularly, we found that the hotels were hitting back at motel competition, offering rooms more cheaply, always with free garage and free service. Many hotels offered family rates, too, the huge roadside signs reading :

Children in the same room, free. MOTORING HOTEL. BEST IN THE WEST. MOTOR COURT—Vacancy. FREE Swimming Pool. FREE Ice. FREE air. FREE TV. Calling all motorists, calling all motorists. BEST IN THE WEST.

Everywhere there is a fierce struggle going on for the motorist's custom, among the latest luxuries being an air-conditioner which keeps your car at a pleasant temperature no matter how hot it is outside, but the railways are hitting back hard. The best series of advertising signs in the desert were great hoardings showing a man and woman sitting at ease with a drink beside them, above the caption :

NEXT TIME WHY NOT TRAVEL BY TRAIN?

CHAPTER FOUR

MOTORISTS' GRAVE

PERHAPS THE greatest modern paradox in all civilised countries is the attitude of the people, and so of the Governments, to road accidents. The word most commonly used is slaughter. The word which should be used is murder, for it is nothing but mass murder. It could be stopped, of course, but for some inexplicable reason, no one is prepared to tackle it seriously. Great energy, ingenuity, effort and expense are involved in so-called Road Safety and Accident Prevention Campaigns, hundreds of thousands of able people in many thousands of towns and villages gather together earnestly in committees and recommend that a road be widened here or a tree cut down there or a corner rounded somewhere else. This kind of thing has been going on for very many years, and its impact on road accidents has been negligible. In both Great Britain and America—and doubtless in other countries—the public conscience has been so dulled that authorities express sober satisfaction and the public rejoices in reduction of road deaths from, say, 100 a month to 95 a month.

The death and maiming of human beings proves that the palliatives are nearly useless. It is all very nearly waste of time. I know of course that accidents are actually fewer because of the Road Safety Campaigns, and perhaps the salutary lesson would be for all these efforts to cease. With no check at all, the accident toll might rise to such alarming proportions that public inertia and official lunacy might be shocked into the only course of action which can cut out the evil.

That action is very simple : to increase the penalty for culpable negligence as a driver of a car, motor cycle, cycle or vehicle of any kind, to alarming degrees. Make quite sure that pedestrians who cause accidents are punished with the same severity. Thus,

if a man causes a fatal accident, send him to prison for five years; if he injures another person, treat him as harshly.

Probably juries would be hard to convince though, and the severity of punishment might defeat its own ends, the humanitarian instinct being roused so swiftly to protect the killer and maimer.

I believe that accidents would be halved even if all persons guilty of causing one knew that it was impossible to escape the maximum penalties prescribed by the present law. Today, police, magistrates, lawyers and even witnesses seem to be incapable even of trying to make sure that the law is upheld.

One very 'backward' nation in the Middle East has an interesting and so-called 'barbaric' law on this subject. If a man kills another in a car accident, then his life is forfeit to the relatives of the dead man. They can have his life; or they can have him imprisoned for as long as they wish; they can have his hands cut off; they can have him in their permanent employment. I am assured that there are no fatal accidents although, on the open (desert) roads the driving is extremely wild.

A 'backward' nation!

In Great Britain and in the United States, we are far more 'advanced' than this. We have that accursed panacea called INSURANCE, which puts the devil's comfort into the mind of a man driving a lethal weapon, so that he says to himself:

"Even if I do smash her up, I'm insured."

It never seems to occur to the imbecile that he might kill himself or someone else.

The English method of playing at road safety is a much more subdued and genteel method than the American. In England, so-called 'horror' posters are sternly discouraged, because some people might have bad dreams. The Government discontinued handling 'safety' propaganda and left it in the hands of great numbers of amateurs up and down the country, amateurs helped by professional policemen who are far, far too busy doing other essential things like standing by cars parked in a perfectly safe place until the driver returns, so that he may be brought to law for this 'crime'.

What we and America need, is a *Dictator of Road Safety*.

Meanwhile, to an Englishman the methods of road accident prevention in the United States are fascinating. Heaven knows

how many more crashes there would be if it weren't for the ingenuity adopted, but the most fantastic thing is that 'success' is claimed for certain campaigns when the tally of smashes in a certain locality is lower (just a little lower) than for the same period last year. The sum total of achievements of all the campaigns can be judged from the following simple facts:

Nearly 40,000 people died on American roads in 1955, against nearly 6,000¹ in Great Britain.

On the United States roads 408 people were killed in one weekend of 3 days' duration in 1955. (177 in one week is the British record.)

Nearly 500,000—yes, half a million—people have died on the roads of the United States since the end of World War II, and during the whole of that war, including Pearl Harbour, the total deaths in the armed forces were 393,131.

In 1955, fortunes were spent on preparing the Salk anti-polio vaccine. There was a great uproar because some who had been vaccinated caught polio. A few—a very few—died. Day after day the newspapers headlined the story. The Federal Government took action. Some states banned the use of the vaccine, and it was probably the greatest single news sensation of 1955—even greater than that of Princess Margaret and Captain Townsend, even greater than President Eisenhower's illness—yes, and even greater than the fierce arguments about whether the Russians had a new look or not. And all this uproar over precautions against an illness which *might*, in a bad year, kill 3,000 people—one tenth of the lowest possible total of road deaths as conditions are today.²

¹ See page 56.

² In 1956 in England the Mother of Parliaments went into uproar when, after many years of trying, those who opposed the death penalty for murder won their case.

The argument before the decision went on for months. Every newspaper made an issue of it. Members of Parliament gave it absolute priority. Nothing even remotely like this commotion has been caused by the road deaths horror, about which M.P.s customarily bleat platitudes. Yet there are many more road deaths *each day* of the year than there are hangings in the whole year.

The protagonists talked of matters of great principle, humanity, godliness and—

To me it is the disease of subconscious hypocrisy.

It isn't really surprising that we run grave risks of war, and live in days of perpetual economic crises in which successive governments put prices and interest rates up so as to prevent people from asking for more wages.

Road accidents became news at holiday weekends, and whenever there was a local crash and a gruesome picture.

The greatest authority on road accidents in the United States cold-bloodedly issued estimates, before these holiday weekends, of the number of fatal casualties, and during the weekends radio, television and newspapers played a kind of guessing game, to find out whether this estimate was high or low.

ROAD DEATHS NEAR RECORD

screched headline after headline.

408 DEAD TO DATE

screamed another.

All this was taking place while millions of motorists were rushing about the roads, each oblivious of the fact that a few minutes later he might be dead or he might kill someone—a man, a woman, or a family. Crash after crash killed three, four, five people—*phutt!* like that, and all of this was in spite of the frantic efforts to make people drive carefully.

The long term efforts of local authorities and the police were more publicised in some states and some cities than others, but some methods were fairly general, such as the use of great hoardings at the approach to cities, reading:

WE LOVE OUR CHILDREN
DON'T KILL 'EM

MOTORISTS!
GIVE THE KIDS A BRAKE
WE LOVE 'EM

or, on the long stretches of straight roads, where it is so easy to doze:

DON'T TAKE A NAP
TAKE A WAKY PILL

or, more simply:

STAY AWAKE—
WHEN YOU'RE TIRED,
PULL IN AND HAVE A NAP

or there were exhortations to drink coffee or different patent pills which would keep the driver awake. (Necessary exhortations, God help us!) Or else, shock signs, something like this:

FIVE PEOPLE DIED
HERE LAST WEEK

or,

CAN YOUR WIFE AFFORD
YOUR FUNERAL?

In some ways more effective than these notices were the little white crosses. In several states—the only one I remember for certain is Utah—these are placed at the side of the road, newly painted white, without a word of explanation on them or near them. I didn't notice them until Jean pointed them out. Then I noticed that they were usually placed at awkward corners, or on hills, or where the shoulders (edges) of the road were bad. Usually there was one cross; frequently two; occasionally three; and once we saw four in a row—as they would be in a military cemetery.

By the time we inquired about them, we were pretty certain what they were.

"Oh, sure," said the garage hand whom we asked, "they mark the accident places. One white cross for each guy who was killed. You want gas?"

The ingenuity of the police and local authorities had to be admired; heaven knows they tried in their bow-and-arrow war against tanks and howitzers. During Labour Weekend, early in September, Florida was swarming with motor-cycle police who were exhorting drivers to slow down, and were even treating the reckless ones roughly. On the radio, hourly reports of casualties were given, and on television and radio impassioned appeals were made every half hour or so, to make motorists drive carefully. One great sign read:

THIS IS GOD'S COUNTRY
DON'T DRIVE THROUGH IT LIKE HELL

Some trucks carried notices on the back, such as:



The Everglades. The great cities of Miami and Miami Beach were once swamps like these



Desert scrub
and
giant cacti

HELL IN TEXAS

The Devil in Hell, we're told, was chained.

And a thousand years he there remained.

He neither complained nor did he groan.

But determined to start a hell of his own.

Where he could torment the souls of men.

Without being chained in an underground pen.

So he asked the Lord if he had on hand

Anything left when He made this land.

The Lord said, "Yes, I have plenty of land.

But I left it down on the Rio Grande.

The fact is, old boy, the stuff is real poor.

But you're welcome to it and plenty more."

So the Devil went down to look at the truck

And said if he took it as a gift he was stuck.

For after examining it carefully and well

He concluded the place was too dry for a hell.

So in order to get it off His hand.

The Lord promised to water the land.

For He had some water or rather some dregs

Rather cathartic and smelled like bad eggs

Hence the trade was closed and the deed was given

And the Lord went back to His home in Heaven

The Devil said to himself, "I have all that is needed

To make a good hell," and hence he succeeded.

He began to put thorns all over the trees

And mixed up the sand with millions of fleas.

He scattered tarantulas along the roads.

Put thorns on cactus and horns on toads.

He lengthened the horns of the Texas steers

And put an addition to the rabbit's ears.

He put a little devil in the broncho steed

And poisoned the feet of the centipede.

The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,

The mosquito delights you with his buzzing wings.

Sand-burs cause you to jig and dance,

And those who sit down will have ants in their pants.

The Devil then said that throughout the land

He'd arrange to keep up the Devil's own brand.

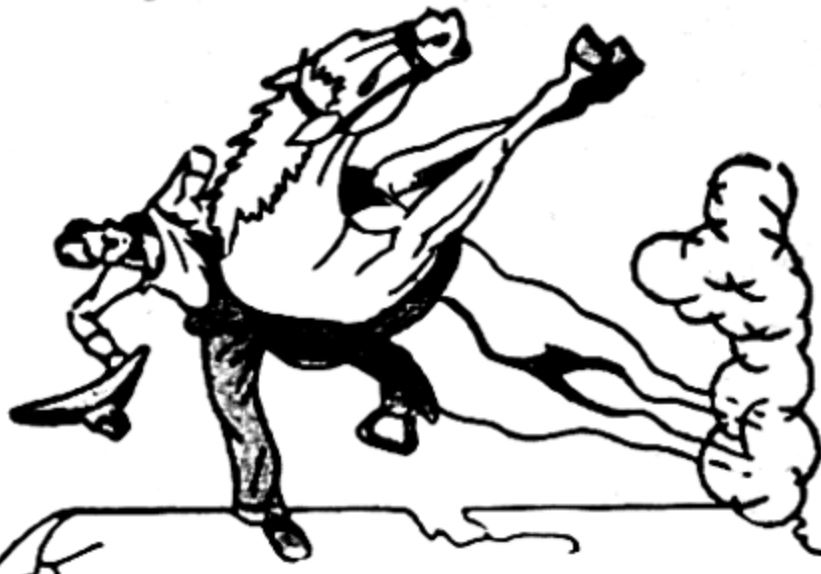
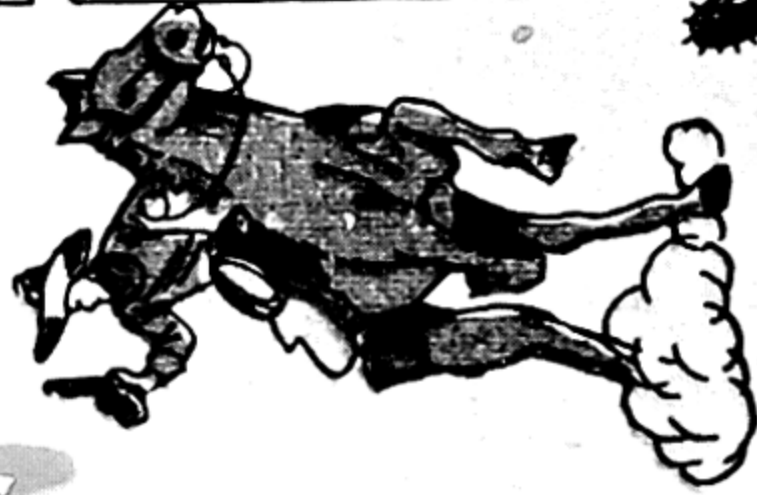
The heat in the summer is one hundred and ten.

Too hot for the Devil, too hot for the men.

And all should be mavericks unless they bore

Marks and scratches, or bites by the score.

Go see for yourself and you can tell 'Tis a hell of a place he has for a hell.



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T43

If you can read this you're too damn' close,

or,

DIM it, dam it,

or,

←—— LIFE : ——→ DEATH

All over the country, one 'shock' method caused a lot of attention, but it is difficult to say whether it did any good. At cross roads and other vantage spots, wrecked cars were placed high on a high platform, and on it a great notice, reading:

THREE DIED IN THIS
YOUR TURN NEXT?

and perhaps the most frightening one that I saw was a car, raised in front of a big parking lot outside a garage and café, smashed beyond recognition. Four had died there. On the very same parking lot was another wrecked car, on its back, smoke and flames rising from it, the dead occupants still inside.

Both of these smashes were on good, straight, wide roads. Both were caused by attempting to overtake and so to save perhaps, a minute. I do not believe that any road improvement or any safety precautions on cars, will substantially lower the number of accidents. In England we blame our bad roads for accidents, and are continually haranguing the Government to improve them—when all that is needed is to slow down by 5 miles an hour, and to pass only when it is safe. Only that is needed in America, too. Nothing else can put an end to the mass murder—the drivers must drive and the cyclists must cycle better; the walkers must walk more carefully. Highway Codes and regulations, huge advertisements, passionate pleading over the radio, newspaper headlines and shock statistics—all of these are palliatives, and after a while each new palliative loses its effect.

The Salk vaccine was banned until its effectiveness, its safety, was established. If Governments remain too cowardly to impose ferocious penalties for ferocious driving, why not ban the use of cars for a holiday weekend? Why not really *hurt* the drivers? If drastic action of that kind fails, then Governments might find courage to use the strategy of severe penalties.

No one *wants* to kill his neighbour, does he?

Records of road accidents, the excuses and alibis of road users,

car manufacturers and insurance companies, are based on a series of myths. One of the greatest and most misleading is that bus, coach and truck drivers are 'good' or 'bad.' Of course, many are. But in the United States, I came to regard them as the greatest single menace on the roads. A *Greyhound* bus carrying forty or so passengers would swing round corners at 60 m.p.h., pass on corners, and squeeze through where there was little room. Huge trucks carrying tons of goods would do the same, swing out, cut in, always using their weight to force other drivers to give way.

Three times in the course of my 18,000 odd miles, I was so near a crash as to be scared. Each time, it was due to the deliberate recklessness of a truck or bus driver. If a law were passed making it a crime for drivers of these heavy vehicles to drive more than 50 m.p.h., or to cross a white line; and if the penalty were loss of licence for twelve months, without the option, then we would get safer driving.

Unfair?

Remember those figures in the United States and Great Britain last year, some 45,000 people were slaughtered on the roads. Over half a million were seriously injured, and tens of thousands were maimed, some thousands were made physical wrecks.

Unfair?

We must be lunatics to let it go on.

Lunatics or not, the British are inclined to point to the casualty figures in the United States and say, smugly, how much worse they are than ours.

Are they?

The comparative figures, of 40,000 deaths to 6,000 give a superficial case for pointing a British finger of scorn, for some six times as many people died in the United States. But the risk of accidents is not simply *pro rata* to the miles of highways or numbers of cars or even the number of drivers; one basis is surely that of miles driven. It is reasonably safe to say that on America's 3,012,520 miles of roads vast numbers more miles were driven than on Great Britain's 187,000 miles, particularly when it is realised that in 1954 some 58,589,863 automobiles including commercial vehicles were registered in the United States, and in Great Britain approximately 5,827,429.

So if the number of vehicles on the roads is used for comparison, the British have one death for every 1,000 vehicles, the Americans one for every 1,500 vehicles.

If road mileage is used, then the British have one death for every 32 miles and the Americans one for every 80 miles.

It can be argued that the density of our traffic is a contributory factor; it is surely balanced by the greater speed of American traffic.

We do not really show up well.

Probably the fairest comparison is between the United Kingdom figures and those of New York state :

	<i>New York state</i>	<i>United Kingdom</i>
Deaths	2,046	5,800
Road Mileage	86,390	187,040
Vehicles registered	4,392,875	5,827,429

There certainly isn't much to make us believe that the roads are any safer in Great Britain than in the United States¹ Or that drivers are any better.

¹ There is another illusion about the enormous disparity between British and American crime habits when we hear that 2,267,250 crimes are committed in the United States each year. The British figures, and these omit Northern Ireland are 665,902. As we have only one-third of the U.S. population, the incident of crime is very much the same. Only in murder and crimes of violence is America way ahead (or behind) us. Other criminal statistics are in Appendix D.

CHAPTER FIVE

“HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR COUNTRY?”

IN A land where the contrasts are so wide and few things truly typical, two factors are common to all the states of the union. The first is sport.

I don't mean games, but the huntin', shootin', fishin' sports, with boatin' added. The final 'g' is dropped with intriguing constancy.

“Where are you going?”

“Fishin'.”

Each state has some natural advantages which make the sports easily accessible; if there are no mountains then there are forests, if no forests, then the sea, if no sea then lakes aplenty. This struck home forcibly when, after the long, hot, level drive across the north-western states we reached Wisconsin Dells, one of the great recreational areas, with forests and lakes abounding.

“How incredibly lucky they are!” Jean exclaimed.

“Who?”

“Americans.”

“Why?”

“If they don't live near the sea or the mountains, it looks as if God's taken pity on them, and puts water in the middle of flat country like this.”

No one in the United States is very far—as Americans reckon distance—from the huntin', shootin', fishing', boatin' sports.

The other common factor is national pride. Wherever we stopped to talk, one question was bound to be put to us very soon :

“How do you like our country?”

There were three states, perhaps not surprisingly the three largest in terms of area, where the question was varied, thus :

“How do you like Texas?”

“How do you like California?”

"How do you like Montana?"

There were times when it would have been easy to say we didn't like some particular place; but it would have been pointless, for much more was meant than the terrain, the climate, the cities and the amenities. And anyhow we like America.

We also like Americans.

Of course, there were some whom we didn't take to at first sight, such as the Irish American—almost the last stranger we met in our stay of five and a half months—who was so aggressively anti-British that it seemed like an act, but it was not. He was vitriolic, vindictive, and vengeful. Jean did finally manage to win a concession, that he thought the window boxes in London were wonderful, but at one time I thought she was going to smack his face. That would have been interesting.

Oddly, this was one of the few expressions of opinion about England we heard. I often tried to find out what Americans thought, but most were vague, and much more interested in finding out what we thought of America—or California, Montana or Texas.

"Texas,"¹ said 'the book', "spacious and hospitable, is the largest state of the Union, and roughly comprises one-twelfth of the area of the United States."

"Maximum speed of 60 in Texas is sheer lunacy," I said to Jean, "no one is going to obey it."

"Don't make any mistake," Jean said. "You are."

"The truth is that when such absurd speed laws are made, no one obeys them," I insisted, riding my hobby horse, "and consequently the habit of ignoring speed limits and breaking the rules is instilled into everyone. It's—"

"Let's see what else it says about Texas," suggested Jean, and busied herself with the book. "This part of it is pretty dull and flat, anyhow."

Much is, near the Gulf Coast. We were on the Gulf road one Saturday when it was swelteringly hot and sticky beyond all our

¹ Population :	8,298,000 — ranks sixth.
Area :	267,339 square miles, of which 3,696 are water, ranks first.
Capital :	Austin.
Nickname :	Lone Star State.
Flower :	Bluebonnet.
Motto :	Friendship.
Max. speed :	60 m.p.h., 55 at night.

previous experience. We pulled into some longed-for shade, had our picnic lunch, then watched the crystal clear, lapping water of the Gulf.

"Let's paddle," said Jean, as if inspired.

We did.

It was the first time we had set foot in the sea since we had arrived, and we hadn't given it much thought. The sea around the coast of England seldom becomes warm, even on the hottest days; at best, it is bearable. We walked over the fine, firm sand towards the water, went in, and then looked at each other in naïve surprise.

"It's *warm*," breathed Jean.

It was very nearly hot.

We kicked about for ten minutes, and then Jean waded ashore and sat back, and I discovered that I'd sat on someone's chewing gum, so I slid my pants (trousers) off and began the almost impossible task of scraping the gum off. Working to the tune of insects humming, it was so hot that the slightest movement made me sweat. Jean dozed. I confounded chewing gum and all users of the beach, and then became aware that someone else was present. I looked up. Standing fifty yards away and staring with a mixture of timidity and boldness, were four coloured children. One was bare headed, his black curls glistening. The others wore large, battered straw hats, one a pink dress, two faded blue jeans with holes. I waved to them. They did not move. My trousers were too wet to put on, but I ventured nearer—and then discovered that two coloured women, carrying huge fishing rods, were knee deep in the sea, hidden until then by a tall sand dune. I stopped, the women called out, the children went running and splashing to work—but I don't think any fish were caught, for soon the whole party walked purposefully back to the beach, all eyeing Jean and me; Jean had a handkerchief over her face to make sure the sun didn't burn her.

They disappeared in a battered old Buick.

Something like that happened, I suppose, a hundred times. No matter where one stopped, if there was water—of river or creek lagoon or the sea—there were coloured men, women and children—fishing. They would fish from bridges, and from under the bridges, from boats, from the banks, even from trees. They stood or crouched in the blazing sun, almost all of them with

large hats and faded clothes, and stood unmoving, unless they had a bite—I didn't see three fish caught in the whole of the south. I saw white men fishing alongside black even in the south, though, and somehow hadn't expected it.

"They must do a lot of fishing here," Jean said of Texas, "listen to what the book says. 'The angler can find more than 200 varieties of fish in both fresh and salt water, including bass, trout, pike, catfish, drum, redfish, flounder, mullet—what's drum like?'"

"I've never heard of it."

"That red snapper we had in Miami was delicious" Jean said reminiscently. "The Spanish came here first, and then the French, and . . . Texas was ruled by the Mexicans once . . . they seem to have had an awful lot of wars . . . joined the United States in 1845, left it, came back again in 1870 . . . Look, Texas grows a lot of cotton, I always thought Texas was mostly known for oil and cattle."

"Cotton," I said, "is grown in many—"

"But Texas grows more cotton than any other state, and we haven't seen any since we saw them planting it in South Carolina."

"Well, it must grow further in north Texas, it's quite a big state."

"Cattle," Jean went on, persisting in a newly-developed habit of ignoring anything I said while she was studying 'the book'. "It's first in head of cattle too and goats—goat, darling, and mohair. What's mohair?"

"Goat's hair."

"I was not being funny."

"I wasn't, either."

"It says here that six per cent of the state's manufacturing is derived from petroleum refining, I suppose that means making petrol out of crude oil, so at least there is oil and there is cattle . . . Gracious, it produces more minerals than any other state, too, thanks to the oil—*half* the oil of the United States is under the land here." She looked with greater interest at the flat, uninteresting, oil-less land of East Texas. "Where was that film with James Stewart, getting oil from under the sea?"

"The Gulf of Mexico."

"The state also leads in the production of natural gas and

helium, and produces three-quarters of the nation's carbon black. What do they use carbon black for?"

"They get it by one of the oil refining processes, it's really oil-smoke, and used for mixing with other chemicals in the manufacture of rubber tyres and—"

"Large deposits of coal, lignite, silver, mercury, copper, lead, graphite—mm—and *fuller's earth*!"

"It looks as if there's a café along there," I said. "We'll have some breakfast."

There were two tall trees, with very small leaves giving a little shade, and I pulled in under it. We were watched; and we were used to that by now, for no one failed to spot the unusual car. We went in, to find four people at the counter, having breakfast, and three others behind the counter, doing nothing; all were obviously waiting for us to come in. We ordered bacon and eggs—'over light' or 'over easy' being the correct way to say how we wanted them cooked. Breakfast was soon produced, with toast and jelly—marmalade is not a general preserve in the States as it is in England, and usually one is given apple, grape, guava or peach jelly—and hot coffee. Then, one of the men could stand it no longer.

"Where you from?" he asked.

We told him.

There were the usual expressions of surprise, questions about the car, the almost inevitable eagerness to know its power, performance and consumption of petrol, and then, with five or six minutes:

"How do you like Texas?"

"Well, we've only just crossed the border, but—"

"It's the finest country in the world," a man declared.

"You bet," agreed another.

"You just go on driving," the first man said, "and tonight you'll be in Texas, and the next night, and the night after that. There ain't no place like it it's God Own country."

"It—er—it's rather flat—"

"Oh sure it's flat round here, how could we grow all the rice we do if it wasn't flat?"

"You grow rice?"

"Sure do, ma'am, first in the nation in rice production, that's Texas. Sure it's flat, but you wait until you're in the south-west,

you'll find some mountains there, biggest in the world, just head for the Pecos River and you'll find it. You headin' west?"

"Yes."

"Come from the east, didn't they?" asked the woman who had served us breakfast.

"You bet," another man said. "Jim, you ain't going to allow your wife to see anything first, are you?"

"Yes, sirree, over in the south-west it sure is beautiful country. Where do you aim to go? Don't miss nothing out of Texas. You should see Houston, biggest city in the south and the fastest growing, and you sure have to see San Antonio, that's a beautiful city, San Antonio. You can't miss El Paso, you don't have to cross the Rio Grande, just visit El Paso and look over the city. That's really something. Ain't that really something?" he inquired of the others.

There came a chorus. "You bet."

By the time we had finished we were firm friends, and they all stood by the windows to watch us go off, for it was too hot—at ten o'clock in the morning—to step outside unless one had to.

We kept on driving. We passed a few small towns as nearly film sets as any real towns could be. One, where there was no sign of life, no produce in any window, and not a single car in sight, was our first ghost town. We were told that later, although we could not find out why it had been deserted, the wooden buildings left standing and looking just as they would on the jacket of any Wild West book. We kept on driving. It grew hotter, and the land seemed flatter. At a service station in a small town with fabulously wide streets, a little man came running—running, at 105°—to serve us, and couldn't stop marveling; it was the first car with a British number plate that he had seen since returning home from England. He'd had a wonderful time over there. Why, his wife was English, but she was out of town today, she'd be mighty sorry that she hadn't been around when we'd stopped by. He did everything, polishing even the chromium to stop us leaving, and when we made it clear that we had to go on, he beamed and asked:

"How do you like Texas?"

"Fine!" we chorused.

"You bet," he said, and waved us off.

We tried time and time again to find the origin of the term 'you bet' used often as a kind of casual answer, more often as a form of parting phrase. After paying for a meal, for instance:

"Thank you."

"You bet."

Or: "It's hot, isn't it?"

"You bet."

We first heard it in Texas, and it persisted, in varying forms, throughout the whole of the west—including the Middle West and Canadian West. Sometimes it was used as a running commentary. It always came to us with a kind of unexpectedness, because it was tacked on to sentences where it seemed quite irrelevant. Perhaps the best example is that of a waitress in a little restaurant in Reno. She was a big, raw-boned woman with a honking voice, and came to find out what we wanted, and the conversation ran something like this:

"Bacon and eggs."

"You betcha."

"Eggs over easy."

"Betcha."

"Wholewheat toast and coffee."

"'Cha."

"Jelly and extra butter."

"You betcha," she honked, and stomped off to give the order, stormed across to other customers, and then came back, heavily laden, slapped everything in front of us without spilling a drop of coffee, and before we could even say 'thanks,' she was off with a roar of:

"You want anything else, just holler. You betcha!"

But back to Texas.

We reached Houston, and found it big, sprawling and very hot, and we had one of our few poor motor courts there, for we arrived after nine o'clock. The air conditioner would not work, it was stiflingly hot, and when a coloured boy attendant opened the door, big flying 'bugs'—a word used to mean almost any insect—invaded the room.

Next day we drove only 200 miles, and reached San Antonio in the early afternoon. The car needed servicing and washing. It was—as nearly always—stiflingly hot. There was a swimming pool in a motor court in the heart of the city, and the city itself

was all that our first Texan had promised. The main shopping district was clean, brightly lit, and with excellent shops, the suburbs pleasant, some of the buildings reminiscent of southern Spain.

"It's been under six flags," Jean announced after study, "French, Spanish, Mexican, Republic of Texas, Confederate and the United States." She was doubtful about that, but went on: "I'd always thought *we* settled America."

"The north-east, mostly," I said.

"I'd like to know exactly what we did settle, but it doesn't say anything in the book."

"I have a map with some figures on the back," I announced, did some hasty calculations, and was able to report: "Fifteen states were settled by the English, thirteen by the Americans, that would be after the war of Independence, ten by the French, five by the Spanish, two each by the Dutch and Swedes." I paused. "That's forty-seven; I've lost one, but it doesn't matter."

Next day was in some ways the most remarkable we had—certainly until that stage in the trip. To El Paso, it was 566 miles. I did not even begin to think of driving it in one day, but hoped to do about 400 miles, as the road was said to be good and straight. It was almost perfect and straight, and it led across the desert where there was practically no traffic. One car in twenty minutes, during the heat of the day, was the average. It was unbelievably hot, but there was a little cloud about, and we watched this longingly, groaning when we veered away from it, rejoicing when we appeared to be heading into it. To drive in shade for five minutes was heavenly. Yet in spite of the heat and the flat desert, there was a fascination which held us taut. The little cacti, the tall, graceful yucca, a dozen small desert flowers, the occasional steer—three acres to a steer, I was told, is the average here.

One of the features of American roads are the picnic tables, usually placed under some shade, and built at intervals for the traveller who doesn't want to go into a restaurant, or who can't because there isn't one near. On this particular road picnic tables were few and far between and every one we passed was occupied. It was too hot to stop and ask to share, and consequently answer the inescapable questions, so we pulled up on to the desert, with

the wind blowing the sand across the road, squatting in the shade of the car while we ate.

We heard a strange noise.

It was as if the heavens were about to fall on us, and we stood up, glancing about in startled alarm. I thought: 'aircraft crashing' and had no idea what Jean thought. Suddenly we saw the cause of our anxiety. Rounding a long bend and climbing a gentle gradient was a train. The engine shimmered. It crawled towards us like a gigantic snake, still making that fiendish noise, but now we could also distinguish the chug-chug-chug. We stared not at the front but towards the back, which was out of sight. More and more wagons came slowly into view, the engines—there were three—drew level, and belatedly we waved to the driver. He waved back, and sounded his blower; the noise screamed across the silent desert. "*Tooot-tut-tut-tut-tooooo!*" The train clattered onwards, while Jean was counting under her breath.

"Fifty-nine," she said, "you go on, from that open truck with the timber—lumber on."

"Sixty," I counted . . .

"Eighty, ninety, ninety-seven—eight—nine—hundred!"

"Ninety-eight."

"I made it a hundred, but never mind," I said.

"I've never seen anything like it," Jean marvelled—and nor had I. But three times in the next few weeks we counted the wagons on trains, and found that each had about a hundred wagons. One outpaced us, keeping up an average of sixty miles an hour for over an hour, whereas villages and crossroads delayed us.

We took some pictures of the desert and the train, Jean with our 8 mm. movie, I with a new toy—a 35 mm. colour transparency. Jean's came out perfectly. I lost that roll of film, and have never forgiven myself.

"Look," Jean said, as we started off, "there's some heavy cloud over there, I hope we run into it."

"Hmm," I said.

We ran into it, but the air seemed hotter, not cooler. Not far off there was another cloud so dark that it alarmed me, and I watched lightning streak from it, and saw rain spiking down, not many miles away. On one side the sun shone fiercely and the

sky was blue, but a mile or so away it wasn't healthy. There was a small town ahead, and I hoped to reach it, possibly staying for the night—although it was only early afternoon.

The road curled, away from the storm. We reached the town, which had dozens of new, attractive motor courts.

"I think we ought to stay here," said Jean. "I don't like the look of that storm."

"It's only half past three," I argued, "and we could reach El Paso—"

"Don't be a lunatic, *darling*."

"Well, we could," I reasoned. "We've been averaging over sixty miles an hour all day. And this is only the tail of the storm, the centre's over there."

"I think we ought to stay," insisted Jean.

We went on, soon reaching some hills, and the road twisted and turned in hairpins and steep gradients. Then suddenly and violently we were engulfed in the heart of the storm. Wind swept down on us ferociously, making the car shiver and shake, the rain carried thick yellow mud with it, splashing on to the windows and the windscreen. Thunder cracked and lightning was terrifying—and we were miles from the town. I went crawling on at ten miles an hour, for other cars weren't far behind, and I thought it a lesser risk to go on than to stop. The storm lasted for perhaps half an hour, and for another half an hour we drove through water, sometimes nearly axle deep. It wasn't until we pulled up for a cup of coffee in a little town which looked more Spanish than American, that we began to talk again.

At seven o'clock that night, we drove into El Paso through a thick, darkening haze. Another storm, I thought, but it was smoke from a big fire at a chemical works. Before and after us came cars thick with mud, some with all the windows coated—we'd only had the tail-end, after all.

All those to whom we talked admitted having been scared.

El Paso was even more Spanish than San Antonio. We walked across the Rio Grande on a little bridge, and on the other side strolled—in 105°—along streets with gaudy souvenir stalls on one side and gaudier shops on the other, all staffed by brigands and outlaws who beseeched us to buy their wares. We went by taxi to the old market, where the colours of the clothes and the

dressess, the silver ware, the leather, the basket work, gave the bare whitewashed walls a kind of beauty, and where whole families importuned us to buy, buy, buy.

Next day, we left Texas for New Mexico.

CHAPTER SIX

SCENIC BEAUTY

"NEW MEXICO¹ is the second youngest state," Jean said. "Heavens, it's only been a state of the union since 1912, which means that it isn't fifty years old."

"I expect it was here before then," I said, and reaped the whirlwind I asked for. "It's the southern end of the Rockies, isn't it?"

"You looked it up at the motel," Jean accused.

I had.

New Mexico as a name has always fascinated me. It is rich in Indian history, and I suppose it is a legacy from boyhood's cowboys and Indians in the streets of a London suburb which makes Red Indian country fascinating to me.

Here are many Indian reservations—Pueblo, Apache, Navajo, Zuni, the Laguna, the Utes and the Isleta. Here are eight vast reservations, and here the Indians live if they wish—and sometimes because they have little choice—in conditions not far removed from their way of life before the days of the white man. But now schools are available, and in the towns one sees full-blooded Indians driving powerful cars, while on the reservations one sees tiny, pathetic mud huts, with big (usually old) cars parked beside them.

Not least of America's internal problems is that of the Indians, and many Americans I met were uneasy about the conditions in

¹ *New Mexico*

Population:	758,000 — ranks thirty-eight.
Area:	121,666 square miles, of which 155 are water, ranks fourth.
Capital:	Santa Fe.
Nickname:	Land of Enchantment.
Flower:	Yucca.
Motto:	Crescit Eundo (It Grows as it Goes).
Max. speed:	60 m.p.h.; 55 at night.

which some big tribes lived, and the disease they said was rife because of violent changes forced upon them. Their future, I was often told, was either to become integrated with the white man, or else to die out, and more and more were adopting modern ways and modern life, but—

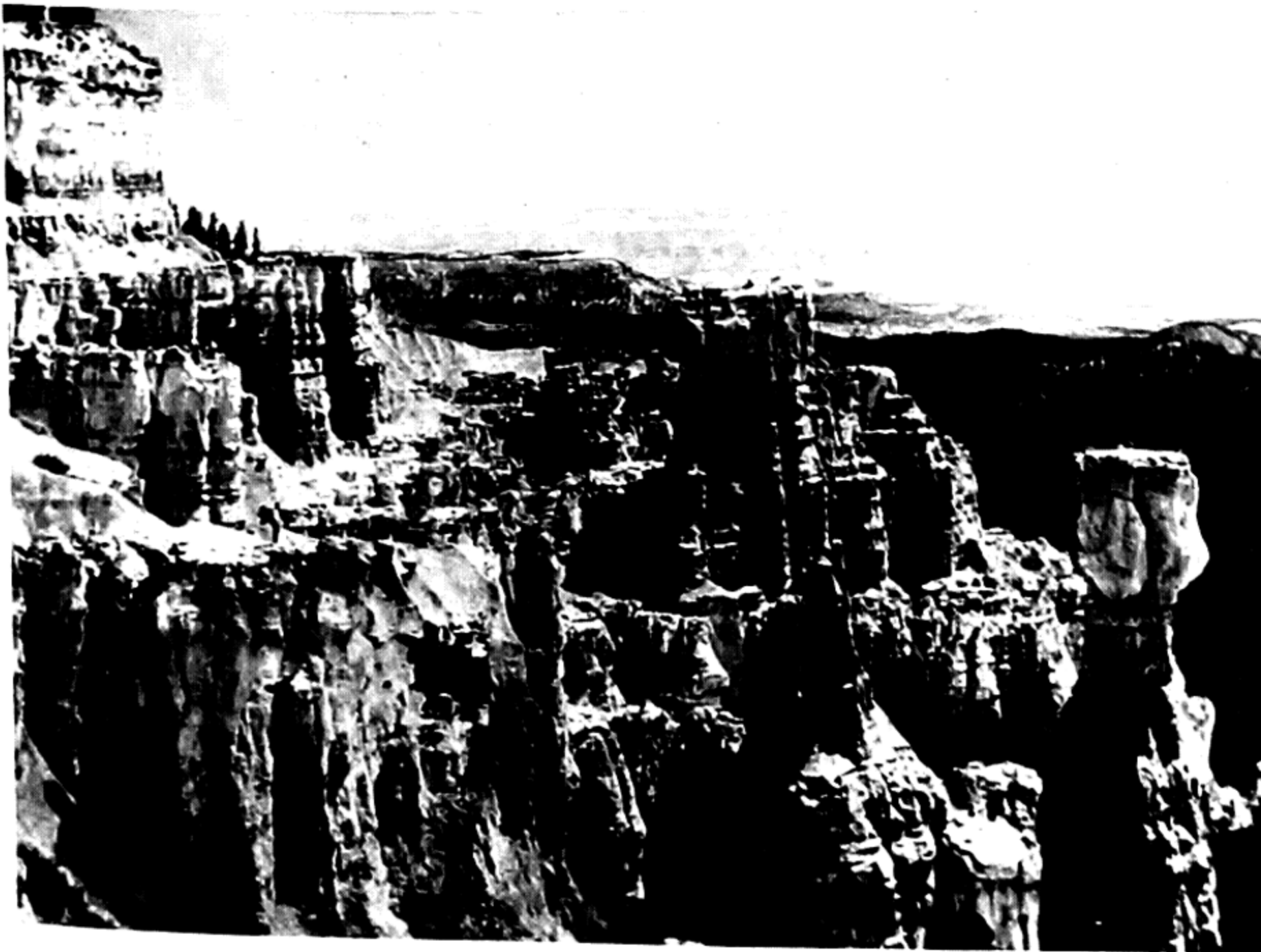
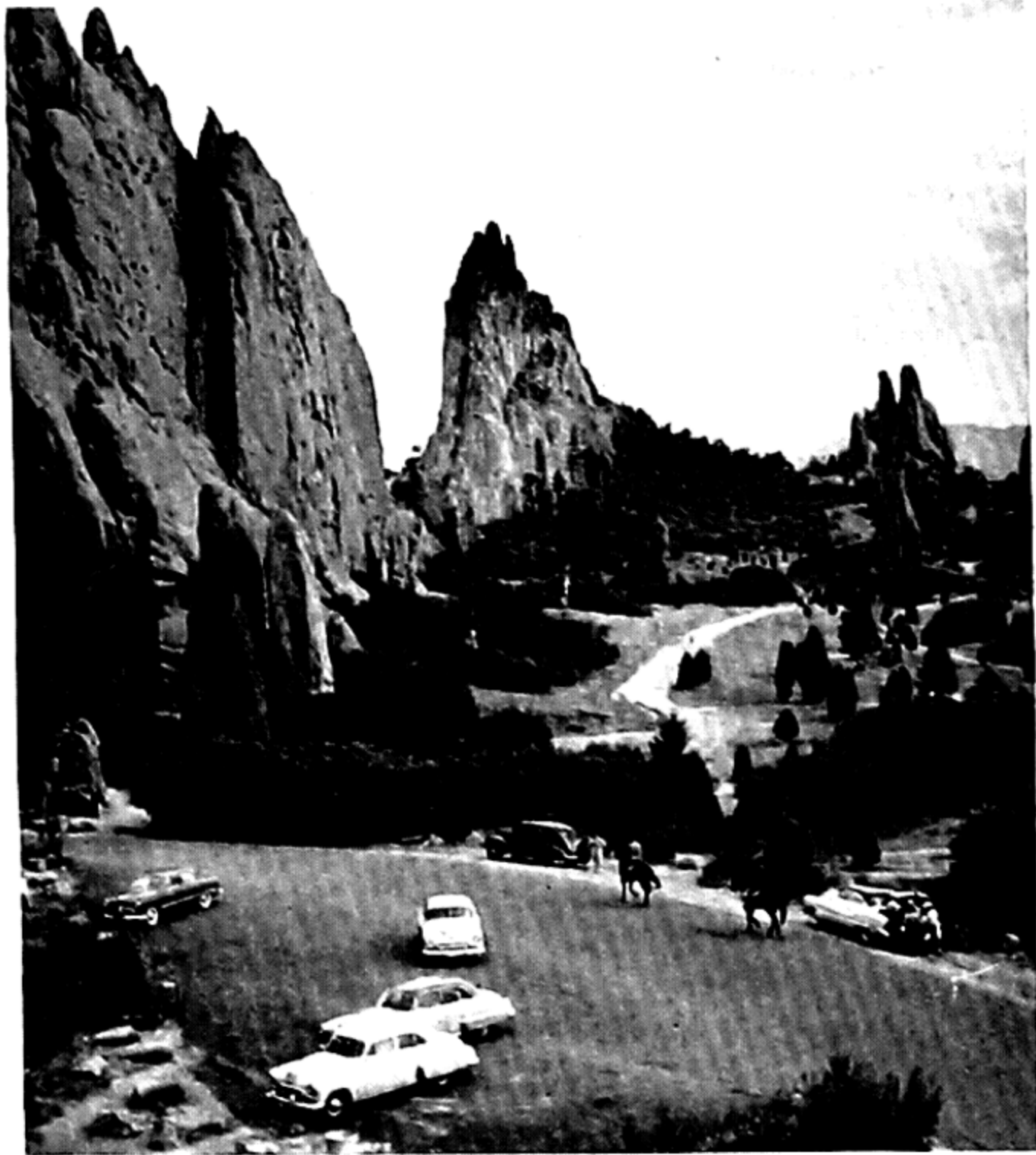
This is chiefly a social problem (like all racial problems, I feel sure) and a domestic one. I know nothing about it, so cannot comment. To the tourist, who sees perhaps too little, the Indians add a touch of the picturesque, whether they are riding on horseback—in Stetson hat and white man's threadbare jeans—or little girls, sitting at the roadside stalls patiently waiting for passers by to be attracted by the colourful rugs, and to stop and buy. Not all Indians speak English. One memorable sight (in Utah) was of two full blooded Indian woman, young, bright-eyed, dressed in shirts, good quality breeches and high-heeled riding boots, trying to make a storekeeper understand what they wanted. I thought they were short of money, for three bottles of 'coke' were on a counter, and there was much gesticulation and embarrassed unintelligible talk. Then, one of the women espied a bottle opener, and everyone rejoiced.

To me, New Mexico is much more interesting because of its Indians than because it has a lot of oil, a dry, sunny climate, and many minerals, with uranium rapidly overhauling the others in importance. In towns here and in nearly all of the west, the new phenomenon of the uranian prospector is commonplace. Auto and hardware shops offer prospectors' kit, complete with geiger counters and batteries, anti-radiation gloves, and the old-fashioned pick and shovel. Finds are made quite frequently, and the chances of making a huge fortune overnight at least exist.¹

After the Indians, for me, come the cattle ranches. I had once pictured the Wild West as being a country of rich, lush grass. In fact, so much of this part of the West is arid and barren—the lush grass is further north—that it is a marvel that cattle or man can live. Ranches are vast—one of 100,000 acres is not uncommon and sheep ranches are even larger. One can drive for hours—in fact for days—through similar land in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Nevada, and only see a thin, lonely steer once every half hour or so; or a single ranchhouse,

¹ This is common in many places.

Garden of the
Gods. Red Sand-
stone Rock 1,300
ft. high
(Colorado)



Bryce Canyon, Utah



Colorado, bridge at Royal Gorge, 1,260 ft. long, it towers 150 ft. high, with the river 1,053 ft. below the bridge

A LAND OF BRIDGES



Oakland Bay Bridge, San Francisco

with one or two trees by it, planted as a wind break, and not far away the windmill, turning slowly before the wind which seldom drops completely. The windmill brings what little water there is to the hardy folk who live there. This is still a pioneering age. The automobile and the train, the radio and bus and also, in areas, the television, doesn't alter that. Life is rough and tough. Men ride the range on horseback, and the land hasn't changed since life began. Hard, hot, merciless, cruel country which man has tamed by his own efforts, but which will throw him aside and bleach his bones if once he becomes careless or lazy.

The great marvel of these desert lands, whether on the vast plains or high on the plateaux, is water—or irrigation. Time and time and time again we would drive across desert and, some way ahead, see the green of grass or of trees and, drawing nearer, would find wheat and lush grass growing, or great orchards or orange groves.

"You jest drive on," an Arizonan once said to me, in the lazy, sing song drawl of the real West, "and there won't be anything to see until you come to a ranch or a farm where some guys found a spring or else pumped water."

"Or else pumped water" is the significant phrase. At some time or other there is plenty of water in or near all these desert states, but in the past all the water has been allowed to drain or to dry away; but not so today. Dams are springing up everywhere. Great projects like the Roosevelt, the Boulder and the Coolidge Dams trap the river flood waters until huge valleys are filled with man-made lakes—and the lakes are filled with fish and men go to catch them, and so both food and irrigation are provided. It is nearly a miracle, and one of the greatest monuments to man. It is also salutary: for some of the irrigation channels of today follow the irrigation channels of the (American) prehistoric men who stored water a thousand years ago.

When ever he wishes, man can now conquer the desert; and he has done so here. Great stretches of arable land have taken the place of dry dust, whole herds can thrive on a few thousand acres where once three acres was needed for each steer. Whole regions have been thrown open to agriculture, and gradually irrigation conquers more and more land, the water encroaches and the crops come. Arizona is now desert, range and orchard country, and it grows vast quantities of lettuce, too!

Many of these irrigation projects are financed by private enterprise.

If nature is left on her own though, she can make man look so puny that he is almost silly. The vastness of these south-western states is such that it seems impudent to try to conquer them, but there is even more than vastness, there is the quiet beauty of the desert, red-hued in the evening sun, with the long shadows stretching darkly across the pale earth. There is the silence. There are the great outcrops of red sandstone rocks, so beautiful in colour, so weird and fantastic in design, that it is almost impossible to comprehend their beauty or to absorb their grandeur. There are great cliffs rising out of the desert, deep canyons cut by forgotten rivers which raged in torrents until the sun defeated them. Here is the stillness where the past meets the present, amid incomparable beauty; here are the soft, persistent winds and breathless heat.

If I have a favourite part of America, it is where these desert states are neighbours.

Texas is one, as we know, and New Mexico; next Arizona, the *Grand Canyon State*.

* * * *

Of all the states, Arizona¹ is surely the most beautiful.

There is a saying that it was painted by the hand of God, and it is easy to understand how man can believe it. It has virtually everything. The great wealth of copper and gold, silver, lead and other minerals makes for prosperity, but one hardly thinks of resources or wealth when standing and looking, say, into the mighty valleys of the Grand Canyon, listening to the silence which seems to have been conceived within the canyon; or moving about the sun-baked forest of trees which were petrified by the chemicals in the land millions of years ago, and now

¹ *Arizona*

Population :	930,000 — ranks thirty-fifth.
Area :	113,956 — ranks fifth.
Capital :	Phoenix.
Nickname :	Baby State ; Copper State ; the Grand Canyon State.
Flower :	Saguaro Cactus.
Motto :	Ditat Deus (God enriches).
Max. speed :	Reasonable and proper. 50 m.p.h. at night.

lie for man to see and for man to cut and polish until it is like some huge, shiny precious stone. Near it is the Painted Desert, a great stretch of multi-coloured sand and rock, all of pastel shades, and also nearby are beds of shale containing fossil leaves of plants of millions of years ago. Even the bones of giant reptiles and amphibians have been found in the rocks.

Once, I walked about some wooded land with a warden, who kicked the dusty ground and turned up pieces of arrow-heads, knives, and scrapers left by Indians hundreds of years ago. I asked the warden how the trees came to be petrified, and he told me that after they had fallen these trees—some over a hundred feet high—had been buried in sediments containing a large amount of volcanic ash, which is high in mineral silica. This silica was picked up by ground water, carried into the wood, and deposited in the cell tissue of the log. As the mineral filled the log solidly, it formed the present petrified log, and the beautiful colour patterns are caused by oxides of iron and manganese. I wonder what else lies buried beneath the barren soil?

The western desert, then, is gradually being conquered.

There is the highway from New Mexico, towards Oak Creek Canyon, where for thirty or forty miles great red cliffs stand out and seem to beckon, massive and beautiful. To reach them we crossed mountain ranges on twisting roads, where great organ pipe cacti rise out of the barren earth on either side, here in ones or twos, there in giant clusters, sometimes silhouettes against the darkening sky, sometimes like creatures with great arms thrust upwards, grasping.

If I could do so, I would spend several months of every year in Arizona or the neighbouring states, and two or three times each year I would go to the Grand Canyon and look down and be silent.

The canyon is difficult to write about, for figures mean so little. It is some 200 miles long, between 12 and 20 miles wide, and one stands on the rim and looks *down* on the tops of great ranges of mountains—and upon the Colorado River which has thundered its way through the rocks to create this beauty, helped by the erosion of wind and rain and snow. The river carries millions of tons of silt through the bottom of the canyon every hour. Seen through powerful glasses as a muddy ribbon with a

slightly ruffled surface, it is a raging torrent with ferocious rapids, and in places it is nearly half a mile wide. To sit on the edge of the Grand Canyon and look down is to come nearer to awareness of infinity than anywhere I know, for one is looking at millions upon millions of years, upon nearly every geological era known to man.

That sense of infinity comes to most people who see the Canyon, and funds are being raised for a Shrine of the Ages Chapel on the rim, where visitors of all sects and religions can worship and gaze upon the mountains beneath them.

Excellent roads, with reasonably well-spaced small towns and groups of motor courts or hotels lead westward from Grand Canyon, but we headed north, towards Zion National Park, to cross the corner of Utah and the southern tip of Nevada.

Utah because of Salt Lake City and the great Salt Lake, and Nevada because of Las Vegas and Reno, come into different chapters, but this road ran through unbelievably beautiful canyon and red sandstone country.

The road north, through Cameron, was hot and arid. Here was the most desolate American desert we had yet seen, sometimes a flat, yellow brown, sometimes a riot of burnished red. The heat was deadly, and too much for Jean. It was hotter outside than in the car. If the sun touched one, it burned the skin as a hot knife. Here in this awful heat, this barren land, Navajo Indians lived in wooden and mud huts on the dreary reservations, as in the other states. Thin horses stood in the sun, and the Indians kept out of sight; we saw only three cars in eighty miles.

It seemed to get more fiercely hot as we drove on, reaching the Rainbow Bridge and crossing the wild Colorado river where it was much narrower, but still thick and sluggish with mud. Just beyond was a restaurant and motel, but there was no water; the electric pump had broken down, and the people who lived here to serve the motorists could get no water from the river. They had no gasoline, either.

For the first time, the engine of PRU 518 became so hot that she missed firing; I suspected a vapour lock and found an oasis of shade by the side of a small building, and let her 'cool' off while we had a cold drink in the café.

That night we spent in Kanab, Utah, on the threshold of Mormon country. We were also at one of the most popular loca-

tions for Hollywood's Wild West films, where from time to time Hollywood's stars, producers, technicians and countless extras (many of these being Indians from the reservations) descend upon Kanab and take possession.

Next morning, it was unbelievably hot even at seven o'clock. Zion National Park, with its weird rock formations, the great tunnel driven through it, and its placid river, did not enthral us as the other canyon had. Perhaps we were too hot. Perhaps we had seen too much in too short a time. We drove around listlessly, and couldn't get a drink, because the park restaurant was not yet open. But we walked in spurious coolness beneath the shade of tall, green cottonwoods, with the 'cotton' floating gently down, so thick in places that it was like gently falling snow, and we could leave our footprints where it settled.

Here, everything was peaceful and quiet, despite the heat. Not far away, in Nevada, there was hubbub.

CHAPTER SEVEN

GOLD IS WHERE YOU LEAVE IT

“NEVADA,” SAID the book, “is the Spanish name for snow clad.”

The Sierra Nevada range is certainly snow clad all the year round, for we drove through it in July, and there was plenty of snow at 9,997 feet, the highest spot on the pass from Reno to Lake Tahoe. Las Vegas is also in Nevada. There, we stewed at 116° in the shade, shivered at 68° in the hotels as a result of air conditioning and, on the several occasions when we ventured out, sizzled in a temperature which could not have been much less than 140°. Las Vegas, at midday, can be a strange, fascinating sight. The sun burns. Those people who have to go out, walk slowly—more slowly even than in the deep south. At the street corners—and every street corner has a traffic light in America—people crouch against any wall which offers a little shade and, when the lights change to green, surge forward in a kind of mass slow motion crawl.

Yet the shops, saloons and restaurants as well as the hotels, are air conditioned so well that one can live in the city without feeling too hot for more than a few minutes at a time. How the outdoor workers stand it, I don't know. The humidity of the south and (as we found it) in New York is bad enough, but it is better to stew than to fry.

Nevada¹ is a big state with startlingly few people—in fact it

¹ Population :	206,000 — ranks forty-eight.
Area :	110,690 square miles, of which 869 are under water, ranks sixth.
Capital :	Carson City (Pop. 3,082).
Nicknames :	Silver State ; Sagebrush State.
Flower :	Sagebrush.
Motto :	All for Our Country.
Max. speed :	Reasonable and proper.

has a lower population figure than any state of the Union.

In 1850, gold was struck in a vast land where there had been no one but Indians, trappers, prospectors and trading posts on the trails to Californian gold. In 1858 the Comstock Lode was found, one of the richest deposits of gold and silver ever discovered. Almost overnight, Virginia City grew from a mining settlement to a town of 30,000 people. Soon it had four banks, six churches and 110 saloons; it had a newspaper, the *Territorial Enterprise* (now a kind of museum as well as a museum piece), on which Mark Twain and Bret Harte worked as reporters. Millions of dollarsworth of bullion was shipped out weekly, under armed guard, through the Wells Fargo Express and Banking Offices.

It was colossal.

Today, less than a hundred years later, there is a population of 952. The gold is still in the Comstock Lode, but it costs too much to dig it out.

And today, plans are in hand to restore the city to its 1870 appearance. Prompted by a friendly garage hand, we decided to go and look. We had two hours to spare, and could have spent two days there. Every saloon is a museum piece with its player-pianos, its old-fashioned high stools, shot guns, Colt .45's, Winchesters, its mining tools, its pictures of bygone dancing girls, its old oil lamp shades, now covering electric lamps, its—well, everything Wild West. There are the bars named the *Bucket of Blood* and the *Bloody Bucket*—and in America the adjective 'bloody' is meant quite literally. You can step out of your car and find a man dressed in Stetson, a coloured shirt, cartridge belt and six-shooter, and high-heeled boots, standing and looking at you, or going into a bar or saloon. There is an old Opera House, approached by a flight of creaky wooden steps, where the walls of the staircase are a mass of carved names and initials dating back many, many years. Round the walls are mementoes of the singing and stage giants of the eighties, not least of Sarah Bernhardt. One steps out of the heat of the street into the warmth of the past.

Not far away is Carson City, and a hand-out said:

ABOUT CARSON CITY . . .

Founded 1858 by Abraham V. Z. Curry.

Altitude 4,675 feet.

Temperature: Average 50.6°.

Population: 4,500.

Highways: U.S. 50, U.S. 395.

Transportation: Greyhound Buses, Virginia and Truckee Buses. Nearest rail and air—Reno.

Average rainfall: 10.88 in.

Average humidity: 50.

Most service and fraternal organisations have branches or lodges.

The liberal laws of Nevada, framed for the protection of the citizen rather than the curtailment of his liberties, have joined with geographical location, magnificent climate, majestic scenery, pure mountain water, moderate altitude (4,675 ft.), historical background and luxury accommodations (for every purse) to make CARSON CITY a "must" on the itinerary of every traveller.

In a way, it is. Here are shady trees amid the great heat, a State capital not much larger than many English villages, a saloon where one can go in and gamble with a few cents or with thousands of dollars, a saloon where \$50,000 of gold nuggets is on display. Within easy reach the great mountains of the Sierra Nevada, rivers, hot springs and great lakes; and also within easy reach are Las Vegas and Reno, where great banners hanging across the street declare that it is:

THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD.

If you talk to a native here, you will almost certainly be promptly told that there are far more marriages than divorces, as the following advertisement suggests:

HOW TO GET HITCHED.

Divorced persons must have received a final decree of divorce. Males between 18 and 21 and females between 16 and 18 must have notarized consent of parent or guardian and furnish proof of age. (All young looking persons, even though over the above age limits, should have proof of age.) The licence fee is \$5.00. *The simplest method* is to let a wedding chapel director assist you in arranging everything. They are open 24 hours.

With one or two exceptions, the hotels were more modest

than we had expected, yet in their way some were fabulous. The gaming machines are thick in the foyers. The gambling clubs are jammed tight with a mass of people at the tables or at the machines, huge silver dollars are constantly changing hands but—as in Las Vegas—money changers are dotted about the rooms to give small time gamblers rolls of nickels or dimes. We saw roadside advertisements for HAROLD'S CLUB in every state we drove through, sometimes 3,000 miles away from Reno. The hotel prices are reasonable—or they were when we were there in July—and the value at the restaurants excellent indeed. The value for money at the hotel where we first had dinner, and then saw Schnozzle Durante on the stage, was the cheapest \$5.00's worth we've ever had.

Next morning as we drove away, a man darted in front of the car, and I jammed on the brakes. Crazy fool, I growled. The man stopped, twisted round and ducked back for the pavement (sidewalk) grinning and waving. It was Schnozzle in person, and I have no idea whether he was playing the fool or really scared.

I was scared.

Yes, Reno is a big little city . . .

But it isn't another Las Vegas.

Las Vegas must be the wildest, craziest, hottest spot in the Wild West. The astounding thing is that it is set down on the desert. New buildings are constantly encroaching on this flat, barren, burning land. There is everything: luxury hotels, luxury cars by the thousands, air conditioning for the countless who must wear mink, luxury restaurants, some of the finest entertainment, including most of the Hollywood big names, yet—

The most remarkable thing about Las Vegas is that it *is*.

It should be a few dilapidated buildings and a few dozen listless, wilting people, whereas it is a thriving, milling town. It keeps growing swiftly, its gambling saloons are twice, no thrice the size of Reno's, its luxury is unbelievable. There are marriage parlours by the dozen but one hardly notices them as Nevada is a gambling far more than a divorce state. Gambling goes on all through the night and all through the day, for the halls are always open.

Contrast?

A few miles away by American standards there is Boulder City, with the Hoover Dam, 726 feet high and the highest in the

world; it dams up the water so that the artificial Lake Mead stretches for 115 navigable miles, and is a fishing and boating resort in valleys which were barren and useless not many years ago.

Out here, one can almost see the country growing, and realise how young America is, how vast a potential still remains, how the desert is still being tamed, how man's ingenuity constantly overcomes the tremendous barriers which nature creates for him. Thus, in spite of its luxury, its air conditioning, its apparent irresponsibility, its irrigation, the Wild West is as wild and tumultuous as ever it was; and as fascinating.

We allowed ourselves two days in Las Vegas. When we arrived, Jean made a dive for the cool motor court, and we ventured out very cautiously a little later.

There was road construction going on everywhere; hotels which had not even been named in 1951 now stood in the desert, each vying with its luxury neighbours with huge signs, stars and mammoth car parks, swimming pools and drinks every hour of the day and night. Meals were incredibly cheap—in one hotel a *Chuckwagon* Bar gave as much food as one could eat for just a humble dollar.¹

We decided to drive the 300 miles to Hollywood overnight, so as to avoid more travelling through the scorching desert. We set out at half-past one, when the temperature was still over 100. and stopped at a kind of desert oasis for a meal just after four o'clock. The bright lights of hundreds of cars came along the road in a steady stream. At dawn, it was much cooler. We passed through a large town with the inevitable clusters of gas stations, then seemed to drive for hour after hour with nothing on the road. On and on and on we went with the petrol gauge gradually going down to zero, before we stopped and waited for a gas station to open. Beyond the road twisted through hills and mountains, and we ran into thick, swirling mist. By seven o'clock we were shivering.

We reached Hollywood by middle morning, and the temperature was still only 60. True, it soon warmed up, and was very pleasant while we were there, the temperature never going higher

¹ At the rate of exchange, 7s. 6d. In practice, however, we found that £1 equalled \$5, so this would be like having an *al fresco* meal at London's Savoy Hotel for 4s.

than 80 degrees. Every day, I scanned the temperature tables. Las Vegas hovered around the 110, while we kept cool.

Hollywood ought to be as famous for traffic as for its films. But then, so should California.

California,¹ as we know, is first in the country for motor vehicle registration and second only to Texas in size; it covers approximately 655 miles from north to south.

The Californian asks you how you like California (which to him is America) and takes it for granted that you think it is wonderful. It is. Some of the citizens of other states say that it is over-rated, but I'm not so sure. Sprawling Los Angeles itself, once called 'a collection of suburbs in search of a city' has a city centre smaller than many a town a tenth of its size (the population is now nearing 3,000,000 and it has over 1,000,000 cars), and except for Beverley Hills, it is very flat. Or so I thought until I had to drive an old Dodge with a gear lever which insisted on slipping out of position whenever the car was on a slight incline. Heart in mouth, I approached each red light longing for it to change before I had to stop, for when I stopped the car slid backwards.

One early evening we set out to travel 21 miles across the city. It took $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and we were $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours late for a dinner—with the most forgiving host and hostess at the end of it. The Hollywood Freeway, a road running right through the city, is one of the two roads in the United States which always scares me. Its drivers just put their foot down, and go.

Nowhere is a speed limit more ludicrous than in this state and on this Freeway. No one pays any attention at all.

Cars upon cars; gas stations upon gas station; magnificent roads; magnificent scenery. In California are the redwoods, trees which grow to an awesome height, the tallest 364 feet, and one passes through grove after grove, driving for nearly two days while passing redwoods much of the time.

At one time it seemed likely that the lumber (tree felling)

¹ Population :	12,190,000 — ranks second.
Area :	158,693 square miles, of which 2,645 are water, ranks second.
Capital :	Sacramento.
Nickname :	The Golden State.
Flower :	Golden poppy.
Motto :	Eureka (I Have Found It).
Max. speed :	55 m.p.h.

operators would destroy the redwoods, and in 1918 a Save-the-Redwoods League was founded, to raise funds for the preservation of the finest groves. Nine years later the people of California approved of a State Park system for the trees, and voted \$6,000,000 for the parks. Now they are acquired and maintained half with State funds and half with private funds. Clubs, states and individuals have groves named after them.

One sardonic reminder of the old days was headed :

GIANT REDWOODS—6,000 YEARS TO GROW
6 HOURS TO GO

The Redwood Highway, with dozens upon dozens of the magnificent groves, runs for about 300 miles, from a point 100 miles north of San Francisco to the Oregon State line. Some small towns along the highway are picturesque as are some of the motor courts and hotels, but in general this seemed to us at once the most beautiful of all roads, and the worst served by the people. Ugly, dilapidated little restaurants, bedraggled villages and small towns and a general air of decay are side by side with the magnificent trees—not one of which, says a state brochure, has been known to die of old age. A short season is blamed for the neglect, but—well, it's a pity.

We saw trees blackened by great fires to a height of fifty feet, but green and flourishing for two hundred feet above. We touched trees known to be over 4,000 years old, and by them tiny shoots, not yet ankle high. We were overawed by great stands of trees so strong and tall that they seemed to talk of the infinite.

We photographed a tree which contains enough wood to build *fourteen* five-roomed houses made only of the wood. We walked through an acre of trees where 1,000,000 board feet of timber stands, enough to build a village of a hundred houses.

We shopped inside a tree, walked through a house made inside a tree, drove the car through a tree, and marvelled all the time.

Not far away from this Redwood Empire, there is the Californian coast, with its superb beaches, and in the other direction there is Yosemite National Park, a mountainous national park

which we saw in 1950 and remember as breathtaking in its beauty.

California has fruit and desert, cattle and cacti, rain and mist and the rainless Death Valley (which is all below sea level). It has 7 million acres under irrigation, one drives continually through rangeland which is being watered for cattle, and vast expanses of desert. It grows grapes and makes wine, its oranges are worth as much as its gold, it grows more cotton than any state but Texas. Practically every tree in the northern hemisphere is found in California, it is full of Mission Trails and relics of the early Spaniards. It has Los Angeles, Hollywood, and San Francisco, three of the most fabulous cities in a fabulous country.

It also has a little town of Santa Rosa, one of the towns where we would be very happy to settle, with a good climate and rich fruit and spacious suburbs, and—in 1955—the Convention (Conference) of Wild West Writers of America.

On the way north from Hollywood to San Francisco and Santa Rosa, we drove along the coast road, with beaches washed by the Pacific, small towns and large cities close to the shore. We turned off the highway to have lunch, and found ourselves on a sandy beach with several hundred other people, picnic tables galore, and a huge sign reading :

THE SAFEST BEACH IN THE WORLD

Sitting atop their tall stands, like tennis umpires, were *four* lifeguards, watching the bathers.

We drove straight through San Francisco, much of the way on a highway built over the city, watching the massed traffic on the roads below. Everywhere were white houses, stretching on steep hills as far as the eye could see.

We had no idea what to expect of the Western Writers' Convention, but as I have (long ago) had the impudence to write Westerns, we had been invited.¹ I have always had an ambition to write a really authentic western, although my earlier efforts stopped sharply after my first visit to the Wild West.

¹ W.W.A. were forgiving enough to make me the first non-American member.

We went into the headquarters hotel, and found a dozen or so men dressed like cowboys, as many dressed like bank clerks, and a few women dressed for cocktails. There were quick greetings, and—

Some of the Wild West Writers came out of the pages of a book. There was, for instance, Charles H. Snow. I'd been familiar with his books for many years, but had no idea that he had written nearly 360, under a variety of names; and I was astounded to find that he was blind.

"I used to be a mining engineer," he told me, under great persuasion from a friend, "and when I was 37 I had an accident. After that I couldn't see. Doing nothing did not attract me, and after two years I began to write."

Two years blind, and he *began* to write—and chose to write about the West, the one part of the world he knew well.

One other fact came out:

"The most books I've ever done in a year is eighteen," he said.

Eighteen!

He wrote eighteen *again*, last year, when well into his seventies.

Somehow, Charlie Snow seems to be a part of the fictional West.

There was Tom Blackburn, too, of Walt Disney fame and renown in his own right for his western novels, and renowned all over the United States for his part in the fantastic popularity there of the frontier hero—Davy Crockett. Everywhere, in drug stores and departmental stores, wherever children might be, were Davy Crockett pennants and coonskin cap; and everywhere children were singing the song of Davy Crockett.

Jean was intrigued by this, and asked a most charming woman at the convention.

"Who is this Davy Crockett?"

She was told he was a great frontier hero of the last century, and that much was now being made of him. Later she learned that she had asked Tom Blackburn's wife! And Blackburn's lyric for the song sold on 7 million gramophone records in six months.

There was Frank C. Robertson and Frank Gruber and—

A word about Frank Gruber.

We had called him in his home near Beverley Hills soon after arriving in Hollywood, and he had promptly said:

"Come out and see us."

On the way, we seemed to drive for hours before reaching the houses of film stars and producers, fine houses in beautiful grounds—and at all the approaches, old men and women sitting and offering for sale: "*Guide To Film Stars' homes.*"

The Grubers welcomed us a little uncertainly, for the English were unknown quantities; but soon he and I realised how similar is our approach to writing. His output is very large, too, with fifty-eight films and many crime stories and even more westerns to his credit. He knows the world of films intimately, and he has the only secret of successful writing.

He *works*.

We were soon comparing notes again in Santa Rosa, with dozens of writers talking shop, none talking more than I.

One writing fact soon manifested itself. The old 'bang bang' western was out of favour. The writers were businessmen, too, (as nearly as writers can be) and their agents guided them firmly. The 'bang bang' has turned into the pioneer or the frontier novel. The most successful (and many who are not yet successful) modern writers of the *genre* study the history of the West and get their details absolutely right. I heard one chiding a publisher for depicting a revolver on the jacket of a book written about a period several years earlier than the date when that particular kind of six-gun was first manufactured!¹

Most Western writers write for their living, but of course some are part-timers. I asked Will Cook, a comparatively newcomer, what he did before he started to write.

"I was a lumber-jack," he said simply.

Another said: "I was a cow-hand."

Time and time again the answer was similar, and most of these men knew what they were writing about, often at first hand.

The rewards?

They can be very substantial indeed. As with all forms of fiction, the first sale is either probably to a 'hard cover' or cloth bound book publisher, but that is only the beginning. To

¹ A recent survey among British publishers shows a marked preference for bang-bang westerns—at least 3 to 1.

be really successful, the book must be sold again to a paperback or 25c publisher, and editions of popular westerns (and thrillers) can run into many hundreds of thousands. At a cent or a cent and a half a copy, this can make a lot of money for the writer, although he shares the proceeds with the hard cover publisher.

We talked as we gathered together at a great barbecue where a steer was being roasted on a huge spit for us at a big ranch where the most valuable bull was worth \$30,000.00, and where the guests helped themselves to red or white Californian wine out of barrels, using small red and green plastic tumblers.

Talk soon turned to films.

Hollywood is a market of vital importance to the American light fiction writer. Most of those at the Convention had sold to major companies, and some had sold several films. Television was becoming an increasingly important market, too, and there was also the hope of a 'big' sale to a magazine such as the *Saturday Evening Post*, which pays a fabulous sum, or to magazines which pay handsomely enough.

The Wild West is America's history and the rest of the world's romance.

It could almost be said that the English thriller is dying in the United States as well as the bang-bang western, but that would be to argue about the meaning of the word thriller. (Agatha Christie, recently in the New Year's Honours List as a thriller writer, is really nothing of the kind; she writes detective stories. If there is a generic term, it is 'crime story writer'). But the suspense story, a development of the thriller, is extremely popular in the States.¹

The charm of California, to me, is that one can never be quite sure what will be round the next corner. Of course, it is a land of long distances, but so much is worth travelling to see. Not far from Santa Rosa, for instance, is a small petrified forest, privately owned and well-cared for, where one can sit on the stumps of trees millions of years old, and marvel at huge redwoods, petrified by the centuries in all their hugeness. One can turn off the road into open rangeland, and be among cattle and sheepmen. In Los Angeles, the Farmers' Market is surely one of the most fascinating in the world yet so unmistakably Ameri-

¹ See Chapter 18.



San Francisco—cable cars



Easter Sunrise Service, Hollywood Bowl

Mark Twain's Newspaper

LARGEST WEEKLY (Paid) CIRCULATION
IN THE ENTIRE AMERICAN WEST!
... 17 STATES! A. B. C. AUDITED
Largest Circ. Area: Nevada & Calif.
Non-Sectarian

THE REPUBLICAN EVERTIST



DAN DEQUILLE

MARK TWAIN



and Virginia City News



The liveliest ghost town of the West

can. At Montgomery Village, north of Santa Rosa, there is charm and an old worldliness which cannot fail to appeal—and some very fine doughnuts!

Everyone knows about the Golden Gate Bridge. Not so many know of the other great bridges at San Francisco, leading across the great Bay—the San Mateo and the Bay Bridges. Surely nowhere else is there such beauty, even grandeur, of scenery coupled with such a fortress of horror as Alcatraz, the island prison in the big bay. As I drove past it, a condemned man was waiting to know whether he was to die; he had been waiting for years, and had written a best seller while in prison.

Two-Gun Tomany—Walter Tompkins, a Wild West writer who might have stepped right out of Dickens's London, took us—with Verne Athanas and his wife who lived in Oregon and had never been to a big city before—to San Francisco. We chased one of the famous cable cars up and down the steep hills, swinging wildly round corners. It was the 10th Anniversary of the birth of the United Nations, and the city was beflagged on a chilly, windy day.

* * * *

Santa Rosa is close to the Old West in many ways; it was the second place we came across where a hotel restaurant served a \$1.00 dinner—an *al fresco* meal where you ate as much as you wanted of whatever was served. With us was Don Hamilton, who has the most effective way I know of taking notes for future books: he takes photographs, mostly 35 mm. colour transparencies, and whenever he wants to refresh his memory he simply studies the slides.

His Western descriptions are thus absolutely accurate.

It was at Santa Rosa that our methylated spirit stove, fed on wood alcohol, spurted flames about the room—so we put it away until we could find a quieter spirit, and bought a coffee percolator which made tea as fresh as we could want. All we needed was one plug, too; it would fit every point in every room we were going to stay in throughout the U.S.A. In my Bournemouth home there are three different kinds of plugs, and in England probably hundreds.

After the convention was over we spent a day seeking out

Lenore Glen Offord who has been reviewing mysteries for the *San Francisco Chronicle* for some years—and more often than not has been kindly about mine—and Anthony Boucher, a reviewer whose reputation spreads far beyond the borders of the United States.

It was hot.

We headed for Berkeley, across the Bay from San Francisco, and ran into road construction which delayed us for hours. Hot, tired, wearing only a dacron (cotton and nylon) shirt, and Jean a similar dress, telephoned Glen Offord, almost hoping she would be out.

She was not.

“Oh, you *must* come to see us,” she greeted, and gave us precise directions, so that we climbed up to the hills and found her home with magnificent views over the Bay. There was tea and talk—with Lenore and her aged father and most mature and charming twelve-year-old daughter.

“And you must come and talk to the Mystery Writer tonight,” she urged. “The Northern Californian group is meeting, and—”

“Oh, we *can't*,” Jean breathed.

“In *these*,” said I. For her.

We went.

Anthony Boucher put off another appointment so that he could come, we talked shop and then more shop on the way, and even took the wrong road; but at last we met the immaculately-dressed group of writers; and, of course, I talked and talked.

The most common sign on the roads of California is *Keep California Green and Gold*. Signs in the rest of the states stop at ‘green’. To drive through the country, where the grass looks like ripe corn (wheat) and the dark green of trees show up against it, like the olives in the groves of southern Spain, is to be soothed by gentle beauty. To drive through its large towns is to get an impression of a thriving, bustling, prosperous people, filled with a bursting pride in their state, and with an enthusiasm and a sense of mission to make California the greatest state in the world.

They could, too.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE MORMON STATE

THE FIRST man I spoke to in St. George, Utah, took a lot of trouble to help, and then asked :

“ Did you know this is a centre of Mormonism ? ”

I said that I didn't.

An hour later, he telephoned us at our motel, the best value we found anywhere—and invited us to a Church Discussion Group that evening. Jean and I, with hazy ideas about Mormons still practising polygamy, said we'd be delighted.

We were.

The early history of the Mormon Church is one of courage, faith, strength and martyrdom. The Mormon trek across the American desert was perhaps a greater achievement than that of the Boers in South Africa.

And Brigham Young led them to a great valley where the earth was salt, near a lake of water so salt that it is impossible to sink in it.

Out of this barren land, the Mormons built a kind of paradise. True, I don't see evidence of inspiration in Salt Lake City's fine, wide streets, or even in the monumental achievements of the pioneers.

It is this absolute faith and belief in their religion which is so fascinating.

I learned that each Mormon sets himself to finish whatever his parent began, sees himself as an heir not only to the blood and of possessions, but to duty and responsibility. There is a deep faith in life after death.

The key to Mormonism today is simply faith and enthusiasm.

Only this can explain the fact that all young Mormons are expected to go as missionaries, for two years, without pay. There

are nearly 6,000 of them in many parts of the world, and nearly 200 in England alone. Most go, some near home but many abroad. I met missionaries just back from England, Germany, Japan and South America. They have to fend for themselves, and preach the gospel *Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints*, which is the full name of their church.

According to *What of the Mormons?* there are branches of the Church in every state of the Union, most of the provinces of Canada, every county in England. There are branches in Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, the Pacific Islands, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa. It isn't surprising that in any branch of the church one can find many languages spoken.

A small group of officials have a living allowance, but none of the church ministers is paid or salaried; they have their everyday work to do, and serve the church in their spare time—in many cases, all their spare time. One of the editors, a man in his early thirties—much like many journalists I know in London, New York, Sydney and Cape Town, among other places—told me that he has some work or other to do, in or for the church, on five weekday nights each week; on the sixth, he has a 'family at home' night.

The true Mormons take it for granted that they must serve in this way, and find it no burden. And each member is 'expected' to pay one tenth of his income to the church. More: on one Sunday each month a Mormon is expected to refrain from two meals, and give the cost of the meals to the poor.

One of the rules, called the Word of Wisdom, I had never heard before was that Mormons must not drink tea or coffee or any hot drinks, and the use of tobacco or liquor in any form is banned. It can be bitterly cold there, in the winter, and I tried to find out the origin of this law. It is believed that all of this forbidden food and drink contain habit-forming drugs whenever used regularly. I cannot help feeling that the root of it was either in the shortage of tea or coffee in the days of the early settlers, or else the shortage of fuel with which to heat the water.

Whether or no, at the little discussion party in St. George, we were served with a fruit cup.

Of course, some drink coffee; but the real believer will not.

Yet, if their daily work requires it, all will serve tea and coffee to other people.

Some of the facts which the editors of the *Deseret News* told me were fascinating. The newspaper itself, for instance, was started at a time when the Mormons believed that they would establish a great state, stretching over much of western America. This was before they had joined the union, when Mormon settlements stretched far beyond the borders of what is now Utah, often to the borders of each neighbouring state, and many of them further afield. Hence St. George, so close to Nevada and Arizona; and the large Mormon population in Los Angeles. One person in three in Utah is said to be a practising Mormon, but the figures are only approximate.

Polygamy was started, I was told, for deep religious reasons, but I was more persuaded by the suggestion that it began because of the acute economic dangers of a dwindling population. I have been asked how this could be so when only a small percentage practised polygamy; but if one man has a dozen wives and begets children by them all, surely he is as a dozen men, and the argument doesn't seem logical. Undoubtedly polygamy is the Achilles heel of the church, and it cannot live down its past. Yet no one I met made the slightest attempt to conceal or gloss over the history of polygamy and I sensed a strong feeling of pride in it.

"Never was more than a very small percentage of our people polygamous," I was told—the percentages ranged from one to four. "Only the finest men were permitted to take more than one wife, and most families, even when the practice of plurality of marriages was at its height, were the normal single family of today."

On a coach trip through the city and the surrounding district, a cheerful, lively, intelligent driver-conductor announced calmly:

"Brigham Young himself had 19 wives and 56 children. A great number of the people you pass in the streets of Salt Lake City today have the blood of Brigham Young in their veins."

And, later:

"Each wife of one of the leaders, and only the finest of the men were permitted more than one wife, had her own home. If you look towards your right you will see the home of one of the leaders." It was a long, single story pink-faced building, with

what looked like a dozen front doors; almost a row of cottages. "Each wife lived with her children in one of the homes there, separate from all the other wives."

There it was, as simple and matter-of-fact as that.

When talking to many Mormons I had the distinct impression that there was some regret that plurality of marriages had been discontinued. There is little doubt that it was declared unlawful only because the demands of the Federal Government—the political and religious leaders of Utah and Salt Lake City would have continued it for a long time, perhaps until today.

Another interesting fact emerges.

There is a great number of tall, strong, healthy-looking and handsome people in Salt Lake City. They look as if they came from very fine stock. Many are extremely well-dressed. It is an oasis city, and yet there is everything in the shops, with women's fashions much more attractive than in some large Western towns. People walk well, look straight ahead of them as if they were facing the world proudly, and have a great belief in their future. They truthfully claim that in Utah, where 70 per cent of the people are nominally Mormon, and in Salt Lake City (60 per cent), there is no evidence of religious bigotry. Also:

"It is something of a modern religious phenomenon to find a hundred large Mormon congregations meeting every Sunday in a city of fewer than 200,000 people."

More prosaically, the A.A.A. book said that:

"Utah,¹ one of the Rocky Mountain States, derives its names from the Ute Indians, early inhabitants of the region."

The *Deseret News* produced some less prosaic statistics which appear to be undeniable.

Utah's list of men of achievement is the highest in the United States, based on *per capita* listing in *Who's Who in America*, *Leaders of Education* and *American Men of Science*.

That is quite startling. The standard of education, I was assured, is very high indeed.

¹ Population:	734,000 — ranks thirty-ninth.
Area:	84,916 square miles, of which 2,590 are water, ranks tenth.
Capital:	Salt Lake City.
Nicknames:	The Mormon State; the Bee- hive State.
Flower:	Sego Lily.
Max. speed:	60 m.p.h.; 50 at night.

Dr. E. L. Thorndike, of the Columbia University, in his Study for Carnegie Foundation for Educational Advancement, found that Utah was a long way ahead of the other states.

There are other facts, almost as interesting. The figures for juvenile delinquency, for instance, are lower—*pro rata*—than any other state. The church owns the *Deseret News* and, as far as I could judge, presented the news without bias, although it gave much more religious news than any other newspaper I've read. It is one of the very few, perhaps the only newspaper, which is never published on a Sunday—most American newspapers are published every day of the week, with a special, big advertising magazine section on Sunday. (In Britain, of course, the Sunday newspapers are separate from the weekday ones.)

In the Mormon Temple, there are 19,000,000 genealogical records, a clear indication of the tremendous importance Mormons give to their ancestors. Much of the work in the temple had to do with this genealogical history, and in working 'for the dead' to complete the tasks which were started in life, and then left to others to finish.

"The world—even the Christian world—married 'until death do part,'" the Mormons point out, "but we marry 'for all eternity.'"

They recognise divorce, although reluctantly, and have the lowest divorce rate of any state.

There is one fascinating story of their absolute faith, and in their refusal to work on Sundays. Being a cattle country, and tanning of hides plays an important part in the state's industry—and a significant one in the early days. Hides, when in the process of being tanned, need to be turned every day; and if they are left untanned for a day, they spoil. If they are left on public holidays, or ordinary weekdays, they do spoil. But they are left—in Salt Lake City at all events—every Sunday, and they are not affected. For religious reasons they were once left for four days in a row, and remained unspoiled.

There may be explanations of this other than the Mormon one, of its religious significance; but at least one can understand that to the Mormon this appears to be a miracle. As the story of the very early days when, the pioneers hopefully planning a good harvest for their first crops, a plague of crickets came and began to devour the harvest.

The pioneers prayed.

From the great Salt Lake, says history, thousands of gulls came and took up the crickets in their mouths, carried them and dropped them in the lake, and came back for more time and time again until the plague was gone. The gull is a symbol of Salt Lake City even to this day, and the records show written evidence of the miracle.

Yet in some ways to me the most compelling fact about the Mormon religion is the simple belief that Joseph Smith, one of the pioneers, who was killed by a mob with other Mormon leaders, when he was thirty-eight, was a prophet of God. This is meant in the sense that St. Paul and St. Peter were prophets. That he frequently communed with God. That he passed on God's instructions to the Mormon leaders, including Brigham Young. That it was he who passed on the instructions for polygamy, to Brigham Young's initial horror. Soon after the announcement of this doctrine, Brigham Young is said to have seen a funeral cortège, and declared that he would gladly trade places with the man in the coffin rather than face this doctrine.

There is a well-documented case made out to prove these claims, and according to the Mormons, no one has ever been able to disprove the genuineness of a single document.

That part of the story of the Mormon faith which was completely new to me was the savage persecution to which they were subjected in the early days. It is part of the history of the West, as much as the Indian wars, the discoveries of gold and silver, and the range feuds.

* * * *

Writing about Salt Lake City and the Mormon religious beliefs, it is easy to forget some of the other wonders of Utah. The southern part is surpassingly beautiful. The desert road, from Reno to Salt Lake City is in places desolate and bare, and few cattle live on the great ranges. After climbing a long, gentle slope near the state line, though, one suddenly sees a great expanse of white ahead. Drawing nearer, one sees the sun glistening on the land; actually, on salt crystals. It is possible—normal—to drive along a road built on the salt, get out and collect salt, and taste it. The water is a beautiful clear blue. Images of the islands

in the lake, reflecting on the strange, blue white water, look like mirages. It is all unreal and very beautiful; even reality seems like a dream—as the general notice on the Bonneville Salt Flats, telling of the speeds of motor racing drivers—including England's John Cobb—on the flats, which are perfect for motor racing at certain times of the year when the salt is packed as hard as cement.

There is wry humour in the huge sign, close to the state line of Utah, reminding one that there is no gambling in the state. *This is the last casino in Nevada*, screams the notice, and above it is the figure of a huge Westerner, winking at passers-by and pointing downwards.

On the roof of a tall building in Salt Lake City itself there is a high sign: *Harold's Club, Reno*.

Most of the people were quick to help, and eager to be friendly. And two things stand out in our memories of Salt Lake City.

One night, seeking a place to park in the main street, a man shouted after us and came running, and I wondered if I had committed some offence. I stopped. The man came tearing up, proved to be in Army uniform, and said breathlessly:

"I just had to stop you, I couldn't believe my eyes. I just *had* to stop you." His hand came through the window, to grip mine firmly. "No, sir," he said, "I just couldn't believe my eyes."

I was sure that I had never seen him before.

"Why, where have we met?" I asked.

"We haven't met," he told me, "but I've got the only other *Super Snipe* in Utah! I'm not quite sure it isn't the only one registered in the West. When I saw your car, I just couldn't believe my eyes. I bought mine when I was in Europe, because I needed a big car, but I guess I'll have to trade it soon." He stood there, grinning. "I just couldn't believe my eyes."

And there was the newspaper boy outside our hotel, where all the staff was helpful, and seemed surprised to get tips. Usually an old man stood at the entrance selling the *Deseret News* and another newspaper. Each evening, for an hour or so, a very small boy took over for him. He looked about seven. I asked him how old he was, in a charmingly accented American he said that he was nine.

"And where do you come from?"

"I am Norwegian, sir."

"That's a long way," I said. "How long have you been in America?"

"For five years, sir."

"Did you know any English when you came here?"

"I don't know English, sir," he said, "I know only American."

I bought a newspaper and thanked him, and turned away, and he said :

"Excuse me, sir, please."

"Yes?" I said.

"Where do *you* come from, sir?"

"From England," I told him.

"That is not so very far from Norway," he remarked. "My mother and father talk much about England." Then after a pause : "Excuse me, sir, but you speak *very* good American."

* * * *

It was in Utah that we saw the road sign which most intrigued us; a large board, reading :

REMEMBER!
ONLY ONE LETTER REMOVES
DANGER FROM ANGER

CHAPTER NINE

MOUNTAINS AND GEYSERS

DRIVING NORTH from Salt Lake City on July 4th, the Independence Day traffic was much thinner and the driving more sedate than we had expected. In most of Utah, the towns had unusually wide streets and it was easy to see that many were of Mormon origin. We crossed a range of hills with one of the twistiest roads in the country, then into plains, and across a green and pleasant corner of Idaho.¹ Idaho is a name that has always fascinated me, and everywhere in America one is likely to find *Baked Idaho Potato* on the menu. The potatoes are very good and floury, ideal for baking, and are usually served in a metal foil, so enabling one to hold the piping hot potato while scooping it out.

Nearly everything we learned about Idaho came out of 'the book'—of its arid plains and great mountains, its sixteen national parks, its gold, lead, silver and zinc, the fact that until 1860 it was regarded as waste land and a liability, that less than 100 years ago its white population could be numbered in dozens, and today—well the figures taken from 'the book' speak for themselves.

¹ Population :	603,000 — ranks forty-third.
Area :	83,557 square miles, of which 749 are water.
Capital :	Boise.
Nickname :	Gem State.
Flower :	Syringa.
Motto :	Esto Perpetua (May it last).
Max. speed :	Reasonable and proper.

Next we touched upon Wyoming¹—to me, the most romantic name of all the American states.

We drove through a great valley, with green hills and green pastures on either side. This was obviously fine cattle country. There were herds of dairy cattle, instead of forlorn and lonely looking steers. We slowed down to see one of the few herds of bison (buffalo) left of the vast herds in the West, but only a few straggly and ragged-looking beasts were near the road, and it was not worth waiting in the hope that the herd would come nearer. This was a farming valley, and might have been in England but for the vastness; it went on for so long that we wondered when we would come upon a place to sleep.

It was almost dark before we arrived at Jackson. The evening wasn't too hot, but we were so tired that we hadn't studied 'the book'. We pulled into a motor court, and found one unit vacant—the first semi-basement one we found anywhere, and the owner told me that he was born in Blackpool, England.

We met some people from Boise, the next day, and I had to confess that I had never heard of the city—only state capital. The story of Idaho is similar, in general outline, to many others in the west. Cattle, prospectors, gold and silver and minerals, great boom periods—and today tremendous prospects.

I wish we had seen more of it.

And I wish we had seen more of Wyoming (especially the town with the fascinating name of Ten Sleep) but at least Jackson offered us more gambling, and one of the most picturesque saloons we met anywhere, as well as a restaurant where I had the best roast beef and (Idaho) baked potato I tasted in the whole of America. This tiny town of 1,244 people has several shops which look as if they rightly belonged to the pioneering wild west of fifty or sixty years ago.

In fact, they do.

On this great day of celebration the people came from distant valleys and large and small ranches, many of them a hundred

¹ Population :	306,000 — ranks forty-seventh.
Area :	97,914 square miles, of which 366 are water, ranks eighth.
Capital :	Cheyenne.
Nickname :	Equality (Suffrage) State.
Flower :	Indian paintbrush.
Max. speed :	60 m.p.h.

miles away, and they came to gamble with big silver dollars, to hear music and to see a show; and the comedians at the saloon were not at all bad. They came to sing rangeland songs in hearty, throaty voices, and to laugh until they cried. They came to throw fireworks in the little park which was reached through a huge archway of antlers, all bleached by the sun, thousands upon thousands of antlers in a perfect semi-circle. They came because it was a holiday from the loneliness and of the back of beyond and the solitude of their homes; and they meant to have a wonderful time.

Next day they would go back to work as hard or harder than any men on earth—the women, too.

Here, rough and tough, loud and friendly, hearty and care-free, was the real Wild West. It did not surprise me to be told that here and in Montana there were places where family feuds still waged, and where the law of the gun was still preferred.

But that night Jackson was in festive mood because, nearly two hundred years before—and nearly a hundred years before the *name* Wyoming was thought of!—the then Colonial States had rebelled against England and won independence for a union—in a war sparked by an English king's greed over the tax on tea. The English themselves pay a heavy tax on tea today—when more and more tea is being drunk all over the United States.

“Wyoming,” says the book, “was included in one of the greatest real estate (land) transactions in the history of the world :

The Louisiana Purchase of 1803 was of a little matter of 529,911,680 acres—or rather more than the whole of the present United States, over twice as much as the land ceded by Britain after the Revolution.

“The first accession to the (new) United States was the Louisiana Purchase, which Napoleon offered to President Thomas Jefferson's emissaries who had gone to Paris to buy the isle of Orleans (New Orleans) and West Florida.

“It cost \$11,250,000 (approximately the cost of one battleship today), or approximately 2 cents (say one farthing) an acre.

“It included the present area of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, east of the

Rockies, North and South Dakota, part of Minnesota, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington."

I doubt if one Englishman in ten thousand has more than a vague idea of what one means by 'the Louisiana Purchase!'

The more we read about American history, the more enthralled we became. For instance, that Idaho was originally not only Idaho, but also the Montana Territory—not a state for many years—and much of Wyoming, and the whole was populated mostly by Indians, a few traders and fur trappers and here and there some missionaries. Then Wyoming became an independent territory with its own political organisation and, in 1890, was the forty-fourth State of the Union.

Here the white man's history is so young that one can dig with one's hands, as it were, and unearth the beginning. Trappers and traders, soldiers and forts, trails used by the pioneers *en route* to the coastal states of California and Oregon—on the Old Oregon trail. Then there came gold, a rush, a fortune, towns springing up, more and more prospecting and, in a few years, the birth of a nation.

Few Englishmen I talk to fully understand the newness of much of the American nation, or even the fact that the United States is a Federation, and that each of the forty-eight states retains much of its autonomy¹ and, above all, that although they regard themselves as Americans (even the Californians, Texans and Montanans) many owe a loyalty to the state as great and as deep in some ways as loyalty to the nation and the Federal Government.

We left Jackson after our one night, with a word of advice in our ears.

"Whatever you do, don't miss the Grand Tetons."

"What are the Grand Tetons?" I had asked, and would have looked less of a fool had I referred to 'the book', which told me everything I needed to know. They are mountains which are snow clad the year round. One can approach them and the surrounding National Park from the main highway, and walk round, or go on a motor boat trip on a lake which in summer is warm enough for bathing, but in spring and the autumn can be icy cold. Far out in the lake, the engine is cut off and one sits in silence and looks up at the three great peaks until the guide be-

¹ On road laws and speed limits, for instance.

gins to tell of the way he loves to climb those mountains and the lesser peaks beyond, how many of the trails are inaccessible except at the height of summer, and that some of the valleys have not yet been explored. He will tell how he spends every summer here, revelling in his job of showing people round the park and taking parties behind the mountains, when they are prepared to go, because by doing it, he can pay for his university education and create his future.

The readiness, even eagerness, to work is perhaps the most marked characteristic of the American people, especially in the young. They are brought up to expect that they can only hope for the good things of life if they really work, sometimes desperately hard.

Beyond the Grand Tetons are the snow-clad peaks and the valleys, the moose and the deer and the mountain lion—there and in a hundred places in a dozen states, is unexplored land which people are beginning to find today, perhaps holding untold wealth of gold or silver, uranium or any of the precious metals. Any one discovery may make a fortune for the finders, make miracles of power for masses of the people all over the world and, perhaps, open a great new field of science as great as atomic research, in the years to come.

In some ways the most fascinating part of the United States are those regions not yet known.

A little to the north of the Grand Tetons, on a fine road, is the Yellowstone National Park—mountains and valleys, rivers and lakes, canyons and geysers covering in all an area of 2,213,206.55 acres. That .55 (my italics) is perhaps the most entertaining statistical item that I've ever come across. There is Yellowstone Lake, of 139 square miles, with a 100 miles of winding shoreline, all at an altitude of over 7,000 feet.

As at most of the national parks, and in all of the U.S.A. there are 28 of them, there is an entrance with a little toll-house, where one pays a fee—at Yellowstone of \$2.00—for the privilege of staying in the park for a given period of say, two weeks. During that time one may go in and out of the park as often as one wishes, or spend a whole holiday inside. At Yellowstone, the Park Ranger on duty at the Toll Station leaned out to give us our ticket and a map, and was startled to find the driver on the wrong side.

"My," he said, "you're a long way from home. Have a good time!"

We drove on for miles, until we were almost exasperated. There were masses of trees, with here and there a spectacular drop down to a fast-moving river, but nothing that justified the sign which had greeted us:

WARNING ABOUT WILD ANIMALS

Wild animals roam this park. Some are dangerous. Watch them from a distance. Do not alarm them or attract them with food. Be alert while walking or camping. Stay in your car when you see them along the highways. Regulations which we enforce for your safety, prohibit feeding or molesting deer or bear.

We turned a corner, almost convinced that there were no bears, or at least very few, for we had no real conception of the vastness of the park. Turning, we almost bumped into a car parked just ahead. Half a dozen other cars stood on each side of the road, and there was no room to pass. Two or three people were standing about, and the apparent cause was an accident.

"I hope no one's hurt," said Jean, as I started to get out of the car, to investigate.

I got back in a hurry.

Here were our first bears.

True, they were small, but not far away from them and looking down upon us, was a bear large enough, I thought, to be a grizzly. Taking photographs of the three bears were men, women and children. To induce them to come nearer, men were holding out tempting morsels of biscuits, buns and bread. One of the bears, a cinnamon brown in colour, stood up on the wing (guard) of a car, as if anxious to look his best when posing. We watched, breathless, and someone came up to us. I looked round.

"Look out!" I cried—and Jean turned her head almost into the snout of a black bear which had come, presumably, to find out about the strange car with the strange licence plate. Jean has never closed a window so quickly. The bear, amiable if disappointed, nosed the windows, sniffed and put his great paws up against the glass.

"So there *are* bears," I observed.

"If you had anything about you, you'd be taking a photograph," said Jean.

Just then, I had nothing about me; but we took plenty of photographs once we had grown used to the fact that wherever we were, we might have bears for company. One forgot that they might be dangerous, for they seemed so tame. The wise (or the timid) kept close to their cars or to the camps, which were guarded, but it was a common sight to see a bear leaning against the side of a car and pawing for food, while a man stood on the other side, dwarfed by the beast, taking moving pictures while his wife nervously tempted the bear with titbits.

The time came when the queues of cars near two or three bears, with excited people watching for the first time, exasperated those blasé tourists who had seen all of this yesterday.

If the bears are the most attractive animals in Yellowstone, the geysers and the boiling pools are even more compelling. Take Old Faithful. We arrived about midday, to wait anxiously in the hope that some accommodation was available, and at last were allotted a cabin. Soon afterwards we were led by a college student on vacation, acting as porter. He sat on the wing of the car, automatically perching himself in front of the steering wheel, for that was the usual side to sit. He shifted quickly out of my way, and guided us by hand signals to a great colony of hundreds upon hundreds of log cabins, built on the hillside and in small valleys. Our porter opened the door and asked us if we wanted help, but so many people were waiting at the reception desk for guidance to their cabins, that we said no.

"Have a good time," he said, and hurried off.

In one corner was a hand basin with cold water, in another a little iron fireplace, with a stack of logs and a cab of sawdust mixed with paraffin. That night, when it was chilly at an altitude of nearly 8,000 feet, we lit the fire; in five minutes the cabin was almost too warm, and there was a rich smell of wood-smoke. Stepping out into the dark night, we saw countless lighted windows, a haze of smoke; that warm smell was everywhere.

There were several camps in Yellowstone like this.

There is also the biggest and most picturesque log built hotel, close to Old Faithful, a building of much grandeur, superb against the setting of pines on the distant hills. In the great hall, there is a huge gallery. Downstairs, hundreds sit round a huge

log fire and sing or chant and rock lazily on their chairs. The youngsters go out to the camp fire meeting where rangers talk about the geysers and the flora and fauna, and then lead the singing. One can stand and listen to songs coming hauntingly across the quiet until Old Faithful begins to hiss and swear.

Old Faithful is a geyser. He blows approximately every 43 minutes, and is so reliable that notices are pinned up at the hotel and all the camp buildings, so that night and day crowds gather round—at a respectable distance—and a ranger talks of the history of the geyser and the hot springs until the geyser blows to its great height. At night, the hissing spout of boiling water and steam is floodlit, and thousands of cars park close by, the passengers watching until, when all is over, they creep back through the darkness towards their cabins, park their cars outside, and sleep on comfortable beds.

What else has Yellowstone?

There are great geyser fields stretching as far as the eye can see, with geysers blowing—some irregularly, some occasionally, some never ceasing. The hiss of steam is always there, the white clouds rise higher and higher. Tracks of wood are laid over the geyser fields, so that one can go close to the more spectacular places without risking a false step into a crust of earth, and a fall into boiling water or boiling mud.

We did not see a single person step off a track.

We drove round from thermal area to area, and saw geysers blowing and the boiling water splashing into cold water of fish-inhabited rivers. We saw great pools of boiling mud, still pools of water laying in ground so beautifully coloured that it looked as if a part of the sky had fallen to earth. We saw a sunset pool, which had all the colours of a tropical sunset round the edges, we saw . . .

The simple thing is to quote from the brochure which the ranger gave us as we entered :

“Yellowstone's geysers are celebrated the world over; for size, power, variety of action and number, the region has no competitor.”

When we first read this, we challenged it, for secretly we longed

to find that Yellowstone's thermal land did not compare with that of Rotorua in New Zealand, which we saw some years before the Yellowstone visit. The simple truth is that in all but one feature, Yellowstone is unique, and the claims made for it are fully justified. The exception is that Rotorua geyser field is within the boundaries of the city of Rotorua. There are the picturesque Maoris in their homes, using the natural waters to do their washing, cooking and heating. Engineers in New Zealand are now working out ways and means to harness the great power, not only for Rotorua but for other parts of New Zealand. Houses some distance from the thermal fields are already supplied with hot water from the region. But for immensity and for grandeur, we were forced a little sadly to give Yellowstone best.

The brochure goes on :

"Altogether there are about 10,000 separate and distinct thermal features. Most geysers are located in the seven principal basins (each basin is nearly as large as that at Rotorua) in the geyser basins, silica makes up the walls and of the cracks and tubes of the geysers, and is strong enough to withstand the explosive action of the steam.

"Other hot water manifestations occur at widely separated places. Marvellously coloured hot springs, mud volcanoes and other strange phenomena, compel attention."

And finally, the exhortation :

"Please keep to the walks; in many places the crust is thin and walking on it is extremely dangerous. Children should be closely attended in all hot water areas."

After the bears and the geysers, what? A vast area, some of it mountainous—there was snow at 8,000 feet in July—most of it beautiful, one of the loveliest canyons we had seen, the Grand Canyon of Yellowstone. High waterfalls by the dozen, countless trails leading off the highways for the walker or the rider, a ranger system which covers the whole of the park, several entrances, and accommodation for many thousands of people.

At one of the geyser fields, we were more closely watched than usual by a couple in a bright red Ford. We parked in one of the ample parking places, the other car followed, and soon a

nervously smiling woman came up to us, while a shy man stayed behind.

"Would you mind telling me where you're from?" the woman asked.

"Of course," Jean said. "From England."

The woman looked flabbergasted, turned towards her shy escort, dithered, turned back to us, and breathed:

"I guess you're the first people I've ever seen who aren't American, you really are. Aren't I the luckiest woman alive? I certainly am! My husband's just given me this wonderful car for a wedding present, and now right at the start of our honeymoon I meet some people from England. It's so wonderful I don't know what to say." And she didn't, she could hardly get the words out. "Would you—" she hesitated as if about to ask for a fortune—"would you mind if I took a photograph? And—and *would* you sign our marriage book?"

We posed, with the GB and PRU 518 between us, we signed the book, and gave her a 25 cent copy of a yarn of mine; she went off, delighted and gay.

It seemed that for the rest of the day we had a red Ford in our driving mirror.

The newly-weds came from Michigan, and the bride told us that it was the first time she had ever been out of her home state.

Not very far to the north of Yellowstone is Glacier National Park, a million acres of mountains, with 50 glaciers and 200 lakes. We allowed a day for Glacier, but the weather changed suddenly, there was rain and heavy mist, and we were advised to keep out of the Park, as visibility was down to a few hundred yards.

So we went on, into Canada.

But before that, a little more about Montana.¹

We had heard much about the state at the Western Writers'

¹ Population :	614,000 — ranks forty-second.
Area :	147,138 square miles, of which 822 are water, ranks third.
Capital :	Helena.
Nickname :	The Treasure State.
Flower :	Bitterroot.
Motto :	Oro y plata (Gold and silver).
Max. speed :	Reasonable (55 m.p.h. at night).

Convention, yet were not prepared to find it so rugged and so vast. Even the figures in 'the book' failed to warn us.

We knew that Montana was the third largest state, but had not taken into account the small population, offering clear evidence of a huge territory in a sparsely populated region with no great metropolis as its hub. We drove through some of the oldest and crudest looking towns we had seen, with dirt (and after rain, mud) roads leading to the right and left. Usually there was a strip of tar in the centre but mud and dust at the shoulders (sides), huge potholes and deep pools of muddy water. In dry weather, to move off the tar was to create a billowing cloud of pale dust. This wasn't the old Wild West; this *was* the wild west.

Here were vast ranges which stretched across flat land, far out of sight, many of them fenced, and most with huge signs, such as :

CROSS KEYS RANCH
PRIZE
HEREFORDS

and a road leading across a wilderness towards some ranch-house far, far out of sight.

Here were roadside signs (called historic markers), telling the tale of the pioneering days in the West, while the industrial revolution was making Great Britain writhe, and was being felt sharply in the Eastern states. Here :

"Indian troubles, ever arising along the wagon routes and in the more isolated sections, reached a climax in the battle of Bighorn River in 1876 when the entire command of General George Custer was slain by a band of Sioux Indians."

According to an article in an English national newspaper, the Indians on their reservations are being offered large sums for mineral and development rights, but are holding out for ten times the sums offered, saying, quite simply, that they would rather have their land than have the money. In Montana towns we saw more Indians than anywhere else among the crowds on the sidewalks, driving big cars, in shops and in restaurants. It was in

Great Falls, Montana—the state's largest city—that close by the main street was another where we passed Indians and white men, all dressed alike, all looking like cowboys out of a western film, many with pistols in their holsters, with shops selling guns and ammunition, prospectors' tools and cowboys' needs.

It was in Montana that we spent an evening at the home of Western writer Bob McCaig and his wife who invited for the occasion six other writers—some of them nationally known—all of whom talked with as much verve, wit, knowledge and understanding of the writing craft as any group in London, Hollywood or New York. Here they lived close to history that was part of life; they were putting down what they could see and feel, writing not only for money but for posterity.

In Butte, 'which has the reputation of being the world's greatest mining city' we were stopped by a traffic cop for the first time in nearly 10,000 miles of driving. He pulled alongside us, at about 15 miles an hour, and courteously reproached me for having pulled in front of another car which had also been turning left. What he didn't know was that the other driver was so astonished at sight of our unfamiliar car with its wheel on the wrong side, that if I hadn't swung round and passed him, we would have collided.

"Driving on that side of the car you want to be extra careful," chided the courteous cop, then went to great trouble to put us on our road.

It was not until after he had left that we realised that he might have brought an emergency message from home. For days after that, the sight of a cop made our nerves tingle.

Is Butte 'the world's greatest mining city'?

There was a time when I put a mental reservation against any such statement about America by Americans, but I have long since come to accept any serious claim at its face value. Of Butte, for instance:

"The copper mines of the district aggregate 7,914 miles of workings, and produce nearly one third of the copper mined in the United States, and a similar amount of zinc. The district has yielded manganese, copper, zinc, lead gold and other metals."

It is a large agricultural centre too, for Montana is third highest in cattle population of all the states, has 1,735,000 head

of sheep, and a big wheat growing state; yet its greatest natural resource is its timber. It is only just beginning to develop, and until you drive through Montana, you simply won't believe that such vastness exists.

This is true, we found, of much of the great north-west.

There are other things that the Englishman finds hard to believe about Montana and its neighbouring states. In Montana, for instance, there were hailstones the size of cricket (or baseball) balls. We drove out of Yellowstone into the town of Livingstone, and found the town looking as if a cyclone had swept through it. In fact the damage was largely superficial but great branches of trees were down, hanging signs had been knocked off their brackets, huge pools of water spread across the roads, and the wind was so strong it was difficult to stand against it. Next morning, we opened the local newspaper (presented to all motor court visitors by the enterprising owner of a souvenir shop) and saw pictures of cars with their roofs dented to cricket ball size, with smashed windows, broken roofs, and fantastic damage caused by a freak storm with those particular hailstorms. True, they had fallen a hundred miles away, but were part of the same storm.

I discovered later that these hailstones earned about three lines in newspapers outside of Montana and neighbouring states. After all, the nearest big city is nearer a thousand than a hundred miles away. But what can one think of a nation in which hailstones as large as grapefruits are considered to have only local interest?

Our worst night, I think, was at Grand Forks, before we drove over the prairie towards Winnipeg. There was no air conditioning except in the hotel restaurant, and the night was not only hot but airless and oppressive. Sleep was out of the question, and we lay awake as in a steam bath; panting. Outside, people walked slowly and quietly, and occasionally they spoke.

It was nearly as hot next morning, when we hopefully drove away—out of heat, into heat.

CHAPTER TEN

BANFF—AND OTHER PLACES

AT MOST American customs stations, at the inspection station near several of the state lines—for it is illegal to take diseased fruit from some states into others—and at the toll stations in the national parks, we were almost sure to get a smile and a cheerful word of welcome from Americans, and “Have a good time,” came promptly and spontaneously. As we drove towards the Canadian border, the famous and fabulous 49th parallel, along a good, straight road, we saw the Union Jack ahead of us, and felt a warm satisfaction.

The Canadian customs officer looked at our passports, looked at the form I’d filled in, said, “You’re from Great Britain, is that right?” and, when I agreed, he stamped the passports, handed them back and turned away without another word.

That stung.

Sadly, it happened several times, for in the next few weeks we went in and out of Canada—having to visit Winnipeg as well as Banff and Calgary, and later, Toronto. No one waved to us or drew alongside or spoke to us at motels, or wished us well.

No one?

That isn’t wholly true. We stayed in what must have been one of the original pioneering cabins at Banff, and in the back garden of a house, and the hostess was pleasant enough. In Calgary, when the city was thronged for the Stampede, with hotel, motel and private house accommodation perfectly organised and fully occupied, we went to a private home, found the lady of the house, elderly Mrs. Stoodley, ready with as warm a welcome as we had anywhere. She was charming; but in general there seemed to be little warmth of welcome.

We wondered whether our approach was wrong, but as far as

we could judge, we hadn't changed. And after a while we came to suspect that the reason for the lack of enthusiasm or even interest was, simply, that we were English.

Another exception to the general indifference was in a motor court at Winnipeg, where the owner was a French Canadian. Both he and his wife exerted themselves to make us welcome and at home. But I don't recall a single attendant at a garage or clerk in a shop expressing the slightest curiosity about the car, where we came from or where we were going. Towards the end of our Canadian visit, I was almost hesitant to ask a stranger the way, in case of a rebuff.

But the French Canadians at an old garage near Niagara, to which we limped after our fan belt broke and the engine boiled enough to alarm us, did their job quickly, quietly, helpfully, well and very cheaply.

In Brantford, when I was parked outside an hotel, a man came up smiling brightly, and began to ask the familiar questions in, I thought, an odd way. Within two minutes it was obvious that he hoped to provoke me; he didn't like the English, he had never been to England, he didn't want to go to England, he thought the English were . . .

Picnicking at a park in Winnipeg, close to the car, an elderly man came up and began to talk, amiably at first, but gradually developing the theme that English cars, particularly Rolls-Royces, were engineering monstrosities; he couldn't find a good word to say about them, or English engineering, or England.

We found such encounters sharply hurtful. Nothing like it had happened in the United States.

It was a thousand pities, too, because it took the edge off our visit to those wonderlands of the Rockies, the Banff and Jasper National Parks—nearly two hundred miles of snow-capped mountains and some of the most breath-taking vistas one can imagine. It did not spoil Lake Louise, with the snow-white glacier touched by fleecy white clouds, and the water of the lake a blue so deep and still that it seemed unreal—for we didn't speak to a soul on the way there or on the way back.

It did not spoil a visit to the Athabasca Glacier in the Columbia Ice-field—a 'remnant' of the Ice Age—or the journey on the roadside glacier in a 'snowmobile', a box-like car on tractors with as much comfort as a tank, which rocked and

rattled and flung us to and fro over the crevices in the ice, over tiny, rushing torrents, over pale blue ice, and allowed us to stay for ten minutes or so amid the breathless beauty of the glacier, before returning us shaken, bruised, breathless and marvelling, to the road.

We had intended to go on to Jasper that night, having been told that it was even more charming and in a more beautiful setting than Banff—surely as beautiful a setting a town can have? But a dense black cloud ahead threatened a severe storm, and stretches of the road had been very bad, so we decided it would be wiser to turn back. We beat the storm. As we neared Banff, after ten or twelve miles along a road under construction so thick with mud that we doubted whether we could get through, several ambulances passed us, followed by racing police cars. Later, we learned that a party of boys had gone mountaineering, in charge of a leader with little experience—and they had been trapped and mostly killed by an avalanche loosed by the storm.

One sensed the gloom that this cast upon the whole of Banff.

Banff is almost a one street town, nestling beneath the pine-clad mountains, superbly picturesque and attractive, its shops filled with British china and Scottish tartans, *Made in England* and *Made in Scotland* being used as a kind of talisman. In the morning, the street was fairly empty, but soon after midday it became tightly packed with cars and people, mostly in for the day, to see the wonderland of the Rockies—and few if any were likely to be disappointed.

Every private home with a spare room took in guests. The local Information Bureau had a special office trying to find room for thoughtless tourists who had not realised that it was going to be so crowded. House after house after house had a notice up, saying : *No Vacancies*. All accommodation offered had to meet the conditions of local authority, so as to make sure that the tourist knew what he was getting, and the organisation—as at Calgary—seemed to be perfect. After driving along every street in the town we came upon a *Cabin Vacancy* sign, and found a tiny wooden cabin divided into three sections—so that it could sleep four—with a little living-room, running cold water and a fireplace which had been converted to natural gas. For three days, this was home from home.

Nearby were big, new, luxurious motor courts, and not far away the Banff Spring Hotel, which is more like a palace—more like a French chateau, in fact—than a hotel; it is quiet, luxurious, magnificent, and it overlooks mountains and wooded valleys so beautiful that they almost hurt.

Nearby, too, were the Banff 'Nuisance Grounds'—attractive signposts showed the way—where the refuse (garbage) of the city is thrown out into the open, where flies swarm, the smell is foul beyond belief—and where a few bears go scratching for titbits. Ugh. In the poorest parts of India, Pakistan and Southern Europe, I have never come across anything so revolting; it seems the worse because of the beauty of the surroundings and of the town.

On the way to the grounds, we passed a colony of houses, each in a large garden, and saw a big black bear walking upright towards a dustbin, watched him nose the lid off, sniff, and walk on. Just behind him, like tumblers at a circus, came two small black bears, racing for the dustbin, struggling to get in first, until one vanished inside it and the other pawed at the outside. At last the bin fell over, the bear rolled out, and both went scampering after their mother. It isn't uncommon, we were told, for a housewife to go into her kitchen and find a bear eating the vegetables or exploring the larder.

It was in Banff that we came across the English 'accent' again, so 'frightfully, frightfully' overdone, and wondered if that could be the reason for the apparent lack of interest in anyone from England. If so, it is understandable. One rather nice young lad from a public school, his voice only slightly overlaid with 'Oxford', was telling a Canadian girl that "in England, you know every third shop is a fish and chip shop, you go and buy your fish and chips and eat it out of newspaper."

That is rather like saying that every third shop in an American city is a hamburger stall.

Banff was quite lovely, and yet a little spoiled for us—unless we ourselves were spoiled by so many sights. We drove down again to Calgary, where we had already booked rooms with Mrs. Stoodley, and bought tickets for the afternoon and evening events of the great Stampede. On the way, I discovered something which I'd begun to suspect before, and didn't relish—that the driving was more reckless than any I had been used to.

Within an hour or two, in most countries and most different parts of the U.S.A., it is possible to grasp the local driving habits quickly, and adjust oneself to them. In Canada I never knew what to expect, was always very wary, and at times positively nervous—more so even than in Paris in the days of constant honking of horns and the wild stampede around the Arc de Triomphe.

At last, we came to Calgary.

I don't quite know what we expected. A rodeo, of course, and an exhibition, fair grounds and large crowds. We got them all, plus an Indian village with gaily coloured tepees, some of the finest cattle and horses in the American continent, an encounter with the owner of a magnificent Belgian stallion whose name I forget or I would mention it; and who did much to dispel the impression of aloofness; and a blazing sun.

A rodeo is a rodeo all the world over. Hardy, foolhardy and highly skilled men taking great risks with life and limb while riding bucking horses bareback or saddled; or great steers; or lassoing, calf roping—all the things that Buffalo Bill's rodeos have taught us, even in England, to watch and enjoy.

CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE

ran the huge advertisements everywhere,

THE GREATEST OUTDOOR SHOW ON EARTH

The city was so crammed with people it was difficult to walk. Every street was decorated, night and day. Chuck wagons stood on the streets while cowboys made flapjacks and cooked bacon and handed them out to passers-by. Lariats whirled at the corners. Everyone, man, women and child, seemed to have bought a ten gallon hat, and many had a toy six-gun. Toy? Cheers and counter cheers echoed up and down. It had been chilly in Banff, but the weather changed and in Calgary temperatures reached the middle nineties; that didn't affect the noise, the high spirits, the abandon with which the thousands of people were determined to have a wonderful time.

The greatest show on earth?

Let me quote from the programme:

"The world's most colourful and exciting spectacle will unveil itself before throngs of people who are drawn to Calgary from all parts of Canada, the United States and the world . . .

"Beginning in splendour with the Stampede Parade, witnessed by between 75,000 and 100,000 onlookers, a parade which never features less than 25 bands . . . the colourful and dignified Blackfoot and Stoney and Sarcee Indians in all their regalia riding their highly decorated ponies, the first day is the start of six thrill-packed days and evenings.

"Only at the Calgary Stampede can you see the fury of the world-famous chuck wagon races, the spirited bucking horses testing the mettle of the cowboy, the thrilling sight of a Brahma bull unseating its rider, the nimble bareback rider seemingly glued to his erratic horse, the action-packed wild horse race, the speed of the calf roping contest and the dangerous steer decorating competitions, to mention only a few of the events of this thrill-a-minute classic."

An overstatement?

I should say that every word is gospel truth.

But rodeo is rodeo and to the uninformed spectator who can't tell dairy from beef cattle one cowboy on a bucking horse is very much like another, even though he is told that there is a sharp division of opinion among rough riders on the dangers of riding bareback or with saddles. The bareback rider regards a saddle as a short cut to suicide, and the saddle-rider regards bareback riding in the same way. From observation, I would say that each is a short cut to broken bones, anyway.

We didn't expect too much.

We wandered round the exhibition grounds, where hundreds of stalls selling every kind and variety of hamburger, hot dog, ice cream, fried onions and even—almost unbelievably—fried fish and chips. It grew hotter. We found that most of the stalls were run by church organisations or service clubs, to raise money for charities. There was a great air of excitement, eagerness and energy—even round the big stall where a Ford car was being raffled. This draw was organised by the Kinsmen, a young men's service club. For many years I had been a member of a similar organisation in England—the Round Table. So I bought my ticket at the shining monster of a car, and introduced myself as a Round Tabler.

"That so?" said the good-looking young man who took my dollar.

"It's the English version of Kinsmen," I said.

"Sure," he nodded, "I know."

It grew hotter. We had tickets but did not know whether they were in shade or in the open. We had heard talk about 'the bleachers', a phrase not used and little known in England, and when we entered the huge stadium the meaning of the terms was brought home vividly. Thousands of people sat in the blazing sun, a mass of bright colours in a sea of ten gallon hats. If you sat out there without a hat, you bleached; if you sat there with one, you frizzled.

"I just couldn't sit out in the sun," Jean said, in distress.

Our tickets took us under cover.

We climbed an enormous array of steps. Every seat was taken. Youths carrying huge bottles of lukewarm, tasteless orange drink, icecreams and hot dogs, scrambled willingly to serve—when you work on the American continent, you really work.

We still did not expect much.

Gradually, the riding and the racing took hold of us. The events and the excitement were continuous and contagious. Perhaps we were more impressed by the red-coated horsemen who shepherded fallen riders and riderless wild animals out of the arena and towards the corral, but already the claims to the show's greatness were being justified. Every half hour, a real horse race was staged, with horses and jockeys sweeping round the course; in between the races the cattlemen continued their efforts to break bones and win prizes with values as high as several thousand dollars.

And yet—

We had tickets for the evening, too.

"If tonight's just going to be a repetition," Jean said musingly, "do we really want to go?"

We had nowhere else to go, so we stayed in the grounds and took our seats—this time in the bleachers; but the sun had lost its sting and the shadows were lengthening.

There followed a fabulous evening's entertainment.

As an old hand at the western story, I knew all about the chuck wagons which went round from station to station, carrying food to the cowboys far from the ranch. I had even seen

the wagons—just small covered wagons. These were drawn by teams of horses, each team had several outriders, and with the crack of a pistol they began to thunder round the arena. A tremendous excitement took hold of everyone who watched as the chuck wagons—four in each heat—swayed and rumbled and rattled with the drivers standing and exhorting their team, the out-riders keeping pace, dust rising in great clouds, wagon side by side with wagon jostling desperately for first place.

There were six heats, and a final. The winner was last year's winner, too. One horse had to be killed. All the drivers and the riders lived.

It was getting dark, and we knew that a variety show was due out there in the open on a huge stage, with the back drop erected in front of our eyes. We expected a lively provincial music-hall show, and got perhaps the finest variety performances we have ever seen. It was superbly done, and even though we were at one side, we had an excellent view. The best *artistes* from Eastern Canada and the United States had been imported, and the show went on for hours, until it was pitch dark and we were hungry.

The programme also promised 'fireworks'.

"I don't suppose they'll be much," I said, "we've seen fireworks before."

"We'll go as soon as they start, so as to miss the crowd," Jean said.

We stayed almost to the end. Only once, at the Coronation in 1953, have we seen such a display or heard such bangs or seen such shooting colours.

We reached our home for the night in a hot stillness, just ahead of the traffic, exhausted and marvelling. Next morning Mrs. Stoodley insisted that we had breakfast with her, and warmed us with the kind of hospitality which sometimes seemed to be a legend of yesterday.

Calgary's Stampede Committee can go on calling it THE GREATEST OUTDOOR SHOW ON EARTH, in spite of the enthusiast who was sitting near us, and said:

"Until you've seen the rodeo at Denver, Colorado, you haven't seen anything."

It is easy to forget a great deal about Western Canada. The Province of Alberta was celebrating its 50th Anniversary during 'our' Stampede Week. Fifty years ago it was a small town, with dirt roads, standing in the middle of the great plains. Drought was a deadly enemy (and still is). Millions of acres of the prairies were under grass, not cultivation. A few hundreds of men and women pioneered it. Great droughts ruined thousands of pioneers who, in this very century, saw their crops shrivel and die year after year for seven years, yet still stayed on, and their children are today's citizens. Within that fifty years, the first churches and the first schools were built. It is a miracle of growth and of human courage.

There is a surging confidence in nearly all of Canada, especially away from the great cities of the east. It isn't hard to find out why. The *London Star* recently published this article :

OIL-RICH ALBERTA MAY PAY BONUS TO ITS CITIZENS

So much money is being made in oil-rich Alberta, Canada, that the Government there are seriously considering giving taxes back to the taxpayers.

This province has only a few more than 1,000,000 inhabitants, but it had a net surplus at the end of the last fiscal year of 40,000,000 dollars—at £14 for every man, woman and child there. And that was after it had spent 95,000,000 dollars on roads public buildings, parks and grants to small towns.

Alberta owes it all to oil. It was the discovery of the now famous Leduc Field in 1947 that started the boom.

The province collects 14 per cent of all oil income in Alberta, and charges oil firms stiff fees to lease any oil-bearing land says BUP.

One City Medicine Hat—which Rudyard Kipling once said had "All Hades for a basement"—is pondering the possibility of eliminating all but school taxes.

BOOM BONUS

And no wonder. The city makes so much money out of natural gas that it averages a 1,000,000 dollar (about £357,000) surplus every year.

Alberta's Premier, Mr. E. C. Manning, who is also a Mormon

Live Infant Burials



EARLY settlers in Nevada were often horrified by Indian customs which they viewed as cruel and barbarous. They were most shocked at the treatment afforded old people and infants, by white tradition the very members of society afforded the most consideration and tender care. It was, and remains today, almost impossible for white people to visualize centuries of existence with survival always on the very threshold of starvation! Indian customs were based on a grim struggle in which any weak member of the tribe endangered the lives of the entire camp, men, women and children.

Old people, who only consumed scarce food and could no longer forage for themselves, were abandoned to die in the desert. They were more dangerous to the group than any modern disease carrier or insane criminal, now isolated by society without compunction.

Even more shocking to white pioneers, was the Indian treatment of infants when the mother had died. The nomadic desert life of Paiutes, Washoes, and Shoshones had no means of nursing an orphan. Their haphazard diet of dried insects, roots, nuts, rabbits, and berries barely produced enough mother's milk for one child's survival, certainly not enough to care also for an orphan.

In 1869, the Reese River Reveille carried an account of a shocking scene, witnessed by a correspondent and published under the heading "AN INDIAN CHILD BURIED ALIVE." The story

concerned an incident witnessed on the stage road a few miles east of Austin.

"My attention was attracted by a party of Indians with shovels and picks, and I went up to them and learned they were going to bury a squaw. By the body of the mother lay a healthy infant about 10 days old. Shocked, I told the Indians if they buried the live child, white men would hang them. I directed the Indians to get hay and make a bed for the papoose. All the Indians but one left. I had scarcely departed when the remaining Indian tumbled the body of the squaw and her live child into the grave, and hastily shovelled in the earth. Meanwhile he sang a long mournful chant.

"After filling the grave the Indian gathered the belongings of the squaw and some sagebrush, and burned them on top of the grave. It was one of the most barbarous scenes I have ever witnessed in my entire life!"

It was not long until the Indians began to live near white settlements where food was more available. Gradually, as they learned to work and adjust to the white man's culture, the old customs were discontinued. It took time to grow away from the old ideas, but by the early 1900's the change had been fairly well established. Of course today finds Indian attitudes on such matters the same as that of any white person, and children are spoiled, and old folks venerated in exactly the same manner.



See your local newspaper, or write Harolds Club for the book "Pioneer Nevada" containing 204 of the original series of these stories, for \$2.00

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RENO



AS MANY AS 20,000 VISITORS DAILY—9 OUT OF 10 FROM OUTSIDE NEVADA

Raymond A. Smith, President, Harold S. Smith, Vice President, Raymond I. Smith, Treasurer and General Manager, Dorothy H. Smith, Secretary.

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Harolds Club is advertised at least 4,000 miles from Reno



Mormon Temple, Salt Lake City—
Jean in the foreground



Las Vegas—almost too hot to breathe

minister, insists that he is serious when he talks of paying people bonuses based on the boom.

In a Budget speech last year, he proposed establishment of "citizens' participation dividends".

"These would be a direct payment to the individual citizen representing his share of the profit made from the development of natural resources," he said.

Alberta has one other distinction. It has not borrowed any money for twenty-one years.

So here wealth and power breed increasing confidence.

One can drive along dirt roads and complain about it bitterly, forgetting the vast distances, the fact that there *are* such roads at all, as well as many which are excellent, forgetting the problem of frost bubbles because of the near arctic winter, forgetting that road construction can only go on during the summer because of snow and ice, forgetting that the great trans-Canada Highway is being forged from east to west across the widest part of the continent.

One can drive across the prairies, seeing nothing at all but waving fields of wheat or other grain, broken here and there by tiny villages, each with its tall grain houses, starkly angled against the sky. One can complain that it is hard to get ice on a burning hot day, and forget that the pioneers who made Alberta's history—and the history of much of Canada—hardly knew what ice was in the summer, and could not get away from it in the winter.

Alberta, Manitoba, and great stretches of Ontario, left us humbled by the vastness, the starkness and the way man had wrung food and fortunes out of the earth. Everywhere one heard of great fortunes being made and great wealth in minerals, natural gas and oil being discovered, making a land of untold prospects.

I think perhaps that most Canadians have so much to do, work so hard with little chance of letting up, that it affects their attitude towards the stranger and the passer-by.

* * * *

We had been told that Winnipeg was a disappointing city. We

found it not only large but impressive, much more attractive than we had been led to believe. Those natives we met were intensely proud of the city, and it would be strange if they were not, for it is a metropolis in the midst of nowhere. True, there were very few motels and we wanted to avoid the heart of the city, but we found a motor court some four miles out, with a friendly, bustling woman in charge, cross ventilation but no air conditioning; and we settled down to our daily chores on the car or with nylon shirts and smalls, in what shade we could find. In the distance, thunder rumbled. It grew nearer. We stood outside, watching dark clouds and longing for them to come much nearer still.

They came in fury.

The storm was as wild and furious as the one we'd driven through in Texas. One moment there was bright sunlight, next an unnatural darkness. The wind screamed. We stood out in the rain at first, but it struck so hard that we scurried inside. The unbelievable happened, for it grew chilly, and soon the radio announced that the temperature had dropped from 93 to 72 degrees *in ten minutes*.

We drove south from Winnipeg and through North Dakota and Minnesota, then several of the northern states towards Toronto and nearby, the smaller town of Brantford. There we were to visit the Rotary club, but we spent a little time in Toronto, where we had been before. This big, bustling, well planned city with University Avenue surely one of the finest streets in the world, welcomed us. Toronto, in fact, was the only city in Canada which did not once rebuff us.

Perhaps we were getting used to the difference of temperament between Canada and the United States.

A little later, of course, we visited Niagara Falls.

The might and majesty of the Falls is the world's possession, but only those who have been there can testify to the graceful beauty of the approaches on the Canadian side, to the way in which the gardens are kept, or the awesome appearance of the floodlit falls by night.

Next morning, while we were seeking breakfast, a Canadian motor cycle cop waved us down. I wondered what I'd done wrong. He wanted a chat with the strangers, marvelled at the car, asked where we were going—and led us, as escort, to the restaurant which he declared to be the best in town.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

FIRST STAGE OVER

IF THE prairies of Canada are flat and unexciting to the traveller, the roads in Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota are in no way more eventful. They have a better surface, generally, but here we found the harshness and the starkness of the west, the great cattle ranges, the broken, undulating land, the historic markers telling of great discoveries made or battles fought with the Indians, and even of tales of drought. Hard land, with hardy people winning a fine living from it. Yet everywhere there were promises of the romanticism and the picturesque which is never far away in America.

Thus, North Dakota:¹ The wild prairie rose in the flickertail state where the Sioux Indians live; isn't that irresistible?

And 50 m.p.h. along roads which stretch in a straight line for countless miles upon miles. The temptation to exceed the speed limit is just as irresistible, and so the motorist acquires a contempt for road laws because some are stupid.

One of the great attractions of North Dakota, not in general one of the most scenic states, are the Badlands. These are areas where erosion has left numerous buttes (small hills, tors, kopjes) of deep and differing hues and great beauty. The most attractive, I am told, are south of the state, the true Badlands where Theodore Roosevelt used to go for rest from the cares of Wash-

¹ Population :	621,000 — ranks forty-first.
Area :	70,665 square miles, of which 1,308 are water, ranks sixteenth.
Capital :	Bismarck.
Flower :	Wild Prairie Rose.
Motto :	Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable.
Nicknames :	Flickertail State ; Sioux State.
Max. speed :	50 m.p.h. except where marked.

ington. Seen from the road the more northerly Badlands look rather like a Grand Canyon (Arizona) in a great relief map. We pulled off the road to look at them, for no part of the Wild West had intrigued me more; promptly another car pulled off, and out climbed a huge, fat, jovial looking and immaculate man who couldn't reach us quickly enough.

"Hi, where you from?" he wanted to know, and shot out a big hand. "I'm Jake Smith, from . . ."

We introduced ourselves.

"England?" he roared. "You all the way from *England*. Listen, honey, these folk are all the way from England!" His wife lacked his engaging heartiness, and he did not seem surprised that she stayed at a distance. He waved a great hand towards the Badlands which are lower than the road, stretching into the vague haze of distance, and went on: "What do you think of *that*?"

"Fascinating," I said.

"You going down?"

"I don't think we've time."

"Let me tell you something," said Mr. Smith, "even if you had plenty of time, don't go down there unless you can live in the heat. Jeeze, if you ever think it's hot any other place, you just remember the Badlands."

"Have you been down there?" I inquired.

He beamed.

"Yes, sir, I've been down there, you might say I was *born* down there. I know the Badlands. You want to know something? My father was a trapper and prospector, and no man who ever lived knew the Badlands better than he did. He would be looking for gold or silver, or trapping for skins, and many's the time he had to fight his way out of an Indian ambush. Yes, sir, I know all about the Badlands, you can take it from me they're hot. But it's mighty fine down there, don't get me wrong."

"When were you last there?" I really wanted to know.

"Sir, I ain't been there for years, not since I bought my own business. You know what business I'm in?" Surprising me afforded him great delight. "You want to guess? No? Okay, I'll tell you—I'm in the restaurant business. Yes, sir, I'm a cook and they don't come any better. You want to know why I'm

here? I'm on my way to . . . where I'm going to buy a bigger restaurant, yes sir. I've been a cook all my life and I'll be a cook for the rest of it, and whenever you eat at my restaurant the food's *hot*." Now his beam became broader than ever, and his eyes gleamed as he spread a hand towards the burning Badlands. "I guess I was kinda brought up when things were hot."

As we sat inside a café overlooking the hot lands, some of the most beautiful butterflies we have ever seen fluttered past the window.

"Hostilities with Indians and hardships of pioneer life," said 'the book', "discouraged immigration and the population remained sparse until 1866. In 1889 the Dakotas were separated and North Dakota became a state."

Yesterday is history all over the wild west.

Agriculture and, more recently, oil, are great sources of North Dakota's wealth, water its greatest source of power, and hundreds of billions of lignite coal underlie the soil in the west of the state.

Soon we crossed the border into Minnesota, with Jean earnestly studying the book. We were heading for Minneapolis, where we were to call on Noel Loomis of the Western Writers, and had been intrigued by what he told us of the state and of the city.

Jean read :

"Population : 30,303,000 — it ranks nineteenth. *Many* more than the others we've been through lately," she commented.

"Yes."

"Area : 84,068 square miles of which 3,701 are under water. Ranks eleventh.

"Capital : St. Paul."

"I thought it was Minneapolis," I objected.

"Well, it says St. Paul here," said Jean, and studied a map with some concentration; she is not particularly good at maps. "They look so close together that they're almost the same place."

"Oh."

"Nicknames; the North Star State; Gopher State."

There was a pause, followed almost inevitably by :

"What's a gopher?"

"A kind of desert rat, I think."

"We'll have to ask someone," said Jean, and continued: "Flower: Cypri—"

The introduction to a state had never been broken up quite like this, and I glanced at her inquiringly. There was very little traffic, and that probably gave an illusory feeling of security.

"I can't pronounce it," Jean declared, and spelt out: "Cypripedium (moccasin flower). Hmmm. *Motto*: Etoile du Nord (Star of the North); *Maximum Speed*: 60 m.p.h., 50 m.p.h. at night. And it says that two thirds of the state are level prairie, and there are 11,007 lakes. That's ridiculous, *eleven thousand lakes*."

"And St. Paul not Minneapolis is the capital," I reminded her.

"I suppose they must be right," Jean conceded. "It seems to be all hunting and winter sporting and agriculture, it's first in the nation with oats, second in eggs, honey and flax." She paused. "I thought Utah was the *beehive* state."

"Presumably there are more bees in Minnesota."

"And there's iron ore—what does it say?—seventy per cent of the iron ore of the country. They manufacture a lot of things, too. It can't be so *wild*."

It is not so wild.

Soon after crossing the state line, one gets a sense of greater cultivation, of an urban life, vast though the state is. There were many more cars on the roads. Drivers became adept at cutting in, a practice much more prevalent in big urban districts and the approaches to great metropoli, where of course a minute saved is worth a life or two. Minneapolis with over half a million population was mammoth compared with the small towns through which we had been driving; so was its twin city across the Mississippi River, St. Paul. Here in these two cities nearly a million people live in one of north America's great manufacturing and distributing centres. The twin cities have a curious kind of identity of their own, quite different from anywhere else we have been. The hotels were moderately priced, everyone we met anxious to help us, and the Loomis's—

Noel Loomis must be the only author in the world who composes on a linotype machine. Had I simply been told this I

would have thought it was a gag, but I saw the machine in the basement of his house. He was once a linotype setter, and when he decided to do more writing than typesetting, he brought the machine home in crates and assembled it, with his own hands, then settled down to write on it. I saw galley proofs of work he was then doing, and saw what must be the most fantastic irony in authorship—a typescript of a new book which a typist had copied from print, and which would go to the publishers and be sent to other printers to set again in type—for Noel Loomis to correct!

I thought I had then seen everything, and soon found much, much more to see. His is a small house, not far from the centre of Minneapolis, and it was another very hot day. We went upstairs from a room filled with books, mostly about the pioneering days of the West, to see Loomis's 'files.' These were not *files*; this was a library of western literature and a research centre for western history. He showed me folder for each of about fifty separate years, and if I picked one up at random I would open it and find something like this:

Cuttings of newspapers of the period.

Newspaper advertisements of all kinds.

Photographs of bar and saloon signs.

Lists of names and addressees of local and national celebrities of the time.

The types of guns of all kinds used.

Figures on agriculture and manufacture.

Population figures, birth rates, illness rates.

Average temperatures of the year, and the extreme.

Notes on the weather, set out in seasons.

Roads made and being made.

Railroads.

Food and cooking methods.

and I have listed only a few. If at any time he wants to set a story in a given year, he can go to his file and take out every piece of information he needs. He has, of course, a great variety of books giving forms of speech and the social habits of the day. "I just love doing it," he told me.

His wife seemed to love it, too.

I suppose I write twelve books to every one by Noel Loomis, but no writer will ever earn greater respect from me. He has absolute integrity—and writes the 'pioneer' western at its purest; history, not yarns. And there seems no end to the history of the north-west. In Minnesota too there were desperate days of the Indian risings. Once 500 settlers were massacred by the Indians who, naturally and some say rightly, believed the land to be their own. Writing historical westerns is rather like writing a history of the Roman invasions of Britain from eye-witness accounts.

Loomis and his wife would like to move, though, and dream of the climate of California.

"Here it can be a hundred or even a hundred and ten in the summer and twenty or thirty below zero in the winter. The winters are really savage, John."

It was hard to believe that it could ever be cold.

Next day, we crossed the Wisconsin¹ State line, and here Jean was in a less questioning mood. Perhaps that was because we started out early, and it was not then warm enough to be uncomfortable. Or perhaps it was because the legend was more prosaic.

Not very far beyond the border we saw signs to Wisconsin Dells, a 'vacation area' of which we had never heard, and as we approached this great inland lakes area, one of the loveliest in the north of the union, the traffic became very thick and driving a trial; for many miles we were in a long line. Then we reached the heart of the resort area, drove slowly through thronged streets, glimpsed the lakes and wooded islands and the ducks—amphibian buses—which took tourists through the winding waterways. We did not stay, for we had little time, and our impression of Wisconsin was of great herds of dairy cattle, and there was another, unofficial nickname which we can't call to mind precisely, but was something like: *The Dairyland State*.

¹ Population :	3,518,000 — ranks fifteenth.
Area :	56,066 square miles, of which 810 are water, ranks twenty-fifth.
Capital :	Madison.
Nickname :	Badger State.
Flower :	Violet.
Motto :	Forward.
Max. speed :	65 m.p.h. ; 55 at night.

Milk, cream and butter were much cheaper here and it wasn't surprising to read that Wisconsin is first among the states in production of cheese, condensed and evaporated milk; it is also first in 'pulp products' and in canned peas and malt manufacture! Second—almost unbelievably to the casual visitor, second in engines, turbines and water wheels, paper, plumbers' supplies, malt liquors and aluminum manufacturing, third in butter and, fascinatingly, in wooden boxes. There is distinction—the state which makes more wooden boxes in which to pack its produce than all but two of the others.

It was almost strange not to read of gold.

We passed south of Michigan, soon dropping down into Illinois.¹ This put us into a mild kind of panic, for we had come near to the end of our precious Western Tour Book, and would soon near the *North-eastern*, which was packed somewhere among some fifteen pieces of luggage. Just before starting the search, it occurred to me as vaguely possible that I had realised that we would switch from one book to another, and that it was packed somewhere handy.

It was.

Until I drove through it, I had imagined this state to be largely industrial, but I was fooled by thinking of Chicago. Illinois, I soon learned, ranks first of all the states in the value of its farmlands and its farm buildings. As we drove through, we saw all the evidence of this, of great prosperity, and of a thriving, bustling people always (especially when in cars near Chicago) in a great hurry. The *State of Lincoln*, boast the car registration plates, and in Springfield as every American knows but few Englishmen even suspect, is the only home that Abraham Lincoln ever owned. Yet in England, Lincoln is surely one of the best-known of the earlier American presidents, only Washington, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mr. Harry Truman and President Eisen-

¹ Population :	9,003,000 — ranks fourth.
Area :	56,400 square miles, of which 453 are water, ranks twenty-third.
Capital :	Springfield.
Nickname :	The Prairie State.
Flower :	Wood Violet.
Motto :	State Sovereignty — National Union.
Max. speed :	Reasonable and proper.

hower being more widely known. I wonder how many Americans who have never been to London know that in Parliament Square, facing the great tower of Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament, there is a statue of Lincoln—fine, too, although dwarfed and almost humbled by the statue in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington.

We headed for New York City again, after Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, which we drove across quickly, for our two sons were due at New York on August 1st, and we would not allow ourselves less than three clear days to prepare for them. We had a family apartment to put in order, domestic plans to make, and I had ten days or so of high pressure business, when I would begin to try to assess the value of all I had learned and to sort out the contacts made among writers, editors, publishers and film agents. For while there was a great deal of pleasure in this trip, it was much more than one of pleasure. I had the impudence to hope to learn enough to become a good seller on the fabulous American market.¹

We were very lucky.

Our friends had made it possible for us to have the boys with us for their holiday—for they could not bring dollars of their (our) own and we could not legally spend ours on them. This gross interference with the liberty of the subject, preventing him from moving wherever he wishes, seems to me one of the greatest ironies in Great Britain, where freedom is honestly regarded as the true goal of man. The tragedy is that the Briton has lost so much that he forgets that he ever had such freedom. To prevent British people from visiting the United States and Canada is one of the greatest single pieces of political ineptitude that the peace time world knows. It is lunacy; and it points an unerring finger at the barren approach of our politicians to all problems. If Governments can commit such folly as this in one direction, what are they doing in others?

As a family, then, we are lucky, because as I earn dollars, and may have an allowance to spend in America—so that I may have a good chance to earn more. But if there is ever a grave misunderstanding between Great Britain and America, it will be largely due to the deliberate theft of the British people's right to travel.

¹ See Chapter 18.

* * * *

We sped, then, towards New York and the boys, to interviews with agents, editors and publishers; and the one thing we prayed was that it should not be too hot.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE HOTTEST SUMMER

IT WAS almost too hot to breathe, certainly too hot to move with comfort. We clung to air conditioned rooms as, in England, one hugs the fire on a bitter winter's day. The radio, reporting the weather and the temperature hour in and hour out, chanted the same refrain: "It's the hottest summer we've had for over 40 years." The broadcast programmes gave facts and figures. The newspapers headlined the heat and the storms which went with it in places, and gave lists of temperatures and humidity figures for main centres in all the states.

Humidity is something we talk about a little but never seem to record in England, and when we first heard the word, we said: "A lot of fuss about nothing." Then one morning in the cool of the apartment, we heard:

"At ten o'clock this morning the temperature was 97 degrees and the humidity 91."

I went out, with the boys, to buy some fruit for lunch. By the time we had walked fifty yards, we were dripping with sweat. From that time on we studied the humidity figures with far closer attention than we watched the thermometer. This heat plus had an effect that some would regard as worse than Las Vegas at 116. Even the New Yorkers who always get a few weeks of it were complaining bitterly as the record summer went on and on. People flagged, shoulders sagged. To convey a clear impression of the cumulative effect on anyone not used to it, there is a tale I hate to tell.

Round the corner from our hotel was Brentano's, one of New York's great booksellers. I passed it at least twenty times during August. Usually, the window of a bookshop is as irresistible to me as the window of a hat shop is to Jean. I don't recall being stopped at a nearby hat shop, either. I glanced, in passing, at

the bookshop windows, and did not once venture into the small arcade which leads into the shop.

Two months later I called on Brentano's, to say hullo, and disclosed the fact that a pen name book of mine had been published here in August.

"What was the title?" asked the fiction buyer.

"*Gideon's Day*," said I, "by—"

"By J. J. Marric!" exclaimed the buyer. "Very glad to know you, Mr. Mar—er—Mr. Creasey. *Gideon's Day* was our Mystery Selection for August, we had a special wrapper made for it, and had a big window display." He showed me where.

I had passed that display two or three times a day.

While the boys were getting used to the unbelievable fact that they were in New York, and were still revelling in their journey in the *Queen Elizabeth*, and while Jean was going over our clothes, getting summer-weight oddments for the boys, clearing up after the long trip and getting ready for the next six weeks, I spent most of my time talking to my agents and publishers, and trying to decide how much better qualified I was to write for the American market. The important thing was that I had now lived in the United States for nearly a year, in all, and was no longer seeing America as a stranger. The unusual things, the sharp contrasts between English ways and American were no longer those which impressed me most. It was in this general approach that eventual success or failure would depend, and obviously it would be a long time before I knew whether it had succeeded or not. But at least I could judge radio or television commercials on the value of the advertisement, not on the fact that to an Englishman fresh from England it was astounding or unbelievable—or grotesque or absurd.

I compiled a short list of commercials, none of them given here verbatim, but in a kind of paraphrasing of their great variety. All were of the type that seemed to me likely to get results. Then I talked about this with my friends, and found that in general they agreed. Some progress had been made, then, towards seeing the point of view of the American man in the street—the thing I had to do.

I preferred the short commercials—something like this one, broadcast on a steaming hot day:

"It's gonna be hot, high in the nineties. Smoke—*Cools*, the

coolest smoking cigarette in the world."

The way in which 'smoke Cools' was cooed over the air never failed to win my attention.

Or :

"You driving right now? Feel tired? Want a nap? Okay, that's the way to die right now. But why not give yourself a chance to live until tomorrow? Don't take a nap, take a Wakey pill."

Or, on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings :

"Say, you forgotten something? You sure you haven't? How about the wife's birthday, how soon is that? Or maybe Fido's. How about that anniversary? Or that ice cream for the kids or flowers for your wife? No, sir, it's not too late, you can buy anything you want at Tonville . . ."

Those commercials common to all America which are most likely to astound an Englishman are on religious and banking subjects. Some aspects of English banking are very different from the American. In England, a man wants to borrow money and—provided he can satisfy the bank manager—he does so by placing security against an overdraft, so that he can draw on his account up to, say, £1,000 debit, and charges are added to this debit. Not so in the United States. If a man wants to borrow, he goes to the bank which—again provided he can satisfy the manager—advances him, say, \$1,000, deducts interest from the loan, and pays the customer, say, \$950; so his account is always in credit. In these days of British credit squeeze and a variety of idiotic attempts to correct a balance of trade by artificial restrictions which have a dismal record of failure, the English banks discourage borrowing—on Government instructions. So imagine an English banker's astonishment at switching on his radio and hearing something like this :

"You got money troubles? You being pushed around because you can't pay the instalments on your car, your television, your washing machine or your home? That's bad. But don't worry, friend, I'll tell you what to do. Get right into your car and come

and see me at the Country Bank, right here in your town. Just ask for the President. And this is what I'll do—I'll advance you enough money to pay off all those accounts, and after that you'll have only one monthly payment to worry about. Did I say worry? With County Bank you won't have any worries, so just ask for me, Jack Doe, the President."

The Englishman then finds that in many cases, he can actually see the president or the vice-president. In England, the equivalent to the president of an American bank is as easy to approach as a member of the Royal family.

Then religious commercials startle and even shock some Englishmen—until the Englishman discovers that church membership in the United States is at least three times greater, per head of population, than that of England. The soft Southern voice, gradually warming up until at the end of the commercial he might be preaching a hell-fire sermon, has never failed to startle me :

"Say, you want to be good? You want to be a God-fearing worshipping man or woman? You want to be *good*? Let me tell you something, you can't do it on your own, you've got to know how and you've got to have help. Yes, sir, yes, ma'am. But there's a way. Oh, sure enough there's a way. You just have to walk alongside Jesus, and he'll keep you right, he'll make you good. Yes, sir, yes, ma'am, and in these three books we show you how to do just that. They don't cost five dollars, they don't cost four dollars, they don't even cost three dollars, they cost just two dollars and 98 cents, and if they don't help you to be a good, God-fearing man and woman just you return the books and we'll return the money. Yes, sir, yes, ma'am."

After listening to something like this I would often sit back and try to recall the solemn voice of a B.B.C. news announcer, or the measured tones of a 'popular' religious parson on the B.B.C., and wonder whether there was any connection at all—and wonder which was the right approach.

There is of course much more radio and television in the United States than in Great Britain. Not only are there many more stations—in sound radio, Great Britain has only three,¹ in

¹ To be reduced to two, we're told.

and near New York must be nearer twenty-three—but the programmes go on much longer, many of them all through the night, a thing unheard of at home where at twelve midnight every station has closed down. One station wakes up at 6.25 next morning. To add to the contrast, there is the strict formality of practically all B.B.C. announcers, whose every word is scripted, and the leisurely informality of the American. If a B.B.C. man said: "Excuse me just a minute, I want to light a cigarette," the listeners would assume that he had gone loco, and would soon be taken away for the good of his health. The best instance of New York casualness I heard was during one of the hurricane periods, when the announcer said:

"Yes, folk, we're going to get it. Winds up to a hundred miles an hour and more rain than we want. It's raining outside already."

Then he played a tune (probably a very old tune, for the amount of broadcasting done means that old tunes on the radio are much more common in the United States than in England) and at the end of it, he said casually:

"Hallo, folk, I guess I have to apologise to you. My wife just rang up, and tells me it isn't raining yet."

There is hardly a half hour of the day or night in New York when it isn't possible to switch to a station which is giving world news, local news, and the weather. Except in a few stations, world news coverage is little more than perfunctory, although big news is always given plenty of time and space. The result of the British General Election of 1955, for instance, was widely reported while we were *en route* to Florida, on small stations and on large ones. Most newspapers—even the very provincial ones—carried headlines and the story. There was a lot of satisfaction that Eden had won. The British may not have relished Senator McCarthy, but the Americans generally loathe the thought of Aneurin Bevan. As reported in the United States, Bevan sounds far more Communist than McCarthy sounds Fascist, and that is saying a lot.

One of the worst hurricanes to strike the north-eastern United States came early in the hurricane season, and in spite of frequent meteorological reports from aircraft flying near the centre of the storm and watching its progress, many areas were caught almost unprepared. From then on, whenever a hurricane threat-



A shop inside a tree

Richard (smaller) on his
11th birthday. Martin 3
days short of his 12th.
State Street, Chicago
(Early Sunday)





Redwoods

ened, the most stringent precautions were taken and the radio and television was used as a kind of General Emergency system. All New York City was keyed up to expect a tremendous buffeting one weekend in September, and it proved to be pleasant and sunny. The hurricane changed direction. But when one strikes at the coast and inland, it is so deadly that no one takes any of them lightly.

There is only one word for the result: desolation.

The most effective 'battle' I've ever 'watched'—through television, radio and newspapers—was the rescue work after the floods which followed a September hurricane. In the affected areas, everything else was thrust aside, whole towns seemed to joined in. Rescue, salvage and rebuilding became a flood in itself. State Governments and the Federal Government pledged money and immediate help. Here was a most telling indication that in spite of the clamour for the dollar, once trouble comes the average American—without appearing to think about it—works on the axiom: "Do unto others as . . ."

Generosity and eagerness to help those worse off than oneself is part of the American character. The ironic fact is that it is so often, far too often, taken for granted.

Another aspect of this is in the approach to sport.

It has long been a British illusion that the American sportsman plays only to win, and that 'sportsmanship' is incidental. While travelling from state to state, I talked to a large number of people who said exactly the same thing about certain Australian tennis players—they were angry, in fact, because although American stars had played a number of exhibition matches before the Davis Cup in Australia, the Australians refused to play such matches in the United States. There was much bitterness about it. (Different attitudes towards sport probably causes more bitterness than any other single factor in the relationship between western nations. The reason, I suspect, is that while the man in the street doesn't grasp the essentials of some of the political, social, and racial differences which divide nations, and therefore often doesn't feel keenly, he can grasp the essentials of sport, has a personal code of behaviour, and any offence against it gives a cause for sharp condemnation.)

Many people (among them Jean!) think that sport plays far too great a part in the life of the man in the street. Without

taking sides in this issue, one fact has to be admitted: sport does play an important part in the lives of most men, and this importance is being readily accepted in China and Russia where not so very long ago it was regarded as effete. The Englishman who thinks that the American referee in the Cockell-Marciano fight should have disqualified Marciano for hitting Cockell when he was on the canvas, is much more deeply angry than the Englishman who hears that Mr. Eisenhower disagrees with Mr. Eden on the matter of the admission of Red China to the United Nations. And it rankles, too.

Standards of sport are extremely important, and I think it true that the average Briton is inclined to think that the average American is not a 'good sportsman' in the sense that the Briton thinks he should be; he really believes that the American sacrifices sportsmanship on the altar of victory.

I *know* that the American gets just as angry about 'bad sportsmanship' as the average Englishman.

There may be different codes but there is no basic difference of approach. I am inclined to think (or fear) that there would be far less comment on American 'sportsmanship' if Britain could have a run of success in the Ryder Cup, at Wimbledon, Forest Hills, in the Olympic Games and in the boxing ring. I've long held the view that a visit to the United States by a British heavyweight who could win the world title would have a far deeper psychological effect on the relationship between the two countries than the visit of a prime minister or a foreign minister. Of course this is an unpopular view. But if Britain held the tennis, golf and boxing championships of the world there would be far less talk in the United States of Great Britain losing prestige. We could safely lose a colony if we won a championship; we would be likely to get much more sympathy in some of our colonial problems if we had the world heavyweight champion.

What is the American attitude to sportsmanship?

I can give you two examples, which seem typical. The first, on the attitude of many people—from elevator boys to counter-clerks, typists to managing directors—during the World Series. The British don't play baseball, know little about it, and cannot possibly have any bias in regard to it; so they can judge the reactions of other people towards it quite dispassionately.

The New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers played each other for this World Series, or the top prize of baseball. For years, the Giants had made a habit of winning, the Dodgers had developed a habit of losing. The winner in each series has to win the best of seven games, and the series lasts all the week. Test Match fever in England compared with World Series fever in New York is like chicken pox compared with small pox. There was only one topic of conversation. One heard it everywhere. One went into the offices of large firms and saw a crowd round a specially imported television set. At moments of great excitement, everything seemed to stop, even elevators. And the Dodger fans and the Giants fans could think of nothing else, but—

Dozens of them said to me :

“I’m for the Giants, but I hope the Dodgers win this year. They deserve it, and they’re playing a fine game.”

That is exactly what the Briton calls good sportsmanship. It was widespread. So was the hysteria which followed the Dodgers’ win in the seventh game of the series. New York went mad, the radio kept playing a dirge-like ode to the Brooklyn Dodgers, as much ticker tape fell from skyscraper windows as was likely to fall on a triumphant army.

That was one instance.

Here is another.

Just after we arrived in New York in May, Rocky Marciano (whom Jean and I had seen knock Joe Louis out of the ring in 1950) was to fight Don Cockell. I studied the reports from the camps. Few newspapers had much to say in Cockell’s favour, and some of the comments were much more brutal than you would find in an English newspaper, but exactly the same kind of critical comment would appear in American newspapers about an American contender.

In essence, American sports writers thought that Don Cockell was too fat.

Came the fight.

It was not shown on television, except in a way common in the United States but unknown in England—a television film was shown in many cinema theatres but it was broadcast only over the sound radio. I went to the bar of the hotel where I was staying (within a stone’s throw of the United Nations building) and found about fifteen Americans sitting at the bar, waiting for

the fight. My accent placed me in a moment. The general attitude could best be summed up in the words of one man, who said :

“ So Cockell’s a fat boy. Okay. If the fat boy’s good enough to beat Rocky, we hope he wins.”

I ordered my ginger ale, and the fight began. In the first few rounds Cockell seemed to be holding his own, but gradually the way the fight was going became apparent. One could hear the blows of Marciano’s gloves on Don. One heard the almost surprised admiration in the commentator’s voice, for the way Cockell took his punishment. But the attitude of the little group in the bar was a revelation. They seemed to *hate* Marciano for handing out such punishment. If there was a good word for Cockell from the ringside, they’d pipe up with something, such as :

“ He’s still got a chance,” or “ Maybe he’s fat, but ain’t he tough?” or “ Rocky’s got plenty more than he expected this time.”

On their own, without an Englishman present, I’ve no doubt they would have been elated by the fight. With me at hand, they were almost apologetic, couldn’t praise Cockell’s fight enough and—I didn’t get a bill for my drinks!

Is there anything the matter with that attitude, which I think is characteristic?

Incidentally, the embarrassment that most of the others appeared to feel would at one time have surprised me, but I have long since come to realise that diffidence and shyness is as much part of the American character as loud-voiced heartiness.

That happened in May, when it was cool. In fact it was a day or two before we left for the first part of the trip, when we were almost sorry to leave New York. But in August, we could not get out of it quickly enough, for we were heading north, where we were promised that it would be cool. There I was to finish the book I’d been working on since reaching Hollywood, Jean was to take it easy, and the boys were to have a wonderful time.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

GRAPES AND PEACHES

THE FIRST surprise we had in New York State was driving through extensive vineyards and peach orchards, with grapes and peaches being offered on the roadside stalls, together with the hardier fruits that one would expect. Except for the peaches and grapes, much of New York State is very like parts of Great Britain, although perhaps none of it had quite the stark grandeur of the Scottish highlands. The Adirondacks cover a much greater area than our Lake District, and it would be a harsh man who compared one against the other. Buildings, villages, towns and even shops in northern New York—as we know from earlier trips—in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont—were much more like English style than most we were likely to see.

I suppose if you were to ask any English schoolchild and most English adults to name the capital of New York State,¹ they would answer confidently: “New York.”² They would be wrong, as the book soon makes clear.³

As New York State is approximately the size of Great Britain, which has 50,000,000 population, it is obvious that outside New York itself, it is sparsely populated compared with us. Buffalo,

¹ Population:	15,233,000 — ranks first.
Area:	49,575 square miles, of which 1,647 are water, ranks twenty- ninth.
Capital:	Albany.
Nickname:	The Empire State.
Flower:	Rose.
Motto:	Excelsior (Higher).
Max. speed:	50 m.p.h. as posted.

¹ I asked four Englishmen in a railway carriage. Three said New York, one said: “Isn’t it some small place?”

² The capital cities of many states are comparatively small, not the largest in the state.

massively industrial and the nearest big city to Niagara and one of the great lakes ports, and Rochester, perhaps less heavily industrialised, contain nearly a million people between them. So apart from a group of smallish cities in the middle of the state, such as Albany, friendly Utica, Troy and Schenectady, people are spread very thin. Consequently one can drive long distances through agricultural districts, and forget that skyscrapers and teeming millions are so near. The approaches to New York City from the north are most beautiful, and Bear Mountain Bridge with its masses of trees on either side of the great suspension bridge seemed almost as remote from the metropolis as the Grand Canyon. The approach through northern New Jersey is lovely, too—and in these directions but not to the east (Long Island) or west into the industrialised area of New Jersey—New York is nearer the countryside than London.

It cannot compare as a scenic state with any of those in the west, but has much and varied beauty. For instance, Ausable Chasm, near the Canadian border, with rushing water seething through and boats to shoot the rapids, is a tourist spot which should not be missed.

There is much else. Lake Placid and Mirror Lake, names which in themselves are tranquil and soothing, the inn where we stayed in a small log hut in the grounds—next to one, I was told, where Noel Coward once wrote a play. The food was very good. The boys found American college students, working there as lifeguards, kitchen hands and waiters, friendly and full of questions about England. I finished the book, to be published under a pen name. It was largely experimental, for I set an American in England and tried to find out whether I could handle him well enough to satisfy American publishers and editors (and therefore, readers). I sent it home to my English editorial readers, hopefully.

The history of the New York State is largely a history of war with the British, sad reading in this twentieth century, yet surely a reason for optimism about the future: could any war ever fought so bitterly have left less bitterness?

To quote:

“Commercial growth of the state was extremely rapid after the Revolution . . . at present New York leads the nation both

in the value and the diversity of its manufactures. Of the 553 types of industries in the United States, 447 are represented in New York . . . The State produces 67 per cent of the total output of women's dresses, coats and blouses, 94 per cent of women's furs, 66 per cent of the photographic equipment . . . and leads the states in printing and publishing, in the rug and carpet industry and the manufacture of furniture.

"Approximately 556,600 business firms are active . . .

"Though seldom considered a mining state, New York in 1952 produced well over \$191,000,000 worth of primary mineral products, comparable to the mining states such as Arizona, Colorado and Nevada.

"The dairy industry produces more than half the income of the farmers (in the State) and the 1953 cash income from crops and livestock totalled \$874,702,000, placing New York thirteenth out of the forty-eight states.

"The State's large fresh and salt water fishers place New York high among the states in fishery products."

* * * *

It shouldn't be forgotten, either, that New York teems with history of the early settlers, Indians and white men's early struggles and early parleys, the Mohawk Valley telling its own tale.

And in a quiet spot close to an old frame farmhouse near Saranac Lake there is a statue of John Brown and, nearby, his grave and the tale of the struggle to help the coloured people—which led, among other things, to a song which the western world knows by heart if with little understanding.

Not far from this is Robert Louis Stevenson's memorial cottage, "where the famous writer lived." I wonder if there has ever been a more truly cosmopolitan author than Stevenson.

* * * *

Once out of New York, we entered briefly into Pennsylvania, little more than enough to remind us of a drive, four years earlier, from Washington to Gettysburg and back to New York through Pennsylvania Dutch country much of the time, with

towns with English names like York and Lancaster, many of which had an English look about them, and of a hurried trip to Philadelphia soon afterwards, to see the plume atop the City Hall.

"Pennsylvania,"¹ Jean read out, "birthplace of the nation, has developed into a state of amazing contrasts. Titan of industry, and a leader in agriculture, noted for areas of natural beauty . . . its hundreds of historic shrines . . . there are 200 lakes and 100 waterfalls . . .

Jean went on: "The Constitution of the United States was adopted here . . . the Battle of Gettysburg decided the outcome of the Civil War, they had a Whiskey Rebellion and a Hot Water Rebellion . . . Good gracious."

"What now?"

"They say it's the workshop of the world, has 300 airports, 11,000 miles of railways and 100,000 miles of highway. A *hundred thousand miles* of roads?"

"And if we drive 20,000 miles through the whole country we'll have done well," I said.

"Mum," said Scoopy, our elder boy, "may I have a look at the book?"

Jean handed it over.

"Well," announced Scoopy after a few minutes of concentration, "I didn't know that, *I* thought tobacco only grew in Virginia and the Carolinas."

Obviously he had been studying the United States at school.

"So did I," said I.

"It says here that Pennsylvania leads the nation in the production of buckwheat, cigar leaf tobacco, and mushrooms."

For some reason Richard the younger boy, found that amus-

¹ Population :	10,656,000 — ranks third.
Area :	45,330 square miles, of which 288 are under water, ranks thirty-second.
Capital :	Harrisburg.
Nickname :	The Keystone State.
Flower :	Mountain Laurel.
Motto :	Virtue, Liberty and Independence.
Max. speed :	50 m.p.h.

ing. I found it intriguing. It was the first time we had found mushrooms entered as a major product."

"What's buckwheat?" Jean asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"I expect it's male wheat," said Scoopy. "There's an awful lot of coal in Pennsylvania, 120 million tons a year it says here . . ."

He read on, until he came to the figures I had been half expecting: Pennsylvania, the workshop of the world, home of Pittsburg and the two million population of Philadelphia is 'a leader in agriculture, and 52 per cent of its area is still in woodland.'

Yet the quotation which silenced us all for a few minutes came about the town of Bethlehem.

"In 1741 a company of Moravians from Bohemia and Saxony arrived here and built the first log cabin, a community dwelling house. It was finished on Christmas Eve and on that day the second party arrived and immediately they began the erection of large stone buildings, many of which are still standing . . . Known today as America's Christmas City, Bethlehem includes in its observances of Yuletide a 100-foot electric star atop South Mountain."

After a short spell of silence, Scoopy added:

"The oldest drug store in the country's there, too."

* * * *

On a map, the Great Lakes look large. (So do the States of America.) Yet they do not look enormous. Certainly, I had never dreamed how huge they were. Starting from Buffalo we drove along the whole southern coastline of Lake Erie, for nearly two days, keeping within sight of the lake for much of every day, seeing the huge ports at Erie and Cleveland, and beginning to realise that these ports do really handle much of the huge grain production and the timber of Canada and the northern states.

The lake's coastline touches New York, Philadelphia and Ohio, the coast roads are excellent, and the Sunday traffic is fantastic. The lake shore is really the seaside to millions of people, with their hundreds of beaches, and in many places with all the fun of the

fair. Ohio?¹ Well, think of Akron: *Hub of the globe girdling rubber empires, Akron leads the world in the manufacture of rubber products.* When I used to think of Ohio, I always thought of factories and smoke and noise, railways, coal and smog—and when I think of it now I see green fields and enormous areas of corn stretching out of sight. By corn, I mean the English maize, for we use the words corn and wheat as synonymous, whereas in America wheat is a very different thing indeed from sweet corn.

Field after field after field of tall corn rather like plantations of small banana trees, and this large, heavily industrialised state has 83 per cent of its area devoted to agriculture.

* * * *

Journeying through these north-eastern states I was often reminded of the two Canadian airmen whom we knew during the war. They came to us a day or two after landing at the Clyde and travelled south to Bournemouth by train, immediately after landing.

“There’s so much green country,” one said in bewilderment, “I thought it would be all built up, I didn’t expect fields and farms.”

* * * *

Then Indiana and Illinois, industrial, and agricultural, with good roads and an air of bustle—and next our first real stop after Lake Placid: Chicago.

The Windy City, it is called; we’ve always found it the Friendly City, too, and if only its drivers would go less crazy on the Lake Shore Drive and the other main highways, I would like

¹ Population :	8,369,000 — ranks fifth.
Area :	41,263 square miles, of which 140 are inland water, ranks thirty-fourth.
Capital :	Columbus.
Nickname :	The Buckeye State.
Flower :	Scarlet Carnation.
Motto	Imperium in imperio (An Empire (Unofficial) : within an Empire).
Max. speed :	50 m.p.h.

it even more. Chicago's skyline observed while standing at the great planetarium on the shores of Lake Michigan, is softer, less spectacular yet almost as attractive as New York's.

Chicago must have nearly everything.

Sea? The bathing beaches on Lake Michigan run north to south, and the bathing stations—all with their lifeguards, mostly in little boats and ready to row to the aid of a careless swimmer—make a mockery of segregation. Black and white, boys and girls, men and women, bathe, laze and sun themselves together. The first day that Scoopy and Richard went in, a board outside the bathing station said :

Air temperature 91

Water temperature 92

It was a record summer in Chicago, too.

I have never seen a more impressive museum than that of the Museum of Science and Industry. There is a huge model of a human heart, through which you can walk and see how it pumps the blood through the body; a model of an appendicectomy operation, which takes most of the dread out of the thought of the surgical knife; a series of models showing a baby from the first week of conception to the day of its birth; everything for the curious and the interested, nothing for the prurient. The child can go down in the coal mine hundreds of feet below the earth, and see the first aeroplanes and the first cars ever manufactured.

Close by is the great lake, warm, quiet, friendly—but I am told that the storms on it can be as savage as the storms on any sea.

Four million people, the second largest city in the Union, with huge meat canning plants, an office building housing 10,000 businesses, the burlesque shows, the strip tease acts, the low-class nightclubs or honkey-tonks, the Conrad Hilton Hotel, with 3,000 guest rooms, twenty-five floors, 2,000 employees 70 telephone operators, 72 lift operators—and has a laundry which handles 30,000 shirts a month! That's Chicago; so is the beauty of the big homes on the Lakeside, the charm of smaller homes, the squalor of slums for both black and white, and the ghosts of Al Capone and the gang wars.

Not far north is Evanstown, a quiet, graceful university city, where we stayed for a few days, seeing some friends whom we

had first met on a ship five years earlier. The Milligans had known we were going to visit them, they made us more than welcome, they even found friends who had *read* my books and could talk amiably about them, but the unbelievable thing is a coincidence of a kind I dare not write about in a crime story.

"We saw a grey car with an English number plate in Wisconsin Dells a few weeks ago," Dave Milligan said, casually.

"We knew it couldn't have been you," said Arlene.

"It was a Sunday," added Dave.

"And hot," sighed Arlene.

"We tried to get nearer, but the traffic stopped us," Dave told me, "but anyway it couldn't have been you."

"On that Sunday we drove through Wisconsin Dells," said I.

It is hundreds of miles away from Chicago—and the Milligans are one of a very few couples whom we knew in the United States. States.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

DEEP SOUTH

WHILE WE were travelling, one of the grim *cause célèbres* of America was filling the news headlines, the leading articles, the radio and television; oddly, I don't think I heard a single individual express an opinion about it, except one or two close friends. It is not, I'm sure, that they had no opinion, but the colour situation in the United States is like something in the family, strictly not for discussion with strangers.

The *cause célèbre* was the Till case.

A negro youth from Chicago, where doubtless there is a great degree of racial segregation even though it is nearer social than racial, and where ostracism or public humiliation are almost unknown, visited relations in the deep, deep south. He was cheeky to a white woman in a shop. He disappeared. There were witnesses to a savage beating up by two white men. There was a scandal. There was a trial by jury. At the trial the two whites accused of murdering the youth pleaded not guilty; one of them dandled his little daughter on his knee during the trial.

They were found not guilty, too.

Practically every newspaper I read called the case a shocking abuse of justice. In Harlem, the negro newspapers rose shrill in their anger, and many indignation meetings were held, but—soon the case faded out of the public eye.

The distressing thing is that much of this was reported in the British Press and undoubtedly the Press throughout the world, and many people probably assume that the case was typical of the strife between the races in America today. It is about as typical as the murder of a Scotsman might be in London because he wanted to move a piece of ancient stone north of the border. I am quite sure that the implications of the case shocked most

Americans, including many in the south, just as much as it shocked us.

The distinction between black and white is so deep-set and has been so acute that it is obvious that some degree of racial prejudice is inevitable today. In New York or any of the big cities of the north-east, there is no outward sign of this prejudice to the casual observer. You go into a shop, and stand next to a coloured man who is being served by a white girl. There is no outward evidence of different social or different economic strata. There appear to be as many television sets and almost as many luxury cars in Harlem as in any predominantly white section of New York. White and black talk freely to one another, with little indication of superiority from the white. Black and white men, shake hands, and shake hands again on parting—and more important still, there is little evidence of self-consciousness on the part of the negro.

“But wait,” I was told, “until you get south.”

Perhaps I ought to repeat that I am quite sure there are many instances of colour bar, forms of segregation and humiliation in these north-eastern cities. I was told, for instance, of the cultured negro and his wife who went to an expensive New York restaurant, were served with iced water, and then left to wait. White couples came in, were given the usual excellent attention, but not the coloured people; they were ignored. At last, they got up and walked out. It was cruel and it was shameful, but it was not typical. I talked to too many coloureds to have any doubt.

Yet few coloured people seem to eat in the good restaurants.

The thoughtful American, seeing the evidence all about him of the intelligence of so many coloured people, must know that any idea of race superiority is nonsense. In fifty years' time there will at most be some isolated pockets of race hatred in the United States, the two races are as near as that to complete harmony and integration. The thoughtful white American, going to the Apollo Theatre in Harlem and seeing, say, Duke Ellington and his band, can only marvel at Duke Ellington's complete aplomb, the way he talks *up* to his coloured audience—shaming the talking down of so many white compères and band leaders when talking to white audiences. To hear the thousands of negroes roar with laughter, or hear them humming, clapping hands and beating time with their feet is an experience not easily forgotten

—nor is that of eating at Franks, the nearby restaurant, where there are white and black waiters and white and black customers, and obviously none who find it even slightly strange.

But wait until you get south.

Remember the Till case.

So we went south, through the superbly beautiful Shenandoah Valley, on the skyline drive of the Blue Mountains—names as picturesque as the country itself, the Virginias, remember. We stopped at a look-out point to gaze over the hills and valleys, and Jean noticed a creeper which spread over trees, walls and rocks.

“I wonder what it is,” she said.

“Oh, just a weed,” said I.

It was nearly an hour later when she exclaimed out of the blue.

“Oh, what a *fool!*”

“You or me?” I inquired.

“Both of us,” said Jean, “we couldn’t think of the name of a creeper—in *Virginia.*”

Soon we came to flat lands, older towns, some very ugly towns—as ugly as any in the States. This was the south. Here was cotton growing, fluffy white buds breaking over vast acres, in some fields dozens of negroes picking the crop, great piles of fleecy white cotton at the side of the plantations. Or there was tobacco, tall and yellowed and waving gently in the wind. There were graceful colonial houses and graceful colonial towns, too; a little of everything.

Gradually, we saw how separately the two races live. There might be poor whites as badly off as the poor blacks, but there were fewer of them. Yes, here was segregation, here was poverty, too. We found it in places through the south of the Virginias and the Carolinas, missed it in Florida and found it sharply apparent again in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama; but it was never absolute segregation. It was often a little embarrassed, too. There was the waitress at a diner on one of the main roads who, when a negro woman and her child came in to eat, said shamefacedly:

“Ah’m sorry, ma’am, you can’t eat here.”

The negro woman apologised quickly and took her child away.

Twenty-five years ago it is extremely unlikely that she would even have thought of entering the restaurant, but would have taken it for granted that she couldn't eat there. That measure of progress may not satisfy the impatient, it may not ease the hurt of those who have suffered, but it is progress, and in its way remarkable.

The clearest and best summing up of this situation that I've ever read was Robert Waithman's, the American correspondent of the *News Chronicle*. In the course of an article about the uproar about a southern university admitting a coloured student—Miss Lucy—he says :

“We are right in Britain, it seems to me, to hold that the American South is wrong about its attitude to the Negroes.

“But we are not right to be smug about it—we who belong to a Commonwealth containing countries where the Negroes have been given less in 100 years than they have received in America in 10 years.

“What is now happening is that the South is entering upon the final stage of its conversion from a slave society to a free society. This may turn out to be the most difficult stage.

“A last-ditch fight against the supreme court's rulings is being made. If both sides, white and coloured, can keep their tempers, it will be predominantly a legal battle. If not, it will be something much worse.”

I agree with this absolutely. In spite of the weakness in the Governmental attitude towards, for instance, the Miss Lucy case; in spite of the acute dissatisfaction which many white Americans feel about the ‘slowness’ of complete unity with the coloured population, my own belief is that the progress towards full integration of black with white is astoundingly fast, even in the deep South, and that my children are likely to see that integration practically complete. That, I believe, will be a miracle brought about by the tolerance and goodwill of the vast majority of a great people.

* * * *

At garages and service stations, white mechanics and black work together in the deep South, and a car filled with coloured

people may drive up to a gas station operated by whites, and be served without the slightest hesitation.

There is much evidence that parts of the South are socially behind much of the rest of the country, although there is evidence, too, of increasing prosperity. There is a grave social problem, too, as there was in England between the two wars—but unquestionably the colour bar is on its way out, in spite of the present dismal events in parts of the south.

The impression of a less prosperous region seems to be belied by some of the figures given for West Virginia.¹ It is first in the production of bituminous coal—and two-thirds of the area is underlaid with coal. Alongside this, today, is the extensive supplies of natural gas, coal's most dangerous rival, more dangerous even than oil. Heavy industry is taking West Virginia over, and textiles and tobacco do not appear in the records with any special emphasis. All my preconceived ideas about the Virginias being almost synonymous with tobacco and cotton faded.

"Did you know that the first English settlement in North America was in Virginia?" Scoopy asked.

He had the book.

"I knew it was somewhere in the south," I said.

"I know where it got its name from," declared Richard.

"I suppose it was from a woman named Virginia," I suggested tentatively.

"Well, that's partly right," agreed Richard, who hates causing anyone even the slightest embarrassment, "a woman was in it. It was named after the virgin queen, Elizabeth." He announced this quite calmly, and I still don't know whether he had consulted the book. Soon we slowed down at a small town and his voice rose in excitement. "Oo, look, coca cola is only 5 cents! Why, it's been 10 cents everywhere. Could we have one?"

We had one.

¹ Population :	1,937,000 — ranks thirtieth.
Area :	24,282 square miles, of which 91 are water, ranks fortieth.
Capital :	Charleston.
Nickname :	The Mountain State.
Flower :	Rhododendron Maximum.
Motto :	Montani Semper Liberi (Moun- taineers always free).
Max. speed :	55 m.p.h. (60 on turnpike).

Coca cola remained 5c throughout most of the south, and prices of many goods were lower than in the north. Generally, food was cheaper; motels were, too, and restaurant prices. One sensed good value for money everywhere. Big motels bore the signs: *Coloureds Only*. Each town had a large coloured quarter like a town itself, and part of each coloured quarter was of shameful slums, but each town also had its negro owned Cadillacs, Lincolns and Chryslers.

It was about this time that the boys came to the conclusion that American ice cream, which had been delicious in 1951, was now not so good as much ice cream at home. I confess that I agreed with them. Soft ice cream—only slowly coming on to the English market—is on sale everywhere and very good, but in general the quality seems to have declined very much. Only Jean was indifferent to this; she never touches it, complaining: "It's so *cold*."

The motor courts grew larger, some had swimming pools; it was out of season and rates were cheap. 'Out of season' really meant out of season in Florida, for these southern highways thrive on the winter vacationists heading north and south during the winter—fleeing wherever possible from the near arctic north to the sub tropics of Florida. The boys became emphatic that they wanted to go to Florida. So did I, believing that a good look at Florida was essential for a real grasp of America. But I hadn't intended to go so far; there is a limit to the advantage one can take of the generosity of friends. However I studied the map and came across a 356 page *New York Times* set aside for reading at leisure. In this were huge advertisements for Miami Beach hotels at what appeared to be ludicrously low prices. I made inquiries.

"It costs next to nothing in Miami Beach out of season," I was assured.

"*Can* we?" urged Richard.

"Well, let's work it out," said I. "We have only a certain amount of money to spend, and we mustn't spend more. If you'll help to save up, we will go. It's nearly two thousand miles to get there and back, and the extra petrol will cost—" I made a wild guess—"say fifty dollars."

There was a pause.

"We only get 1 dollar 50 cents a week pocket money,"

Richard pointed out; and after another pause: "You can have mine."

(I always bought the ice creams and cokes).

"Won't be anything like enough, silly," said Scoopy.

"It depends how much you want to go," I said. "At the moment, we're spending about \$3.50 a day for breakfast, nearly twice as much for dinner, and motor courts cost about twelve or thirteen each night. Now if you'll economise a little on breakfasts and dinner, and if you'll agree to stay at cheaper courts even if they haven't a swimming pool, then I think we could save five dollars a day, and as it would take ten days, that would come out right."

"Do you mean, we wouldn't have a real dinner?" inquired Scoopy.

"Oh, no. But we'd sometimes have to have fish when we'd prefer meat—that kind of thing. And for breakfast, two eggs *or* one egg and bacon."

"Oh, that's all right," said Scoopy quickly. "I'll do it."

Richard pondered.

"Wouldn't we *ever* stay at a motor court with a pool?"

"We couldn't be certain."

"Once we were at Miami, you'd have a swimming pool for a whole week," Jean interpolated.

"I'll do it," decided Richard.

They had the luck, as it happened, because as many courts had pools as not, and at that time of the year it made no difference to the price. And food was cheaper, too. We solemnly went into account each day at breakfast time. We'd set a target of \$5 a day below our average rate of spending, and at Miami found we were more than half way towards the target; when we reached New York again, we'd actually saved \$51.00 on the road.

We saved more than we expected during the week at Miami Beach, too, a luxury resort to end all luxury resorts. We lived in a first-class hotel, behaving as passable imitations of millionaires, for less than it cost day by day on the road.

* * * *

The state of Virginia gives a feeling of graciousness and of graceful living and, to the casual passer-by, the negro as well

as the white man seems contented. This may be a wholly false impression. Another is certainly not false: the tempo of living slows down once one is south of the Virginias, and the pace remains slow throughout the whole of the south, except Florida—perhaps except only parts of Florida. Traffic doesn't really move slowly, but does seem slower in places, because the speed laws seem to be more strictly enforced. This doesn't have much effect on the accident rate, speed in the wrong place rather than speed itself being the cause of accidents, in spite of the obstinate body of opinion that speed as speed is the chief cause!

The slower tempo is apparent in the pace at which people move while getting in and out of their cars, going into shops, going into motor courts, even when stopping at traffic lights. It is most noticeable. Everything is affected including speech. In New York, Chicago or any of the big cities the slow speech of the individual southerner seems almost an act, but in the south it is part of the tempo of living. One gets an impression at times that the people are very tired—black and white, and old and young.

The heat and the humidity are blamed, but a good case can be made for the influence of comparative poverty, difficult social conditions, and the fact that industry has been a long time reaching the south. It is going south fast, now, possibly because labour can be obtained at cheaper rates than labour in the north and west.

But south of the Mason-Dickson line, there is no hurry. It seems as simple as that.

A drawling voice; slow movement getting out of a car; a casual stroll along the street; an amiable conversation in shop or drug store before one gets down to business—all of these seem characteristic, and unless one is in a hurry, both pleasant and welcome. (It *can't* be the heat—one doesn't get the same impression in El Paso or San Antonio, and it is much less apparent even in New Orleans, although New Orleans isn't exactly brisk.)

There is no hurry, because in the past there has been no incentive to hurry, but it looks as if incentive is on the way in the form of the higher wages and the better social conditions which industry will bring.

Some of the champions of negro rights and full equality regard the Virginia¹ motto sardonically, but of course the original tyrants were English; the official English attitude towards the then colonials in the days of the tea tax was certainly not very different from the attitude of the most bitter Klu Klux Klan adherent today. (I didn't mean to suggest that the tea tax was the cause of the Revolution; it was only the spark which lit the fire of deep discontent).

"Dad," said Richard, "how many of the population are coloured?"

"I don't know," I admitted.

"Would there be any record?" inquired Scoopy.

"Well, possibly, but I imagine that all the people are regarded as Americans, so there's no official attempt to count them separately."

"How *do* you count people?" asked Richard, looking along the teeming street.

I explained the methods of census takers, and the boys seemed to think that the New York taxi driver had something when he suspected that some census figures might have a margin of error.

I was wrong about the records of black and white population, and the *World Almanac* soon put me right. There are some lucid figures on the white and non-white population which shows that in 1950 there were a total of 150,597,361 people of all races in the United States, and of these 15,755,333 were non-white, meaning that the overall percentage of non-whites, including Mexicans and Indians, was about 11. The figures for Virginia, I thought, would be very different. They proved to be:

Total: 3,318,680

Non-white: 737,125 about 22%

¹ Population:	3,318,680 — ranks fifteenth.
Area:	40,815 square miles, of which 916 are water.
Capital:	Richmond.
Nickname:	The Old Dominion.
Flower:	Flowering Dogwood.
Motto:	Sic Semper Tyrannis (Thus also to tyrants).
Max. speed:	55 m.p.h. on open highways.

¹ See Appendix F.

and those for West Virginia, which I would have thought approximately the same:

Total: 1,937,000

Non-white: 115,270 about 5%

Intrigued because both percentages were much lower than I had expected, we had a look at the figures for the southern states:

		<i>Total</i>	<i>Non-white</i>	<i>%</i>
N. Carolina	...	4,061,929	1,078,808	25
S. Carolina	...	2,117,027	823,622	38
Louisiana	...	2,683,516	887,833	26
Mississippi	...	2,178,914	990,282	45
Georgia	...	2,771,305	1,064,001	30
Alabama	...	3,061,743	982,152	32

Thus a myth was exploded. I had been fed since childhood on the belief that in some parts of the United States the negro population heavily outnumbered the white, and had assumed this was true of some states. In none is the ratio of white to coloured less than 1.4 to 1; in most of the southern states it is nearer 3 to 1. In some western states, like Arizona where the non-whites are mostly Indian, it is nearer 10 to 1, and in Colorado it is nearer 50 to 1.

If I were a white man in the United States I wouldn't worry very much about the 'danger' of being outnumbered or outvoted by coloured people.

The recent history of Virginia is really a story of angry dissatisfaction with English rule and of bitter battles; and of even more bitter battles in the American Civil war. To Virginians—and for that matter to Americans generally—the Civil War battles are as familiar and as significant as the battles of Flanders are to the British of the 1914-1919 war generation. In England, these American battles are hardly known; Gettysburg is probably the one which most people will recognise. Thus two great nations with a common history for many centuries, stop learning about each other from the time of the Revolution. Oh, each nation's children are taught the historical facts, but only superficially.

We really came to the home of tobacco in Virginia, the state

running third in production to North Carolina and Kentucky, but I didn't expect to find it third to New York and Washington in the production of apples. (For that matter I had never imagined New York state as the chief apple growing state in the union).

A quarter of the people in Virginia work in the fields, and 63% of the total area is given over to agriculture, and yet 150 different minerals are found in the state!

After Virginia, North Carolina¹—first in tobacco growing, with cotton and corn running tobacco very close, my first impression was of a flat, uninteresting state, and I had to refer to the book to learn of 223 mountain peaks of over 5,000 feet. That was a useful lesson; it is easy to drive through a state in three or four directions and, the area being so vast, to be blissfully unaware of the great regions not even seen. So one can associate Carolina with cotton and tobacco, and not suspect that there is much corn, and that peanuts, Irish and sweet potatoes, small grains, soya beans and truck crops (our market garden produce) are grown extensively; or that swine, mules, poultry and dairy products are important; and that fruits include apples, peaches, grapes, pears, strawberries, dewberries and figs.

There are 18 million acres of forest in this state, which is first (in the U.S.) in the production of mica, silica, millstones, residual kaolin clays, and is the only (commercial) producer of pyrophyllite (a material similar to talc) and that it ranks second in the production of granite and asbestos. All of this and much more, lies behind the cold figures.

Some of the roads in both North and South Carolina have seen (and will see) better days. We came upon no dirt roads, but the edges of great stretches of main highway are breaking into countless ruts and potholes and, consequently, big con-

¹ Population :	4,061,929 — ranks tenth.
Area :	52,712 square miles, of which 3,868 are water, including the coast regions, ranks twenty-seventh.
Capital :	Raleigh.
Nickname :	Tar Heel State or Old North State.
Flower :	Dogwood.
Motto :	Ess Quam Videri (To be rather than to seem).
Max. speed :	55 m.p.h.

struction work is going on over long stretches. At one place we were slowed down by flagmen at new bridges under construction eleven times in an afternoon. At one of the hold-ups, Salvation Army lads and lasses were pouncing upon the waiting motorists with the collection box.

It was in North Carolina that our windscreen wipers broke down, a small garage gave us quick and friendly help, and we went off—forgetting to pay for some cokes. On the return trip we hunted for the garage and simply could not find it!

And in North Carolina, on the way back from Florida, we were travelling at about 70 on roads which were a little bumpy, and where it was often wise to slow down to 60. I saw two cars in the driving mirror—and almost at once one swept past us, at a speed of between eighty and ninety.

“Look at that *speed*,” cried the boys, their eyes glistening.

“I thought you were going fast enough,” said Jean.

Before she finished, the second car flashed by, kicking up stones and dirt. I slowed down. The second car was gaining on the first, for a mile or so they must have been travelling at nearly a hundred miles an hour. For a few seconds the second car drove alongside the first neck and neck; then it passed, and promptly swung across the nose of the first car. I braked in a hurry. When we drew near, a North Carolina State Trooper—without uniform but swinging his badge of office—stepped out to stop us.

“You want to slow down?” he asked me gruffly, “we’ve got a speed limit, and it’s marked up on the signs.”

“Sorry,” I said.

He nodded, and went back to the first driver, who was waiting for his ticket. We drove on more steadily. In fifty miles of driving, we saw another car perhaps once every five minutes or so on a road which was absolutely straight, with a wide verge on either side.

I wonder what speed that first motorist would have been doing had the official allowance been sixty-five.

Ninety? I suppose so.

“Well,” said Scoopy, as we drove on, “that man’s a fool, we were positively crawling.”

“You’re not going to keep down to fifty-five, Daddy, are you?” asked Richard anxiously.

"Let's say about sixty," I said.

The purist of course will claim that this makes nonsense of my comments about the Motorists' Grave. My own view is that it proves beyond doubt the nonsense of overall speed limits. A limit which may be excellent for a road off which there are many side turnings or houses or factories, is ludicrous on a straight road where there is no risk of anything approaching unseen or unsuspected. And it will not be observed. There should be only one overall law: that a motorist should not cause an accident. If he does cause one, then he should be punished with great severity. If he knows that he will be so punished, he will not have avoidable accidents. Then the police could be free from duties which get no one anywhere.

* * * *

In South Carolina, said the book:

"The first decisive victory of the Revolution was won at Fort Moultrie. Nearly 150 engagements were fought on South Carolina soil during the Revolution, more than two-thirds of them by South Carolinians alone. The battle of King's Mountain in 1780 is looked upon by many historians as the turning point in the civil war."

Here is a clear indication of the vital place of the Revolution in American history, and it cannot be said too often that to English children the American revolution is often presented as little more than an incident. Yet it *was* the birth of the United States of America. As clearly the same paragraph illustrates great pride in state and statehood. South Carolina, like all the states, is a nation within a nation. Figures of industries are on a national scale, even though the population is small by European standards—for there are 2,100 industries in South Carolina, and although agriculture is the greatest and 57% of the country land is cultivated, it produces only one fifth of the total income. There are 11,587,000 acres of wooded land!

Cotton, which gave the state its early prosperity, nearly ruined it with over-intensive cultivation, but it is still the state's chief money-maker, and tobacco comes second. Here we were in the world of the plantations, passing great signs which invite the

passer-by to go and visit a plantation, watching the workers in the fields with great piles of cotton waiting to be baled and taken to the nearest market. Here, towards evening, we stopped the car and Jean and the boys crept out, like fugitives, to take three or four cotton buds from the edge of a plantation, to return rejoicing and to display it later to friends and school friends and teachers with great pride.

"Cotton," say most of them, wonderingly, fingering it cautiously. "Is *that* what cotton looks like?"

There is one other fact about South Carolina which caught my eye. It ranks second in the packing and shipping of *oysters*, producing 20% of the country's total.

On the coast road through the Carolinas and in the 'hurricane' belt where warnings of hurricanes come uncomfortably often, there are vast coastal areas where the sea comes inland, making great lagoons and waterways. To overcome the economic disadvantages of sending road transport hundreds of miles round in order to travel due south or north, a system of roads and bridges has been developed which turns the whole of the coastline into a modern miracle. The great bridge approaching Savannah from the north is a breathtaking example. It seems to stretch for miles, much of the way over water or marshy land, and it climbs to so great a height that the approach is almost alarming. From the middle of the bridge there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country, but it would be wrong to suggest that one bridge is better than another. As an engineering feat, these bridges make the great bridges of the north west and of the west look silly; there one bridge crosses a river or a bay, while here is a whole highway of connecting bridges for hundreds of miles.

There is much beauty, too.

"World famous gardens and expansive plantations link modern South Carolina¹ with the historical days of the buccaneers and baronies. Azaleas, camellias and other flowers bloom

¹ Population :	2,117,027—ranks twenty-seventh.
Area :	30,989 square miles, of which 494 are water, ranks thirty-ninth.
Capital :	Columbia.
Nickname :	The Palmetto State.
Flower :	Yellow Jasmine.
Motto :	Dum Spiro Spero (While I breathe I hope).
Max. speed :	55 m.p.h.

today where rice and indigo grew during the seventeenth century.

Here in the south one seems closer to the old, European world, in spite of the large negro population. It is easy to drive along the highway, wondering what the first settlers would have thought of the state today; and to remember that "the first attempt at colonisation (in the state) was made in 1526 by Vasquez de Ayllon, who came from Santo Domingo with about 500 settlers. Disease and Indian attacks and finally the death of de Ayllon forced the abandonment of the settlement. French Huguenots made a second unsuccessful attempt in 1562 . . ."

Was it some quality in the English which enabled them to stay, once they arrived? Or had progress given them vital advantages over the Spanish and the French?

* * * *

Now we were on the edges of the deep, deep south.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

DEEP, DEEP SOUTH

I'VE ALWAYS supposed that Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana make up the Deep South. We spent comparatively little time travelling in Alabama and Mississippi, but drove extensively through Georgia—where Scoopy had two days off colour, with a slight temperature (fever), where it was very hot but where air conditioning always came to our rescue. Except for heat fatigue, Scoopy's was the only ailment any of us had on the whole trip.

Of Georgia :¹

"The earliest known inhabitants were the Mound Builders," said the book, "a prehistoric race who left traces of their civilization over much of the eastern states . . . in 1540 when de Soto and his followers passed through in search of gold, Georgia was part of the vast domain of the Creek and Cherokee Indians . . ."

I had never heard the name de Soto except as the make of an American car.

History, even modern history, is older here; the last Indian troubles when the Cherokees 'ceded their lands and moved west' were in 1838—the lands of the west and north-west were hardly even names at that time. But a little over forty years later during the civil war, four-fifths of the wealth of Georgia was lost as city after city was laid waste.

It is a common belief in England, perhaps in much of Europe,

¹ Population :	3,444,578 — ranks thirteenth.
Area :	59,265 square miles, of which 540 are water, ranks twentieth.
Capital :	Atlanta.
Nickname :	The Empire State of the South.
Flower :	Cherokee Rose.
Motto :	Wisdom, Justice and Moderation.
Max. speed :	60 m.p.h. ; 50 after dark.

that the United States does not know what war is like in its own homeland. In this century that it true; but the bitterness and savagery of the battles of the revolution and the civil war, and the cruelty of the Indian wars, are still vivid in the minds of many of the people and are impressed deeply on the minds of the children.

Americans have good cause, out of their own history, to know the effect of war and to hate it.

Georgia lived up to one reputation it had for me—it grows a lot of cotton, being third in the United States, and is first in pecan nuts—a nut not unlike a walnut but which is blessedly easy to crack. It is second in sugar cane and ‘first in commercial broilers’. To an Englishman that means nothing; in America it means in the breeding of chickens for broiling (grilling), and I should say that a hundred chickens are eaten in the U.S. to every one in England. Fried chicken, chicken in the basket, and broiled chicken, are available in most cafés and restaurants most of the time. Fried chicken in the U.S. is much, much more common than fried fish and chips in England.

We saw a dozen or so of Georgia’s 300 cotton mills, for the state produces 75% of the nation’s tyre cord, some steel mills which seemed to have lost their way, and a few limestone quarries. The Georgia we saw was mostly countryside and cotton, life at a gentle tempo, or great forests—for over 25 million acres and over 166,000 people are employed in the forestry and forest industries. And:

“One of the world’s largest deposits of marble is in Georgia—and there are four million acres of turpentine trees.”

I could not tell a turpentine tree from any other, and most of those in Georgia I’d call quite simply pine—but one thing we did see—or notice—here for the first time: tree moss. It is a grey fernlike plant which trails down from the trees in long festoons, making the trees dark and shadowy, and looking as if it will kill them. Except at the tips where it is a pale green, the moss looks grey-green and dead. It sways gently in the wind created by the cars on the road, and one drives beneath it for mile upon mile.

There is the city of Savannah, with its many parks rather like London’s squares, and the great bridge and the road which leads to Florida.

On the highway in all of these states the roadside signs break the monotony of great distances for the motorist. *Stuckey's Pecans and Fine Pecan Candies*, blares a sign almost bleached by the hot sun, *58 miles ahead* and every now and again one sees a wayside 'shoppe' with petrol pumps outside, candies, ice cream, soft drinks and countless souvenirs inside. We sometimes read of 'shoppes' and of motor courts on signs nearly 200 miles away. And on the roadside are huge, crude signs, such as: COME AND SEE THE GILA MONSTER . . . RATTLESNAKES ALL ALIVO . . . COME AND FEED THE ALLIGATORS . . . and although hundreds of similar signs line the highway, we seldom found them irritating; in fact we owed them many a chuckle.

The boys saw one tiny 'zoo' with a few pathetic animals, and were not interested in any others. In fact they had one priority interest all the way.

Would there be a swimming pool where we stayed that night?

Then we went into Alabama, coal black mammies, smiling faces, heat and more heat, in a country which we found had been first explored in 1528. The 'new' world. It is no longer *the* 'cotton state', for it ranks fourth in the Union, but its climate ranges from temperate to sub-tropical and there are 300 different types of soil. The variety and the contrast in all of the states is phenomenal, yet when driving through one for a whole day the countryside often seems unendingly the same.

Here we felt that we were really in the heart of the south. Seeking a quiet spot for a picnic lunch one day on a road noisy with fast moving traffic, we turned off into a narrow by-road. Almost at once we were in the depth of the country. It was very quiet. Spindly trees grew all around us. Broken down fences and gates appeared at intervals, often with a drive leading to old wooden houses with wide verandas where rocking chairs stood empty, and birds called. We passed dozens of such houses, which looked as if a puff of wind would push them down, then came upon a spot which seemed secluded.

We pulled up, and took out our sandwiches and fruit.

Soon, three white boys appeared on heavy American bicycles, and cycled up and down the drive of what looked like a deserted house. They didn't stand and stare, nor did they speak, they just kept their distance and watched us. Soon a coal black woman with three children came in sight, each child with scrubbed and

shiny face, a huge ribbon tied in a bow at the back, each in a brightly coloured dress—one red, one yellow, and one blue. They looked startled at the sight of us, and stared until their mammy rebuked them in a soft voice, and smiled at us in shy apology. Our boys stood ready to gape. The four walked sedately by, and each of the children looked round, in turn, while the three white boys cycled round and round. It was very hot, and a hush lay upon the earth.

Then we saw other faces—black and white, near and far. No one took any overt notice of us, but more and more eyes watched.

The deep south took on a new meaning.

We did not drive through much of Alabama, and we had driven across the southern tip of Mississippi on the first part of the trip. We knew that the state was rich in cotton, but saw mostly the fine white sand and a road running alongside the Gulf of Mexico with that warm, crystal clear water, great colonies of motels and hotels with sand in front and sand behind, blowing in a soft wind.

Here, we were told, was the longest man-made beach in the world, and we could well believe it.

As we drove along one Sunday, dark clouds gathered and a storm howled about us, the rain lashing down; and as it fell, so the crowds on the beaches ran to their cars or motels, and the world was empty but for unmoving cars and howling wind and rain. This fury was over as suddenly as it began, and we drove axle deep through water for ten or fifteen miles. And with the dying of the storm, car doors opened and motels yielded up their hosts, and people swarmed the beaches again; soon the sun was warm and friendly, and a steamy mist rose from the warm, wet sand.

Here, it is barren, useless soil. But not far away in the delta of the Mississippi River there is soil as rich as any on earth, as fertile as any near the Nile. And north of the state are the hills, steep and yet also fertile, where farmers live in houses perched precariously on the sides of the hills, and where the land is cultivated in terraces, much as it is in Spain and in parts of Southern France.

We saw sugar cane growing; and strawberries . . .

Strawberries seemed to grow everywhere. We had our first early in May, when we headed south from New York, and we

were able to buy a small basket most days, to finish off our lunch—we were still buying 'berries' when the boys were with us in August, and although the price went up, they were available when we left New York in October.

There are *no* metal ores in Mississippi¹—the first state of which we had read this. But in the middle twenties natural gas was found and many more fields have been discovered since; soon afterwards came the oil. Even in these 'old' states, known for centuries and inhabited since the early seventeen hundreds, untold and unsuspected wealth lies beneath the soil, waiting to be found.

We drove out of Mississippi on the coast road to Louisiana—a state which is so flat that in the south little land rises more than ten feet above sea level. Much of the soil is rich and fertile, and it is easy to realise how truly sub-tropical the climate it. It is easy to realise, too, the startling progress man has made in conquering some of the worst pests, for while we were in Louisiana there was a plague of mosquitoes, blown from the swamps in which they breed. Not only in New Orleans but all along the highway there was a hurry and a flurry to get in and out of shops and courts, and close doors quickly, Cars were soon filled with the humming of the insects, which would swoop, bite, and fly away in one swift movement. If you killed one, two seemed to swoop to avenge it. It isn't often that the winds come from the swamps at this time of the year, I was told, and the old story was repeated:

"It's the hottest summer I can remember," or:

"We've had more mosquitoes this summer than I've ever seen before."

Unlike neighbouring Mississippi, Louisiana has a lot of mineral wealth, mostly petroleum, natural gas, sulphur and salt . . .

It also has New Orleans.

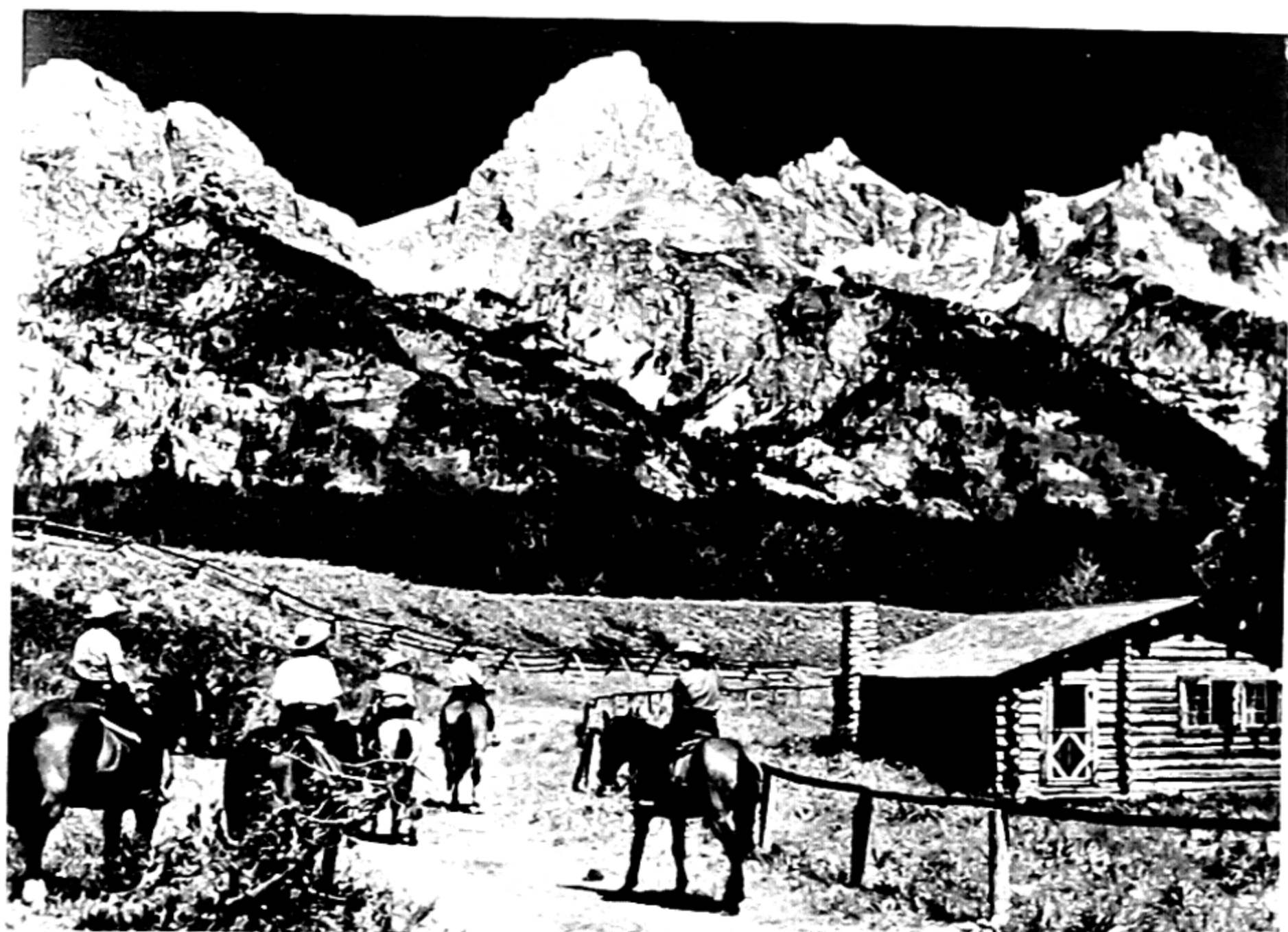
¹ Population:	2,178,914 — ranks twenty-sixth.
Area:	46,865 square miles, of which 503 are water.
Capital:	Jackson.
Nickname:	Magnolia State.
Flower:	Magnolia.
Motto:	Virtue et Aramis (by Valor and arms).
Max. speed:	60 m.p.h.



Ranch Road



Motor Road



The Grand Tetons



Bears in Yellowstone National Park

Too much is known about New Orleans for me to add much here, but there was one moment I regretted—and shall do all my life. Years ago, I helped Jimmy Wilde to write his autobiography, and among his greatest opponents was Pete Herman. Pete, blinded in the ring, owns a nightclub in the French quarter of New Orleans, and when walking past one I saw him, standing and talking—and not until too late did I realise who he was.

There was a remarkable nightclub act in New Orleans. The civilized world is aware of the belly-dance of North Africa, but we saw the breast-dance of a nightclub queen in a performance which brought the house down.

We had a meal in Antoine's, of course, stepping out of America into France to do so. And we saw in New Orleans the evidence of the tremendous, growing industrial power of the south.

The story of the south, in spite of the infinite variations in the land, the soil, the produce, the industries, the wealth under the earth, is touched with similarity. This is a unit quite as much as the west and the north-west regions, bound together by much common history which goes back to the days of the early Spaniards and the French, and to the time when the English tongue was never heard.

This is true even as far north as Tennessee, where the soil is rich and climate more variable, quite hot enough and yet lacking the enervating quality of the south. Corn and cotton, hay and wheat and tobacco tell the story of different soils and different altitudes. Here are mountains as well as plains, rangeland as well as plantations; here is coal again—and here is a state with a few big cities and great stretches of sparsely populated land.

The apparent truth is that even today the United States is seriously underpopulated.

North of Tennessee is Kentucky, with a known history which did not begin until 1750, with regions which vary as greatly as any in the states, including the famous Bluegrass with its great horse ranges; the Kentucky Derby is probably the only horse race in America that is widely known in Great Britain. Places in the mountains here "are still wild and practically untouched by civilization". Yet there are a million cattle and a million hogs, over 200,000 horses, and coal fields which bring fortunes, as well as more oil and natural gas.

Driving through Kentucky¹ and Tennessee we saw much less than we would have liked, but by reading 'the book' and studying the maps and talking with natives whenever we could, we learned that what is true in most of the states is true of these.

There is a little of nearly everything and as much—or more—of a future as there has been of a past.

¹ Population :	2,944,806 — ranks nineteenth.
Area :	40,395 square miles, of which 286 are water, ranks thirty-sixth.
Capital :	Frankfort.
Nickname :	The Bluegrass State.
Flower :	Golden rod.
Motto :	United we stand, Divided we fall.
Max. speed :	60 m.p.h. by day and 50 m.p.h. by night.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

FABULOUS FLORIDA

IN NEW YORK or Chicago in the height of winter you may see a white man's or a woman's skin tanned so dark that it is almost black, and will hear it said quite casually :

“They've been down to Florida.”¹

You may go to Florida on Saturday, and see pale-faced people become deeply sunburned in five or six days—a tanning or anti-sunburn lotion being as essential to this process as the sun; without it sunburn is an agonizing process. Ask Jean.

There is always sun in Florida, in season and out of season—so much that water tanks are put in the roofs of beautiful white houses, and covered with glass; the sun makes the water hot enough for all household purposes on 340 days of the year.

There are 46,000 people in Miami Beach, and the residents look after 1,500,000 tourists in 368 hotels and motels . . .

It is a fabulous hotel and luxury shopping area, laid out with fine wide streets and fine white houses and great lagoons, magnificent hotels with long stretches of private beaches; it is friendly, it likes its visitors, and it can be as wildly expensive as it can be absurdly cheap. One day I had a hair-cut for \$1.75, the car thoroughly greased and services for \$1.50, and the cheapest breakfast that we had anywhere—egg, bacon, toast and coffee,

¹ Population :	2,771,305 — ranks twentieth.
Area :	58,666 square miles, of which 3,865 are water, ranks twenty- first.
Capital :	Tallahassee.
Nicknames :	Land of Flowers, Sunshine State.
Flower :	Orange Blossom.
Motto :	In God we trust.
Max. speed :	60 m.p.h. by day ; 50 by night.

for 35 cents, or 2s. 6d.—which makes English breakfast prices look silly.

* * * *

It all began in 1912.

There was nothing but a tiny village, surrounded by swamp, in 1911.

* * * *

There was no railway station then and there is none now; the nearest is at Miami (population nearer 300,000) a few miles away on the mainland, reached by one of three huge causeways running over the calm blue water of lagoons or creeks. In this water there are many islands, some large and some tiny, joined to the mainland or to other islands by small bridges or causeways, with swaying palms and bright green grass and luxurious houses. Some of these islands are guarded, day and night, so that only residents and officially invited guests may set foot on the soil—which has been dredged from the bottom of the lagoons.

That is the most fabulous thing about Miami; the islands are all man-made, the land has been reclaimed not to grow crops but to build magnificent homes and great hotels.

There are, I was reliably told, 278 millionaires with homes in Miami.

The town's short history makes fabulous reading.

A great number of people told me, almost casually, that they didn't like Miami, it was just a playground. And so it is. I would not like to spend the rest of my days there, but as a playground I have met nothing like it—luxury is taken for granted, everything man needs is at hand, and I will take a holiday in Miami any time one is offered.

Nothing was there yesterday, remember.

Driving along the street almost parallel with the warm Atlantic in the sub-tropical heat, always tempered by a breeze, we would see a great hotel, many stories high, with white walls and palm trees swaying near it, somewhere a private beach, a swimming pool, a luxurious dining-room, excellent food, bars, a hotel night-

club, a coffee shop for a light meal, shops where one can buy almost anything—all this and much more.

“When was this built?” I asked a guide, about one hotel.

“Year before last,” he said.

“How long did it take?”

“Five months,” he answered. “It never takes very long.”

It never takes ‘long’ to build a mammoth hotel—always with several hundred bedrooms. The site is chosen, the construction men move in, there is a few months of furious working, much dirt and dust—and suddenly a new magnificence.

No matter how many people sneer at Miami Beach, I see it as one of the modern wonders of the world, and a tribute above all tributes to the astonishing ability of the American people to create something out of nothing.

In less than twelve months, the Fontainebleu Hotel was built, an hotel to outdo them all. It is magnificent both outside and inside, with its own small harbour, extensive grounds, night-clubs, restaurants, and vast lounges. When we were there, out of season, we could have had a room for a mere \$24.00 a day. In the season, December to April, the lowest price is nearer \$50.00 a day, without food.

It is hard to believe that not so long ago there was *nothing* where these palaces stand. But to help convince all doubters a little of the country has been set aside as the Everglades National Park. An hour or so’s drive from Miami, past a huge field of rotting tomatoes, we came to this. The roads were dusty and narrow. Tall hedges were on either side. Great mangrove swamps looked hot and still and uninviting. Alligators croaked like bullfrogs in marshland. Huge insects hummed. Flies—*flies*—with bodies fully an inch long, black and huge and humming more loudly than bluebottles, massed an attack when we stopped to lunch, and drove us away. There was nothing but mangrove swamps, still water, trees which seemed to be walking in the water, for dozens of miles; and it was dreadfully hot.

Miami Beach had been made out of country like that, in less than fifty years.

But Miami Beach isn’t Florida, and much of Florida is as fabulous as Miami Beach. It has the newest house in the United States, and the oldest. At St. Augustine, not far south from the border with Georgia, there is not only the oldest house, built by

the Franciscans before 1599, but the oldest schoolhouse on the north American continent. The house flies the five flags under which the state town has served—Spanish, French, British, Confederate and the United States. The town was twice sacked by British pirates, including Drake, its narrow streets have the quaintness reminiscent of Spain, the negroes who drive one round in little horsedrawn carriages look as if they have been there since the town began; and most of them wear top hats.

Our driver was a very old man, with a gentle whip and a very old horse which clip-clopped along, knowing exactly where to go. The old man told us about the oldest house and mumbled; 'isAmerica, and we thought he meant 'this wonderful America.' The oldest school, 'isAmerica, the newest church which cost a million dollars 'isAmerica, one of Ripley's *Believe It or Not Museums* 'isAmerica, cobbled streets and a Spanish square, 'isAmerica, and the shrimp port, 'isAmerica. When we finished the drive he smoothed the old horse's muzzle, and said: "Good ole Mis' America."

There are the Keys—with Key West the southernmost city in the United States, a long tongue of land with the ocean on either side, dotted with tiny, dusty fishing villages, with tired-looking men and women and lively-looking teenagers in the drug stores and the cars, a road which leads for mile after mile until it comes to islands across which bridges have been built, so that one drives over the sea. Few nations would have thought of making the bridges which join up the countless tropical islands. On a hot, dusty day it isn't so picturesque as it may sound; but it is fabulous.

There is one stretch of road which goes absolutely straight for over twenty miles.

Further north, there is Daytona Beach.

I did not believe Daytona Beach when I saw it. For hundreds of miles the road signs had told of 2,000 hotels and motels by the sea—and there they were, gay and bright, overlooking 17 miles of hard white sand, with motor traffic going up and down by day and night. The sight of many car headlights at night, from a motel window overlooking the sea, is strangely impressive. It was here that Sir Malcolm Campbell set his early speed records, and some night drivers seemed intent on breaking them.

The sea was so enticing that Richard dashed in, forgetting

that he was wearing a much-prized watch, and within an hour it was useless.

The sea was so enticing that when the boys had gone to bed Jean and I walked across the land, took off our shoes and paddled, unseen, watching the cars moving along the beach, their headlights reflecting on the water, their engines causing a peculiar vibration.

Inland?

Both on the eastern coastal fringe and far inland great groves of citrous fruits are everywhere, each grove carrying huge advertisements and offering its fruits for tourists for next to nothing. "*We'll ship anywhere in the world,*" they say, and if the fruit isn't in season they'll take your money and send the fruit on when it's ripe.

It is easy to think of Florida and Miami almost as one, but it takes nearly a day to drive from the east to the west coast, and we chose one of the hottest days to drive over the flat land—the highest point in Florida is only 345 feet above sea level. We reached Sarasota, which is on the Gulf of Mexico, late in the afternoon. I was looking for the home of John D. McDonald, whom I have known for as long as I've known America—when we first met in 1948 he asked for confirmation that I wrote as fast as rumour said.

"Because I write fast, too, and everybody tells me it's wrong," complained John D.

"Everybody" was wrong; and some of his finest work has been written at speed.

It was nearly 100 degrees and very sticky. We pulled up at a motor court and found an air-conditioned room, and I went off to hunt for John D. Not far away was a huge caravan (trailer) workshop with the name John D. McDonald emblazoned on it, and I pictured him as a business man as well.

"We know the John D. you mean," said the friendly Mrs. McDonald who helped to sell trailers. "Why don't you call him?"

So I telephoned him from her office, then tried to pay for the call.

"I wouldn't think of it," said Mrs. McDonald. "It's a pleasure."

John was waiting for me at a spot we'd passed an hour or

so earlier, if I'd had the sense to telephone then instead of following my nose, we would have been much better off.

"But we've a chalet prepared for you," protested John, and Dorothy, his wife, added: "Jean just can't stay at the motor court."

Jean didn't.

Sarasota is not so developed as Miami Beach. Most of the people we met there were convinced that it was far better than Miami, a resort for the few and not the masses. It is on the Gulf, and has a charm which captivates immediately. The McDonalds looked after us as if we were precious and hoped that it would be cool enough in the guest chalet that night.

"We call it the Passion Pit," John D. said. "Sleep well."

Next morning, Jean hesitated before signing the visitor's book, and then wrote firmly:

"Too hot for passion."

In New York, when I had first met him, John D. had an electric typewriter. He now spends his summers in New York State, because it is cooler, and keeps the electric machine up there. The ordinary typewriter was rusting in several places, and he pointed this out, saying:

"That's one of our troubles down here, it's so very humid."

There is another trouble—fear, or at least anxiety, about hurricanes. In recent years most of the big storms have struck the coast further north but not long ago the eastern coastline and the whole of Florida was in the most vulnerable danger area, and a hurricane is rather like a swarm of locusts: it devours and destroys everything it touches. The path of storms which develop in the Gulf or in the Atlantic is followed anxiously by everyone. A hurricane heading for Miami, I was told, could empty the hotels and keep them empty although more and more people go each year, hurricanes or not. But the hurricane season, roughly late August to early October, isn't too long lived.

The hurricanes are killers when they come.

Yet they haven't impeded Florida's development even slightly. Its growth has been phenomenal. The population, for instance. In 1900 it was 528,000 and in 1950 2,771,000. As early as 1930 it had reached 1,468,000—so in twenty years the state population has practically doubled. No official figures for the last few years are available, but the fantastic rate of growth is continuing,

one can see it growing. Most of the people we met were from other parts, largely from the north, north-east and north-west, anxious for the sun and hopeful of quick fortunes.

At one time, it was not considered good cattle country. Now vast herds of cattle are dotted about and it is one of the great cattle states.

And over 200 varieties of crops grow there, a greater variety than in any other state, and there are 600 varieties of fish.

It might be called the fishing state, too; wherever there is a tiny stream or pool, there is also a coloured man and his wife and possibly his children, with rod and line and infinite patience.

It is thought of chiefly as a sunshine state, a vacation state, where no one works except to give other people pleasure; yet apart from leading the union in the production of citrus fruit, and in spite of huge areas given to the growing of pineapples, mangoes, avocados, papayas, guavas, bananas and strawberries, it grows more tomatoes in winter than anywhere else in the union. It is a vital agricultural area, yet its forests are still the greatest single asset, with over 21 million acres; and revenue from forest products alone is more than 310 million dollars a year.

Inland are springs and rivers which have been developed quite remarkably. At Silver Springs, for instance, a river of crystal clear water has been turned into one of the most unusual beauty spots, where glass-bottomed boats take you for several miles and you see the bright blue catfish below you in great shoals, and you see the weeds, and the beauty of rocks and river beds. Not so long ago, barges poled by negro slaves were used instead of electrically propelled boats piloted by negro officials. There, with a year round temperature of 72 degrees, there are underwater acts by diving and swimming belles.

Not far away, at Cypress Gardens, beauty has been made out of cypress swamp, and water-skiing by a troupe of experts thrills and startles.

Of course there was a lot of Florida we didn't really see. St. Petersburg and the Gulf ports, for instance. But we drove over the new Sunshine Highway, an enormous bridge over great inland lagoons, and we stayed for a night at Tampa—where the motel attendant was so pleased at having foreign guests he made Jean a present of a box of cosmetic *aides*.

Everyone in Florida made us welcome.

In spite of the heat, it seems to be challenging California as the fastest growing state in the union. If I had money to invest in the Americas (and legal authority to invest it) I think mine would go into Florida.

One of my great problems during this part of the trip particularly, but also during it all, was simply this: could the expense be justified? I knew that it would probably be several years before I could be sure, but one thing was soon evident: that the American market for crime books is much, much more profitable than the British.

Here is what I learned about it.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE AMERICAN MARKET FOR "CRIME"

IN EVERY part of the country, I would stand at the 25c. book stalls and study the crime stories, and if I found one book by an English author out of twenty-five, it was the exception rather than the rule. In bookshops and libraries, the ratio was the same.

Comparative figures in this country would probably show about eight to one in the favour of the British writer in paper backs, and four to one in cloth bound. So, it is inescapably true that we read far more American thrillers than Americans read of ours.

Why? Are American thrillers better?

There are some unpalatable facts. If one excepts a few top ranking writers, there is a better sale for American crime books in translation. I had a sharp lesson about this when I sold a pen-name story to France to a publisher whose list was almost exclusively American. That book's sales (and consequently the royalties) were twice as great as books published by other publishers.

So I studied the names on the bookstalls from Scandinavia to Italy and Spain, and one common factor soon became apparent. Those books which did reasonably well in America and were also published in England were the most likely to be seen in translations.

It took nine years of sometimes intensive market research to bring me to the conclusion that even allowing for the great number of English readers who prefer the purely English type of story, and also allowing for the world-wide popularity of some English writers, in general the good American writer of mysteries has a greater public appeal than the good English writer.

I had begun to suspect the reason as early as 1948; simply, that the rewards (or at least the incentives) were very much higher in the United States. The publisher being anxious to reach all corners of his vast market, he took much more trouble than most English publishers to find out what the public liked. He used many methods, including public opinion polls on a big scale, and he had a monumental task, for he had to find what books were likely to please, say, the smart or sophisticated New Yorker and big city reader; the great non-white population of the deep south; the coloured sections of great cities; the cowboy of the west and north-west; the farmers of the wheat belt—in fact a great diversity of people of many races on the vast continent.

When deciding whether to accept a crime book, the American cloth bound publisher had to consider not only his own particular market but, because hard cover mysteries have a very limited sale, the chances of selling to a book club, and/or a 25c. publisher—who planned the mass sales. The 25c. paper backs sell by hundreds of thousands, not tens of thousands as in England, and guarantees in advance of royalty (shared by hard-cover publisher and author) are often as high as \$3,000, and sometimes greater.

No wonder the publisher went to infinite pains with the author, and often with the author's agent, to get the story right; and no wonder the American writer was prepared to take much more trouble.

The English writer had (and has) no such incentive on his own home market.

Here are some comparative figures of first novels by little known authors for which I can vouch:

Book 1	British sales	U.S. sales
Cloth bound editions	£150	£450
Paper back edition	—	500
Book Club edition	—	700
One shot rights	—	1750
(magazine abridgement)	—	—
	£150	£3400

Book 2	British sales	U.S. sales
Cloth bound edition	£175	£700
Paper back edition	125	300
Book Club edition	—	700
One shot rights (magazine abridgement)	—	150
	£300	£1850

Of course, exceptional books achieve exceptional figures in England, too, but this is becoming less and less true of mystery stories; and the figures I have quoted are for books which have not done excessively well in the United States.

For another form of comparison, take books written by an established author whose sales I can vouch for:

	British sales	U.S. sales
Cloth bound edition	£400	£500
Book Club edition	225	500
Paper back edition	150	700
One shot rights	—	350
	£725	£2050

Add to these figures the potential income from translation rights—say £250 if from a book which appeals to English readers only and nearer £500 if the book appeals to both the British and American—and we get a fair picture.

Serial rights show an even greater disparity. The 'top' in America, the *Saturday Evening Post*, pays as high as \$20,000.00. or, say, £7,000 for a mystery serial, but I've seldom heard of more than £1,000 being paid for serial rights of an English mystery. Several American markets pay £5,000 and more for serials (or one shots), and average serial fees in America are probably near £700 (\$2,000) and in England no higher than £300. There are not many serial markets in either country, but the ratio is three to one in America's favour. Of course there

are also much lower paying markets in the U.S., like the pulp magazines, which hardly exist at all in England.

Let's look at subsidiary rights—chiefly, the adaptation of a book for films, television and radio.

£1,000 is about the average payment by a good English producer for the film rights, and some pay as low as £250—to include world television rights! For an identical story, £4,000 or approximately £1,300 may well be offered for one performance on United States television only—repeat performances extra, and film rights still the author's.

(£6,000 was recently accepted for the world film rights of a book from a British company. A few days after signing the contract the author was offered £18,000 by a Hollywood company for exactly the same rights.)

In Britain £250 for the television rights of a story, plus another £250 if the author will work on the script, is quite common. For an identical story America may well offer \$2,000 for the rights, plus \$3,000 for adapting, plus a substantial sum for every repeat performance—or £500 against £2,000 plus. Of course, we have 50 million people against America's 150 million; and the rate of exchange has to be taken into account. No comparison of figures is a true indication of what rates of pay are economic to publishers and producers, although in general British payments could be considerably higher than they are.

The vital point is that the American market is potentially so much more rewarding that more English writers might be wise to try to supply it, and in so doing would almost certainly improve their work. And there's no prejudice against English writers in America; simply prejudice against work that appeals only to the British reader. But getting it right means very close study and, above all, willingness to revise. There, probably, is the greatest weakness of many British writers; not many of my writer acquaintances revise extensively, some even get hot under the collar when it's suggested that their work needs it!

Of course, it isn't a scrap of good offering British stories to the American market unless expert opinion advises it. I know: in 1951 I had 68 rejections of books already published in England, while studying conditions over there for three months!

Finding the best possible market is of course much more im-

portant than ever today, because of the persistent refusal by governments to tax authors¹ fairly.

Like all authors I regard our taxation plight with great bitterness. It is nonsense to say that here is no case for assessing the author on a different basis from the lawyer, the doctor² or the baker. The author's is the only one-man business which the owner cannot sell, if it flourishes, for capital appreciation, the only one which cannot be built up by putting profits back into the business. I can be a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker, in fact run any kind of business and, if successful, can sell it in England without paying a penny in tax, or in America and pay only 25 per cent capital gains tax. Writing is just as much a business as these, but takes a different form. My capital is in my head; so is my goodwill, and—unlike other forms of business—they cannot be sold without me. Yet on every penny he earns the author pays the full rate of taxation. Even if he sells copyright in his books, he is taxed as if it were income—just as if he was buying and selling goods, not creating them.

It is wickedly unjust.

Nine authors out of ten are desperately hard-up, whereas if they were assessed for taxation as justly as other self-employed persons, they would at least be able to manage. One result, of course, is that fewer authors spend all their time on writing—and so the average level of work drops.

There is one perfectly just way of assessing an author's liability for income tax: allow a proportion of his income as capital appreciation *not* liable to tax. It is very simple, and the cost to the nation would be trifling.

One other aspect of the writer's (mis)fortunes might be touched on here. The Bank of England is usually most considerate to those who need to travel to seek overseas markets and therefore need foreign currency; but if an author sells a story to a non-sterling country, he may not legally (except in special circumstances) spend that money in the country of origin; it must be transferred to Great Britain. Sometimes this means waiting for six months to six years, and it may mean losing the money altogether. (I once lost nearly £300 this way.) In other instances,

¹ And artists, composers, sculptors and all creative workers.

² The doctor can no longer sell his practice in England, but he has a form of income guarantee under "nationalisation" which protects his earnings, and the author has none.

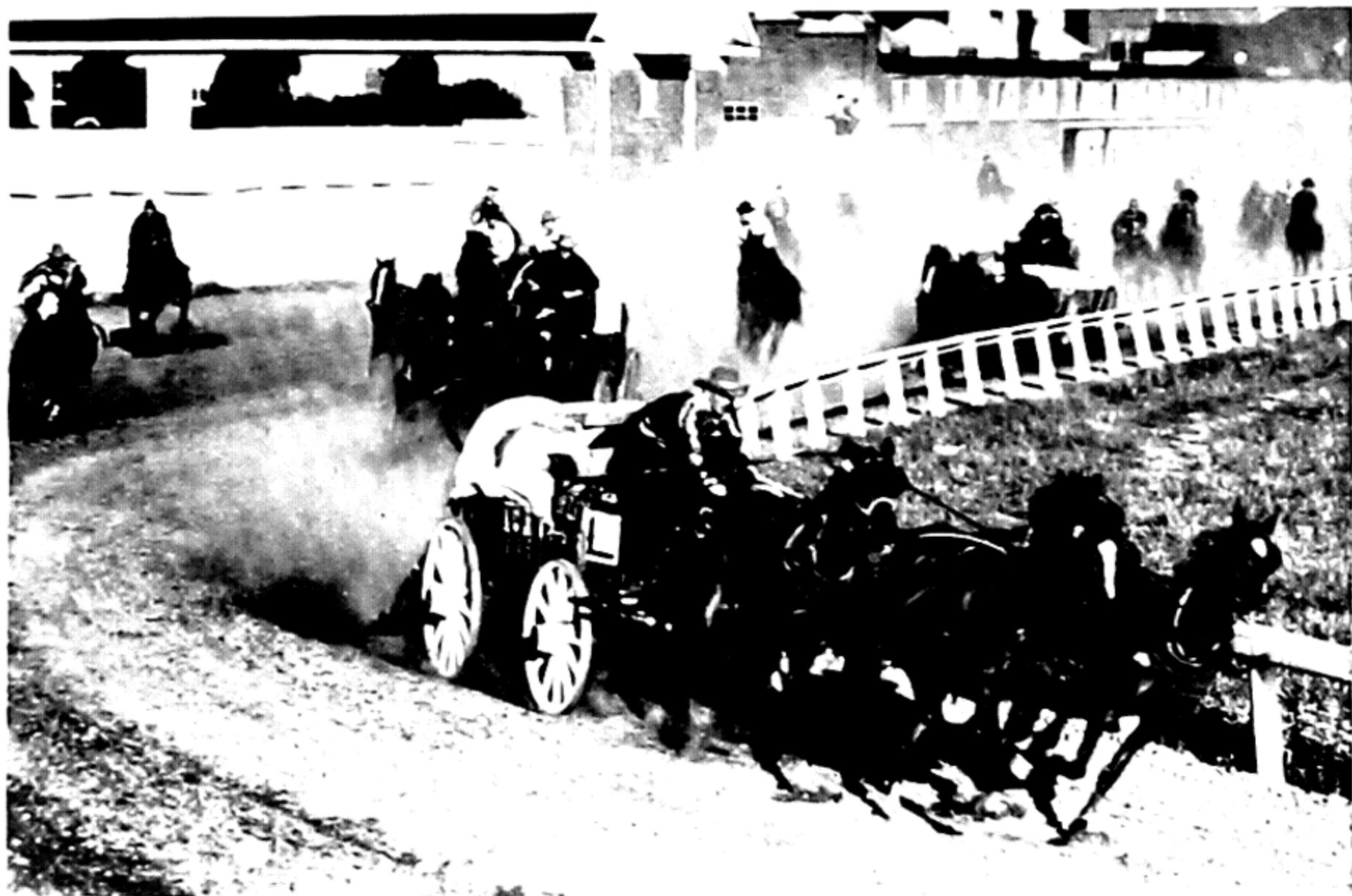
perhaps the most iniquitous of all—the foreign publisher cannot pay as much to the author in sterling as he can in local currency, because of his Government's restrictions on foreign exchange.

So as a group :

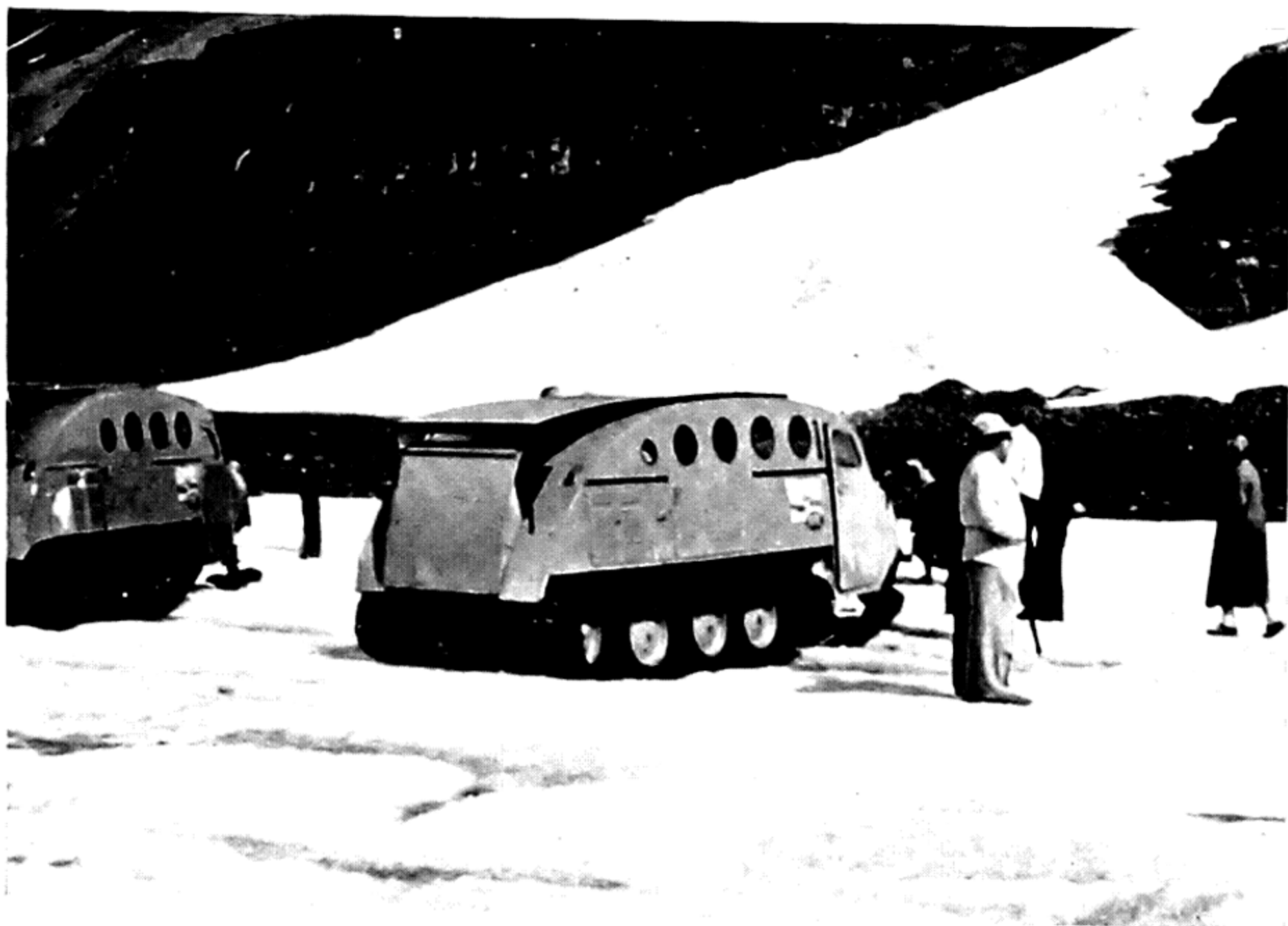
1. We are heavily taxed.
2. We are defrauded of our legal right to sell the goodwill of our business.
3. We are often compelled to wait for our money for very long periods.
4. We may be beaten down in fees because we have to take payment in sterling even though we might much prefer to be paid in the local currency.
5. We might not get paid at all because of the regulations.

There could never be justice but there might be some reason in all this if we were exporting consumer goods which, in the beginning, were made from raw materials imported from non-sterling areas, which have cost many man-hours to manufacture, and which are subject to the usual manufacturing overheads. But an author may send three copies of a book which cost him 7s. 6d. each to the United States, and incur some postage charges. Say, the cost of the material, handling and postage is at the very most, £5. He may earn a gross of £5,000 in dollars from this—and be treated far less favourably than the manufacturer who has made £5,000 profit out of a £100,000 deal which cost enormous outlay in raw material, manpower, shipment overseas and insurance. On his profit, the manufacturer gets allowances, ploughs some back, and generally strengthens his business. The author gets about 10 per cent of the profit he makes.

True, I'm biased; but is it surprising that I regard the Exchange's attitude towards authors as Malice in Blunderland?



Calgary Stampede—chuck wagon race



Snowmobiles on Columbia Icefield



Niagara Falls

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE HERITAGE

OUR LAST day at Miami Beach was strange and almost sad, for it seemed like the end of the trip—for the boys, like waking from a dream. On the journey north, we were much quieter in the car and sometimes nearly dull, only cokes and swimming pools rousing much eagerness even in the boys.

None of us really wanted to go home.

In fact it wasn't the end of the interest or excitement, for there were the great bridges along the coast, the tail of a hurricane where great timbers had been shifted, trees uprooted, piers smashed and houses demolished.

And there was Washington, D.C.

The world knows Washington for a beautiful city; and can any be more lovely, in spite of its sprawling 'coloured quarters'?—surely among the worst there are in the United States. A visit to Lincoln's Memorial overlooking the Mirror Pool, the Washington Monument and in the distance a sight of the dome of the Capitol, will make me humble at any time.

This time, I was near the end of eighteen thousand miles of driving, and avoided the wheel if I could. We were in no mood for a trip in a sightseeing bus, either. Yet the boys had to see Washington. Obviously this was an occasion for extravagance. We ordered a private car with a chauffeur guide.

The car was the latest model Cadillac, and to the boys a dream. One sat in front and one behind, and the chauffeur, who had a university degree and a deep knowledge of his city, showed us round for two full, quiet hours, while the boys sat and looked wherever they were bidden, and felt like kings.

That was fitting, for there is regality about Washington.

There were still things on the road to see and to try to remember.

New Jersey,¹ for instance, is smaller than all but three of the states, but is eighth in population. There are times when it seems to be almost part of New York, for a tunnel or a bridge takes you into New Jersey in a matter of minutes. Driving westwards from New York the impression is of a fantastically huge industrial area, but some of the details speak quickly for themselves.

It has 12,000 factories and workshops and it supplies vast quantities of market garden produce to its own cities and to New York. There are big potteries, and huge oyster beds; it processes more vegetables than any other state, it is a chemical research centre of great magnitude, and the holiday resorts on the Atlantic make it a kind of Florida of the north.

Driving south, out of New Jersey into Delaware—the smallest state but one—there is a bridge once claimed to be the longest single span bridge in the world. (The claim was made when we drove over it just after it was opened in 1951.) Now, it is firmly established as the sixth longest, and certainly it is one of the finest. But one seldom stops in Delaware on the way north or south, nor in Maryland, in spite of the beauty of Baltimore and the oldest State Capitol in the union.

There are so many places to go, and the night's stop is so far ahead.

Jean and I had a month or more in New York ahead of us, and I was anxious to try to find out whether it had been a waste of dollars and of time.

* * * *

It hadn't been.

The sale of the Hollywood—Lake Placid book, *Runaway* by "Michael Halliday," will pay most of the expenses of the trip. And in New York everything that could go right went right. I

¹ Population :	5,141,000 — ranks eighth.
Area :	8,204 square miles, of which 699 are water, ranks forty-fifth.
Capital :	Trenton.
Nickname :	The Garden State.
Flower :	Violet.
Motto :	Liberty and Prosperity.
Max. speed :	50 m.p.h. (60 on the Turnpike).

began to hope I'd learned a little about the American market for crime.

* * * *

It was no longer dreadfully hot in New York; just hot. Friends visited us, we were in a continual rush until the boys left (with a friend) on the *Mauretania*, and there was no time for everything; before we left we were already dreaming of our next visit.

And we glowed, of course, in the comments of so many friends: "Aren't Richard and Scoopy well behaved."

Sometimes we even agreed!

The attitude towards children is one of as much importance as interest. It is an American as well as an English cliché that American children are badly behaved, whereas the truth is that some are positively angelic. It is another cliché to say that the teenage is the hideous age, and there is much more excuse for believing this. Hideously loud in dress and reckless in behaviour—whenever we saw a car full of teenagers with a teenager at the wheel, we were very careful indeed—they loll up against soda fountains, eating ice cream or drinking sodas or cokes. To be in a drug store when a party invades it, noisily, wildly, pushing and elbowing, is to acquire an immediate and acute dislike of the *genus*. To see them, as we did at Yellowstone National Park, performing a dance which is a cross between a hug and a cuddle, something even less graceful than the Charleston, is enough to depress anyone who judges just on what he sees.

The trouble, of course, is that one notices the bad and accepts the good as normal. At our hotel in Lake Placid, the whole of the waiting and most of the kitchen staff were teenagers. How they worked, and how they condemned any member who didn't do his share! Our waitress was 19, and a student at a Pennsylvania university.

"How much time do you spend at home?" we inquired.

"Oh, not much," she said. "My father's always complaining that he never sees me, I have just one week's vacation at home and then I come up here and work, and I'll have two or three days home when I get back again—just time to get ready for

college again. But if I didn't work on vacation, I couldn't afford to go to college."

It was unthinkable that she shouldn't go.

One hears a great deal about the superiority of the English educational system over the American, especially in the lower age groups, and most Americans grant that ours is more progressive, though some claim that we push our 5 to 10 age group much too hard. However that may be, there has recently been a storm of protest, aided and abetted by the best-selling success of a book entitled: *Why Johnny Can't Read*. Johnny, says this book, is the victim of the new, visual form of learning to read which was adopted several years ago by most states. Johnny was taught to memorise words, instead of learning that C—A—T spells *cat*, and according to many experts, the system has had disastrous results. It still has its influential supporters, but the old system looks as if it's on its way back.

This is an example of the tremendous influence of organised public opinion, and in some respects American public opinion is far ahead of us, and certainly much more vociferous. Other features of the educational system are taken so much for granted that the American is surprised that the English find it novel. The students hunger for learning, for instance.

One common error is to believe that there is any basis of comparison between the noisy American teenager and the English Teddy boy. The Teddy boys are either over or on the borderline of juvenile delinquency or adult crime, the teenager is not. Oh, some young Americans are, and some are really bad; but the violent young criminal is no more typical in the United States today than was the violent gangster of the Al Capone days.

If the trip taught us anything (the book market apart) it was that very little is truly typical of America and Americans—the contrasts are too great. One can read the newspapers in New York or Chicago, Los Angeles or New Orleans, and be shaken if not shocked by the evidence of corruption in high places, among the police and also local government officials, and get an overall impression which is unbelievably bad. One can (we did) go into a cinema (or movie theatre) in Times Square, in the very heart of the United States, and see a two-hour film showing the corruption and crime in a city only two years ago, a true tale

of violence which not only shocks but horrifies. Yet on every hand one can see the evidence which led Patrick O'Donovan to write in the London *Observer* last Christmas Day :

With an astonishing concentration of energy and emotion and in keeping with their post-war determination to be a nation of Church members, the (American) people have exerted themselves to make this a Christian Christmas. The result is irresistible. The proudest and most bitter misanthrope could scarcely resist it. It has its commercial side, of course, but . . . the surprising thing is how restrained and consciously respectful the retail trade has been towards the (Christmas) feast. It is as if the Americans had hunted up the old traditions and kept them alive by an act of will.

The article goes on :

There is a turning back to personal charity, a real fear that someone may be left out. An aged coloured woman in Washington has complained that none of the *four* turkeys she has been given will fit into her oven. A family in Florida has been evicted from their house by the pastor of an undenominational church, and they have been adopted by the town, and the congregation has left the pastor.

Under the gaudiness and the exaggeration there is a very old delight in the feast, and an extraordinary determination to keep it properly.

This is the America Jean and I like; and this is why we like so many Americans. Gaudiness in one shop window, exquisite taste in the next. Vitality, kindliness, a sense of duty and of right; this 'extraordinary determination' in so many things, not least to keep America and the West free from Communism. The same determination serves to keep the American standard of living high and gives Americans the will to labour until the country really lives by one of the proudest declarations ever made by man, in Abraham Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* :

. . . It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining . . . that from these honoured dead we take in-

creased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people by the people for the people shall not perish from the earth.

On the wall of the magnificent Lincoln Memorial in Washington, the whole of this address is engraved. To read and almost to worship at the foot of the statue of Lincoln come throngs of American people. They may be white or black, red or yellow, Americans first and negro or Japanese, Chinese or English, German or Swedish, Dutch or Polynesian afterwards—people of all races, all creeds and all colours. They sink their earlier nationality absolutely into the all-embracing brotherhood of the United States. They come, rich and poor, living in the magnificence of great homes and the luxurious apartments, or living in the squalor of the shanty towns. They come to read and, it seems, they come to refresh themselves and to strengthen that 'extraordinary determination' to make their way of life the best way in the world, and to pass it on to others by example.

Lincoln was a dedicated man—that is so much a truism that it is almost a cliché. What is less commonly realised is *that the Americans are a dedicated people, a people with a mission.*

So are the English, whether they like it or admit it, or not.

America has its dark and ugly side, which shocks many visitors and which is used eagerly by the critics. Stories of corruption and vice are passed on to the peoples of the rest of the world, so naked and so stark that they become a kind of calumny. It is seldom understood, in England or elsewhere, that all this evil and corruption shocks Americans far, far more than it shocks us. The war against vice, against social evils, against crime, against the colour bar, against all forms of injustice, is being waged fiercely every day and everywhere. Senator Kevaufer and his inquiries are not accidental, he is one of the voices and one of the swords of the American people.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

HISTORICAL FACTS ABOUT EACH STATE

State	First Permanent Settlement	Date Settled	By Whom Settled	Admitted as a State
Alabama	Mobile Bay	1702	French	Dec. 14, 1819
Arizona	Tucson	1776	Spaniards	Feb. 14, 1912
Arkansas	Arkansas Post	1686	French	Jun. 15, 1836
California	San Diego	1769	Spaniards	Sep. 9, 1850
Colorado	Conejos	1852	Americans	Aug. 1, 1876
*Connecticut	Windsor	1633	English	Jan. 9, 1788
*Delaware	Wilmington	1638	Swedes	Dec. 7, 1787
Dist. of Columbia		1660	English	Mar. 3, 1791
Florida	St. Augustine	1565	Spaniards	Mar. 3, 1845
*Georgia	Savannah	1733	English	Jan. 2, 1788
Idaho	Franklin	1860	Americans	Jul. 3, 1890
Illinois	Cahokia	1699	French	Dec. 3, 1818
Indiana	Vincennes	? 1732	French	Dec. 11, 1816
Iowa	Dubuque	1833	Americans	Dec. 28, 1846
Kansas	Fort Leaven-			
Kentucky	worth	1827	Americans	Jan. 29, 1861
	Harrodsburg	1774	Americans	Jun. 1, 1792
Louisiana	Natchitoches	1714	French	Apr. 30, 1812
Maine	Saco	1623	English	Mar. 15, 1820
*Maryland	Kent Island	1631	English	Apr. 28, 1788
*Massachusetts	Plymouth	1620	English	Feb. 6, 1788
Michigan	Sault Ste. Marie	1668	French	Jan. 26, 1837
Minnesota	Grand Portage	? 1731	French	May 11, 1858
Mississippi	Biloxi Bay	1699	French	Dec. 10, 1817
Missouri	Ste. Genevieve	1735	French	Aug. 10, 1871
Montana	Bitterroot			
	Valley	? 1855	Americans	Nov. 8, 1889
Nebraska	Bellevue	1810	Americans	Mar. 1, 1867
Nevada	Genoa	1849	Americans	Oct. 31, 1864
*New Hampshire	Dover	1623	English	Jun. 21, 1788
*New Jersey	Bergen	1618	Dutch	Dec. 18, 1787
New Mexico	San Juan	1598	Spaniards	Jan. 6, 1912

APPENDIX A—*continued*

State	First Permanent Settlement	Date Settled	Whom By	Admitted as a State
*New York	Fort Orange	1624	Settled	Jul. 26, 1788
*North Carolina	Albemarle Sound	1660	Dutch English	Nov. 21, 1789
North Dakota	Pembina	1812	Americans	Nov. 2, 1889
Ohio	Marietta	1788	Americans	Mar. 1, 1803
Oklahoma	Salina	?1802	French	Nov. 16, 1907
Oregon	Astoria	1811	Americans	Feb. 14, 1859
*Pennsylvania	Tinicum Island	1643	Swedes	Dec. 12, 1787
*Rhode Island	Providence	1636	English	May 29, 1790
*South Carolina	Charleston	1670	English	May 23, 1788
South Dakota	Fort Pierre	1817	Americans	Nov. 2, 1889
Tennessee	Watauga Valley	1769	English	Jun. 1, 1796
Texas	Ysleta	1682	Spaniards	Dec. 29, 1845
Utah	Salt Lake City	1847	Americans	Mar. 4, 1896
Vermont	Fort Dummer	1724	English	Jan. 4, 1791
*Virginia	Jamestown	1607	English	Jun. 26, 1788
Washington	Vancouver	1825	English	Nov. 11, 1889
West Virginia	Bunker Hill	1726	English	Jun. 20, 1863
Wisconsin	Green Bay	?1716	French	May 29, 1848
Wyoming	Fort Laramie	1834	Americans	Jul. 10, 1890

* One of the Thirteen Original States.

APPENDIX B

An Anglo-American dictionary of everyday words—
from *A Bride's Guide to the U.S.A.*

ENGLISH	AMERICAN
Baby specialist	Pediatrician
Bank holiday	Legal holiday
Banknote	Bill
Basin	Mixing bowl
Biscuit, sweet	Cookie
unsweetened	Cracker
Bill (in a restaurant)	Check
Black treacle	Molasses
Blind	Window shade
Block of flats	Apartment house
Boiled sweets	Candy (hard)
Book a table	Reserve a place
Book passage	Get tickets
Booking office	Ticket window
Boots	Shoes
Braces	Suspenders
 Cab rank	 Taxi stand
Char	Maid
Chemists	Drug store
Chest of drawers (low)	Bureau
Chesterfield, settee, couch	Davenport, couch, sofa
Chips	French fried potatoes
Cinema	Movies
Cornflower	Corn starch
Corsets	Girdle
Cotton wool	Cotton
Court shoes	Pumps
Cupboard	Closet
 Dress circle	 Balcony
Dressing table	Dresser
Dust bin	Ash can

APPENDIX B—*continued*

ENGLISH

AMERICAN

Face flannel

First floor

Flat

Fresh butter

Frying pan

Galoshes

Geyser

Goods wagon

Gramophone

Greengrocer

Grilled

Ground floor

Guard

High boots

High Street

Indian corn (maize)

Ironmongery

Joint

Jug

Ladder (in stocking)

Lavatory

Lift

Luggage

Made-to-order

Margarine

Marrow

Napkins (baby's)

Nursing home

Paraffin

Paraffin wax

Petrol

Plate

Post

Porridge

Potato crisps

Pram

Pullover

Wash rag, wash cloth

Second floor

Apartment

Sweet butter

Skillet, frying pan or spider

Rubbers

Water heater

Freight car

Phonograph

Grocery store

Broiled

First floor

Conductor or brakeman

Boots

Main Street

Corn

Hardware

Roast

Pitcher

Run

Toilet

Elevator

Baggage

Tailor-made

Oleomargarine

Summer squash

Diapers

Private hospital

Kerosene

Paraffin

Gasoline

Silverware

Mail

Oatmeal

Potato chips

Baby carriage

Sweater

APPENDIX B—*continued*
ENGLISH

AMERICAN

Railway
ReturnRailroad
Round tripScone
Shooting
Shop
Shopping
ShutterBiscuit
Hunting
Store
Marketing
BlindSingle (ticket)
Snack bar
Stalls
Solicitor or barrister
Stone bottle
Stores (household)
Subway
Suspender belt
Suspenders or sock suspenders
Sweet (at lunch or dinner),
 savory
SweetsOne way
Lunch counter
Orchestra seats
Lawyer
Jug
Groceries
Underpass
Garter belt
Garters

Dessert
CandyTap
Tinned
Tram
Tramp
Trousers
Trunk call
TubeFaucet
Canned
Street car
Bum (slang)
Pants
Long distance
SubwayUndercut (of beef)
Upper circleTenderloin
Second balconyValve (wireless)
Veranda
Vest (man's)Tube
Porch
UndershirtWaistcoat
Wire
WirelessVest
Telegram
Radio

APPENDIX C

(Facts and Figures about each of the States not discussed in the text. The facts and figures quoted are not comprehensive but are given only to present a general picture.)

ALABAMA

Population : 3,061,143 — ranks seventeenth.
 Area : 51,998 square miles, of which
 719 are water; ranks twenty-eighth.
 Capital : Montgomery.
 Nickname : The Yellowhammer State.
 Flower : Goldenrod.
 Motto : Audemus Jura Nostra Defendere (We Dare Defend Our Rights).
 Maximum speed : 60 m.p.m., 50 m.p.h. at night.

ARIZONA

See page 66.

ARKANSAS

Population : 1,909,000 — ranks thirty-first.
 Area : 53,102 square miles, of which
 377 are water; ranks twenty-sixth.
 Capital : Little Rock.
 Nickname : Wonder State.
 Flower : Apple Blossom.
 Motto : Regnat Populus (the People Rule).
 Maximum speed : 60 m.p.h.

Name derived from Indian word Ugakhapah—two mountainous, two flat regions. Predominantly agricultural. Cotton coming first, cattle second. Poultry, rice (one fifth U.S. total), corn. Forests cover two-thirds state. Twenty-five different metals, mostly coal, petroleum and natural gas. Supplies 93% U.S. bauxite. Only diamonds found in U.S.A. Many new industries due to natural fuel resources.

CALIFORNIA

See page 75.

APPENDIX C—*continued*.

C O L O R A D O

Population :	1,413,000 — ranks thirty-third.
Area :	103,948 square miles, of which 270 are water; ranks seventh.
Capital :	Denver.
Nicknames :	Centennial State; Silver State;
Flower :	Columbine.
Motto :	Nil Sine Numine (Nothing without God).
Maximum speed :	60 m.p.h.

Greatest extent and widest variety mountain scenery in U.S. Several of the most prominent section of Rocky Mountains. Much is high plateau and mesa. (American) prehistoric remains. Gold, silver, fabulous mining camps. Many ghost towns. Ranks second in U.S. production minerals—40 metals in commercial quantities. First state in high-grade stone. Brick clay. Agriculture now main industry due to irrigation—potatoes, corn, wheat, sugar beet, beef and dairy cattle, sheep, hogs.

C O N N E C T I C U T

Population :	2,162,000 — ranks twenty-eighth.
Area :	5,009 square miles, of which 110 are water.
Capital :	Hartford.
Nicknames :	The Nutmeg State; the Constitution State.
Flower :	Mountain Laurel.
Motto :	Qui transtulit. Sustinet. (He who Transplanted still maintains).
Maximum speed :	45 m.p.h. unless otherwise posted.

Hills and lowlands. Great insurance centre. Highest-priced leaf tobacco in U.S. Twelfth in U.S. for manufactured goods, first in manufacture firearms, ammunition, hats, silverware, clocks and watches, pins, ball and roller bearings, aircraft engines, propellers—and hardware. \$4,000,000 fish catch annually.

D E L A W A R E

Population :	358,000 — ranks forty-sixth.
Area :	2,399 square miles, of which 405 are water; ranks forty-seventh.
Capital :	Dover.
Nicknames :	Blue Hen State; First State.
Flower :	Peach Blossom.
Motto :	Liberty and Independence.
Maximum speed :	50 m.p.h.; 55 m.p.h. on four-lane highways.

APPENDIX C—*continued*.

Farming of first importance. Low-lying. Supplies produce to New York and other large urban areas. Cattle, sheep, hogs. Fruit is chief crop.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Population : 802,178

Area : 69 square miles, of which
8 are water.

Flower : American Beauty Rose.

Motto : Justitia Omnibus (Justice to All).

Maximum speed : 25 m.p.h.

Home of capital city, Embassies, Legations, etc. Pentagon largest office building in the world. Washington has more trees than any other city.

FLORIDA

See page 163.

GEORGIA

See page 156.

IDAHO

See page 91.

ILLINOIS

See page 121.

INDIANA

See page 19.

IOWA

Population : 2,605,000 — ranks twenty-second.

Area : 56,280 square miles, of which
294 are water.

Capital : Des Moines.

Nickname : Hawkeye State.

Flower : Wild Rose.

Motto : Our Liberties We Prize and
our rights we will maintain.

Maximum speed : Reasonable and proper.

One of the prairie states. Many lakes. Mainly agricultural. Produces more corn than any other comparable area in the world—produces a tenth of world corn crop. More oats and hogs than any other state. Butter, eggs, fruit, popcorn—and timothy seed. Leads states in *per capita* wealth. Farm instruments, fountain pens, cosmetics, railroad equipment. Some coal.

APPENDIX C—*continued*.

K A N S A S

Population :	2,006,000 — ranks twenty-ninth.
Area :	82,276 square miles, of which 163 are water; ranks thirteenth.
Capital :	Topeka.
Nicknames :	Sunflower State; Jayhawk State.
Flower :	Sunflower.
Motto :	Ad Astra per Aspera (To the stars through difficulties).
Maximum speed :	Reasonable and prudent.

Midway between Pacific and Atlantic, and midway between northern and southern boundaries of U.S. Prairie—rising in west. More farms than any state except Texas. Leads U.S. in wheat and eggs, corn, oats. Monopoly of apple seedlings, 90% U.S. output. Fifth in cattle raised for slaughter. Sixth in race horses. Oil. Part of world's largest known natural gas field. Aeroplane manufacture.

K E N T U C K Y

See page 162.

L O U I S I A N A

Population :	2,683,516 — ranks twenty-first.
Area :	48,523 square miles, of which 3,346 are water; ranks thirtieth.
Capital :	Baton Rouge.
Nicknames :	Creole State, Pelican State.
Flower :	Magnolia.
Motto :	Union, Justice, Confidence.
Maximum speed :	Careful and prudent.

M A I N E

Population :	914,000 — ranks thirty-sixth.
Area :	33,215 square miles, of which 2,175 are water.
Capital :	Augusta.
Nicknames :	Pine Tree State; "Old Dirigo."
Flower :	White Pine Cone.
Motto :	Dirigo (Direct).
Maximum speed :	45 m.p.h.

Nearly as large as rest of New England put together. Forests chief asset. Pulp and paper, boots and shoes, woollen goods. Second to California in canned fish. Poultry leading farm produce. Claims largest potato growing area in world. Granite.

APPENDIX C—*continued*.

MARYLAND

Population :	2,541,000 — ranks twenty-third.
Area :	10,577 square miles, of which 690 are water; ranks forty-first.
Capital :	Annapolis.
Nicknames :	The Old Line State; the Free State.
Flower :	Black-eyed Susan.
Motto :	Fatti Maschii, Parole Femine (Manly Deeds, Womanly Words).
Maximum speed :	50 m.p.h.; 55 m.p.h. on dual-lane highways.

Predominantly agricultural. Turkeys. Food processing. General manufacturing. Coal, granite and oysters.

MICHIGAN

Population :	6,852,000 — ranks seventh.
Area :	58,216 square miles, of which 1,194 are covered by inland waters. Michigan also includes 39,960 square miles of water surface of the Great Lakes. Ranks twenty-second.
Capital :	Lansing.
Nickname :	The Wolverine State.
Flower :	Apple Blossom.
Motto :	Si Quaeris Peninsulam Amoenam Circumspice (If Thou Seekest a Beautiful Peninsula, Behold It Here).
Maximum speed :	Reasonable and proper.

11,000 inland lakes. Second state in copper and iron. Rise of automobile industry transformed state—first in U.S. in manufacture of automobiles, auto parts, chemical products. Produces large variety goods. First in production beans, second in cherries, plums and mint, third in *grapes*, sugar beet.

MINNESOTA

See page 117.

MASSACHUSETTS

Population :	4,900,000 — ranks ninth.
Area :	8,257 square miles, of which are water; ranks forty-fourth.
Capital :	Boston.

APPENDIX C—*continued*.

Nicknames :	The Bay State; the Old Colony State.
Flower :	Mayflower.
Motto :	Euse Petit Placidam Sub Libertate Quietem. (With the sword she seeks quiet, peace under liberty).

Great natural advantages. Seventh state in value of manufactured goods. One-fifth of state is agricultural. Tobacco. Fruit. Fisheries.

MISSISSIPPI

See page 160.

MISSOURI

Population :	4,096,000 — ranks twelfth.
Area :	69,674 square miles, of which 404 are water; ranks eighteenth.
Capital :	Jefferson City.
Nicknames :	Mother of the West; Show Me State.
Flower :	Hawthorn.
Motto :	Salus Populi Suprema Lex Esta (The Welfare of the people shall be the supreme law).
Maximum speed :	Reasonable and proper.

In heart of America. Mild climate. Agriculture main industry. Corn main crop. St. Louis produces more beer than any centre in the country. Leading centre for slaughtering, meat packing. Third in U.S. in production shoes. Timber. Large lead and zinc mines.

MONTANA

See page 100.

NEBRASKA

Population :	1,347,000 — ranks thirty-fourth.
Area :	77,237 square miles, of which 584 are water; ranks fourteenth.
Capital :	Lincoln.
Nickname :	Cornhusker State.
Flower :	Goldenrod.
Motto :	Equality Before the Law.
Maximum speed :	60 m.p.h.; 50 m.p.h. at night.

Gateway to west. Vast wheat and cornfields. Badlands and Buttes. One of the leading states in agriculture and livestock. More native grasses than any other state. Meat packing. Large lead smelting works. Largest production potash in U.S. Oil.

NEVADA

See page 70.

APPENDIX C—*continued.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Population :	527 — ranks forty-fourth.
Area :	9,304 square miles, of which 280 are water.
Capital :	Concord.
Nickname :	The Granite State.
Flower :	Purple Lilac.
Motto :	Live Free or Die.
Maximum speed :	50 m.p.h.

Manufacturing chief industry, due ample water power. Boots, shoes, cotton, rayon, paper, wood pulp, lumber. One-third of area agricultural. Poultry, dairy products. Fourth in U.S. in production granite.

NEW JERSEY

See page 178.

NEW MEXICO

See page 63.

NEW YORK

See page 133.

NORTH CAROLINA

See page 151.

NORTH DAKOTA

See page 115.

OHIO

See page 138.

OKLAHOMA

Population :	2,251,000 — ranks twenty-fifth.
Area :	69,919 square miles, of which 636 are water; ranks seventeenth.
Capital :	Oklahoma City.
Nickname :	Sooner State.
Flower :	Mistletoe.
Motto :	Labor omnia Vincit. (Labour conquers all).
Maximum speed :	65 m.p.h.; 55 m.p.h. night.

More than 30 tribes of Indians comprising 36% of Indian population of U.S. Great plain with areas mountains and broken tableland. Over half area agricultural. Wheat, corn, oats, cotton, potatoes, sheep, cattle, hogs, poultry. One of leading petroleum states.

APPENDIX C—*continued.*

OREGON

Population :	1,602,000 — ranks thirty-second.
Area :	96,981 square miles, of which 631 are water.
Capital :	Salem.
Nickname :	Beaver State.
Motto :	The Union.
Maximum speed :	55 m.p.h.

Mountains and rivers, produces virtually every crop known north of the tropics. Apples, prunes, pears, filberts, walnuts. Second state in U.S. in acreage of hops. Dairy farming. Sheep. Livestock. Total farm income over \$408,000,000 annually. More virgin timber than any other state, 355 *billion* feet of standing timber (trees). Pulp, paper, timber. Aluminium. 500,000 cases salmon annually. Most basic metals.

PENNSYLVANIA

See page 136.

RHODE ISLAND

Population :	817,000 — ranks thirty-seventh.
Area :	1,214 square miles, of which 156 are water; ranks forty-eighth.
Capital :	Providence.
Nickname :	Little Rhody.
Flower :	Violet.
Motto :	Hope.
Maximum speed :	Reasonable and proper.

Smallest state, 48 miles long, 38 wide. Could be placed 200 times in Texas. Most densely populated state and one of most highly industrialized. Birthplace textile industry, textile industry most extensive. Has in Providence largest jewellery manufacturing centre in world. Two-thirds of state is forest, one-sixth agriculture. Birthplace Rhode Island Reds.

SOUTH CAROLINA

See page 154.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Population :	657,000 — ranks fortieth.
Area :	77,047 square miles, of which 747 are water; ranks fifteenth.
Capital :	Pierre.
Nicknames :	Sunshine State; Coyote State.

APPENDIX C—*continued*.

Flower :	Anemone
Motto :	Under God the people rule.
Maximum speed :	60 m.p.h.; 50 m.p.h. night.

Some of highest mountains in Rockies. Agriculture and stock-raising lead industries. Meat packing, sugar plants. Gold most important mineral. Mines been working continuously for 75 years. Silver, copper.

T E N N E S S E E

Population :	3,291,718 — ranks sixteenth.
Area :	42,246 square miles, of which 285 are water; ranks thirty-third.
Capital :	Nashville.
Nickname :	Volunteer State.
Flower :	Iris.
Motto :	Agriculture, Commerce.
Maximum speed :	Reasonable and proper.

T E X A S

See page 53.

U T A H

See page 86.

V E R M O N T

Population :	377,000 — ranks forty-fifth.
Area :	9,528 square miles, of which 430 are water; ranks forty-second.
Capital :	Monpelier.
Nickname :	Green Mountain State.
Flower :	Red Clover.
Motto :	Freedom and unity.
Maximum speed :	50 m.p.h.

Dairying state, supplies Boston, third among states supply New York City with milk and cream. Potatoes, turkeys, apples, poultry. Leads country in production of marble (100 varieties). Produces 96% of U.S. asbestos. Two-thirds are forest. Textiles, general manufacturing.

V I R G I N I A

See page 149.

APPENDIX C—*continued*.

WASHINGTON

Population : 2,478,000 ranks twenty-fourth.
Area : 69,127 square miles, of which
2,291 are water; ranks nineteenth.
Capital : Olympia.
Nicknames : Evergreen State; Chinook State.
Flower : Rhododendron.
Maximum speed : 50 m.p.h.

Mountains and plains. One-third area agricultural. Leads U.S. in production apples (quarter whole supply). Grains. Dairy farming. Lumber. 5,500 manufacturing plants. Only Pacific coast state with important coal mines. 200 varieties edible fish, leads state in fish, five species of salmon.

WEST VIRGINIA

See page 145.

WISCONSIN

See page 120.

WYOMING

See page 92.

APPENDIX D

CRIMINAL STATISTICS

Crimes and Offences made known to the police

ENGLAND:

Indictable offences—1953					
Violence against the Person	...	...	...	...	7,083
Sexual Offences	...	...	...	...	16,317
Receiving	...	...	...	...	7,786
Frauds and False Pretences	...	...	...	...	27,763
Breaking and Entering	...	...	...	...	88,607
Larceny	...	...	...	...	308,578
Other Indictable Offences	...	...	...	...	16,855
Total	...	...	...	...	<u>472,989</u>

SCOTLAND:

Indictable offences—1953					
<i>Crimes—</i>					
Against the person :					
With violence	...	...	...	...	1,265
Other	...	...	...	...	1,967
Against Property :					
Housebreaking	...	...	...	...	26,847
Theft	...	...	...	...	33,486
Malicious Mischief	...	...	...	...	5,893
Other	...	...	...	...	6,128
<i>Offences—</i>					
Breach of Peace	...	...	...	...	21,312
Drunkenness	...	...	...	...	12,433
Against the Road Acts	...	...	...	...	47,945
Other Offences	...	...	...	...	30,584
Total all Crimes and Offences	...	...	...	...	<u>189,140</u>

APPENDIX D—*continued*.

U. S. GOVERNMENT CRIME REPORTS

Source: Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice

Offense—1954

Murder and nonnegli. manslaughter	...	...	6,850
Manslaughter by negligence	...	...	5,410
Rape	...	...	18,030
Robbery	...	...	67,420
Aggravated assault	...	...	93,540
Burglary	...	...	519,190
Larceny	...	...	1,340,870
Auto theft	...	...	215,940
Total	...	...	<u>2,267,250</u>

APPENDIX E

United States Population (Official Census), 1790-1950

<i>Year</i>					<i>Population</i>
1800	...	...	...	...	5,308,483
1810	...	...	...	...	7,239,881
1820	...	...	...	...	9,638,453
1830	...	...	...	...	12,866,020
1840	...	...	...	...	17,069,453
1850	...	...	...	...	23,191,876
1860	...	...	...	...	31,443,321
1870	...	...	...	...	38,558,371
1880	...	...	...	...	50,155,783
1890	...	...	...	...	62,947,714
1900	...	...	...	...	75,994,575
1910	...	...	...	...	91,972,266
1920	...	...	...	...	105,710,620
1930	...	...	...	...	122,775,046
1940	...	...	...	...	131,669,275
1950	...	...	...	...	150,697,361

APPENDIX F

AMERICAN INDIAN POPULATION BY STATES

Source : Bureau of the Census

<i>State</i>	1950	1940	<i>State</i>	1950	1940
Ala.	928	464	Ia.	1,084	733
Ariz.	65,761	55,076	Kan.	2,381	1,165
Ark.	533	278	Ky.	234	44
Cal.	19,947	18,675	La.	409	1,801
Col.	1,567	1,360	Me.	1,522	1,251
Conn.	333	201	Md.	314	73
Del.		14	Mass.	1,201	769
D.C.	330	190	Mich.	7,000	6,282
Fla.	1,011	690	Minn.	12,533	12,528
Ga.	333	106	Miss.	2,502	2,134
Ida.	3,800	3,537	Mo.	547	330
Ill.	1,443	624	Mont.	16,606	16,841
Ind.	438	223	Neb.	3,954	3,401
<i>State</i>	1950	1940	<i>State</i>	1950	1940
Nev.	5,025	4,747	S.D.	23,344	23,347
N.H.	74	50	Tenn.	339	114
N.J.	621	211	Texas	2,736	1,103
N.M.	41,901	34,510	Utah	4,201	3,611
N.Y.	10,640	8,651	Vt.	30	16
N.C.	3,742	22,546	Va.	1,056	198
N.D.	10,766	10,114	Wash.	13,816	11,394
Ohio	1,146	338	W. Va.	160	25
Okla.	53,769	63,125	Wis.	12,196	12,265
Ore.	5,820	4,594	Wyo.	3,237	2,349
Pa.	1,141	441			
R.I.	385	196			
S.C.	554	1,234			
Total U.S.	1950	...	343,410.		
Total U.S.	1940	...	333,969.		

APPENDIX G

PENALTIES FOR MURDER IN THE
UNITED STATES

Often penalties can apply to conviction for rape, kidnapping for ransom, arson, treason, etc., and/or the law permits a jury to recommend a sentence other than death.

<i>State</i>	<i>Penalty</i>	<i>State</i>	<i>Penalty</i>
Alabama	Electrocution	New Mexico	Electrocution
Arizona	Lethal Gas	New York	Electrocution
Arkansas	Electrocution	N. Carolina	Lethal Gas
California	Lethal Gas	N. Dakota	Life Imprisonm't
Colorado	Lethal Gas	Ohio	Electrocution
Connecticut	Electrocution	Oklahoma	Electrocution
Delaware	Hanging	Oregon	Lethal Gas
Dist. of Col.	Electrocution	Pennsylvania	Electrocution
Florida	Electrocution	Rhode Island	Life Imprisonm't
Georgia	Electrocution	S. Carolina	Electrocution
Idaho	Hanging ¹	S. Dakota	Electrocution
Illinois	Electrocution	Tennessee	Electrocution
Indiana	Electrocution	Texas	Electrocution
Iowa	Hanging	Utah	Hanging or Shooting
Kansas	Hanging	Vermont	Electrocution
Kentucky	Electrocution ¹	Virginia	Electrocution
Louisiana	Electrocution	Washington	Hanging ¹
Maine	Life Imprisonm't	W. Virginia	Electrocution
Maryland	Hanging	Wisconsin	Life Imprisonm't
Mass.	Electrocution	Wyoming	Lethal Gas
Michigan	Life Imprisonm't	U. S. Govt.	Death or Life
Minnesota	Life Imprisonm't	Alaska	Hanging
Mississippi	Electrocution	Canal Zone	Hanging
Missouri	Lethal Gas	Hawaii	Hanging
Montana	Hanging	Puerto Rico	Life Imprisonm't
Nebraska	Electrocution	Virgin Is.	Hanging
Nevada	Lethal Gas		
New Hamp.	Hanging		
New Jersey	Electrocution		

¹ Or life imprisonment: jury decides penalty.

APPENDIX H

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PRINCIPAL TYPES OF ACCIDENTAL DEATHS

Source: National Safety Council estimates

Year	All types	Motor vehicle	Falls	Burns ¹	Drowning ²	Railroad	Firearms	Poison Gas	Other Poisons
1949	90,106	31,701	22,308	5,982	6,684	3,571	2,326	1,617	1,634
1950	91,249	34,763	20,783	6,405	6,131	3,667	2,174	1,769	1,584
1951	95,871	36,996	21,376	6,788	6,489	3,631	2,247	1,627	1,497
1952	96,000	38,300	20,945	6,922	6,601	3,200	2,210	1,397	1,440
1953	95,000	38,300	20,600	6,600	6,600	3,200	2,250	1,300	1,450
1954		36,000	19,900	6,300	6,200	2,700	2,200	1,300	1,400

LET'S LOOK AT AMERICA

DEATH RATES, Per 100,000 population

Year	All types	Motor vehicle	Falls	Burns ¹	Drowning ²	Railroad	Firearms	Poison Gas	Other Poisons
1949	60.6	21.3	15.0	4.0	4.5	2.4	1.6	1.1	1.1
1950	60.3	23.0	13.7	4.2	4.1	2.4	1.4	1.2	1.1
1951	62.5	24.1	13.9	4.4	4.2	2.4	1.5	1.1	1.0
1952	61.6	24.3	13.5	4.4	4.2	2.1	1.4	0.9	0.9
1953	60.0	24.2	13.0	4.2	4.2	2.0	1.4	0.8	0.9
1954		22.3	12.4	3.9	3.9	1.7	1.4	0.8	0.9

¹ Includes burns by fire and deaths resulting from conflagration, regardless of nature of injury.
² Includes drownings in water transport accidents.

APPENDIX I

NORMAL IMMIGRATION QUOTAS

Asterisk (*) denotes Trust Territory

<i>Quota area</i>	<i>Quota</i>	<i>Quota area</i>	<i>Quota</i>
Afghanistan	100	Italy	5,645
Albania	100	Japan	185
Andorra	100	Jordan	100
Arab Peninsula	100	Korea	100
Asia-Pacific triangle	100	Laos	100
Australia	100	Latvia	235
Austria	1,405	Lebanon	100
Belgium	1,297	Liberia	100
Bhutan	100	Libya	100
Bulgaria	100	Liechtenstein	100
Burma	100	Lithuania	384
Cambodia	100	Luxembourg	100
Cameroons U.K.*	100	Monaco	100
Cameroun Fr.*	100	Morocco	100
Ceylon	100	Muscat (Oman)	100
China	100	Nauru (Aus.)*	100
Chinese	105	Nepal	100
Czechoslovakia	2,859	Netherlands	3,136
Danzig	100	New Guinea (Aus.)*	100
Denmark	1,175	New Zealand	100
Egypt	100	Norway	2,364
Estonia	115	Pacific Is. (U.S.)*	100
Ethiopia	100	Pakistan	100
Finland	566	Palestine	100
France	3,069	Philippines	100
Germany	25,814	Poland	6,488
Gt. Brit., N. Ire.	65,361	Portugal	438
Greece	308	Ruanda-Urundi	
Hungary	865	(Belgium)*	100
Iceland	100	Rumania	289
India	100	Samoa, Western (N.Z.)*	100
Indonesia	100	San Marino	100
Iran (Persia)	100	Saudi Arabia	100
Iraq.	100	Somaliland (It.)*	100
Ireland (Eire)	17,756	S.W. Africa	100
Israel	100	Spain	250

APPENDIX I—*continued*.

<i>Quota area</i>	<i>Quota</i>	<i>Quota area</i>	<i>Quota</i>
Sweden	3,295	Trieste	100
Switzerland	1,698	Turkey	225
Syria	100	U. of S.A.	100
Tangayika (U.K.)*	100	U.S.S.R.	2,697
Thailand (Siam)	100	Vietnam	100
Togo (Fr.)*	100	Yemen	100
Togoland (U.K.)*	100	Yugoslavia	933
		Total	... 154,657

APPENDIX J

Immigrants admitted from all countries : Fiscal Year

<i>Year</i>	<i>Number</i>	<i>Year</i>	<i>Number</i>	<i>Year</i>	<i>Number</i>
1820	8,385	1889	444,427	1922	309,556
1830	23,322	1890	455,302	1923	522,919
1840	84,066	1891	560,319	1924	706,896
1850	369,980	1892	579,663	1925	294,314
1860	153,640	1893	439,730	1926	304,488
1861	91,918	1894	285,631	1927	335,175
1862	91,985	1895	258,536	1928	307,255
1863	176,282	1896	343,267	1929	279,678
1864	193,418	1897	230,832	1930	241,700
1865	248,120	1898	229,299	1931	97,139
1866	318,568	1899	311,715	1932	35,576
1867	315,722	1900	448,572	1933	23,068
1868	138,840	1901	487,918	1934	29,470
1869	352,768	1902	648,743	1935	34,956
1870	387,203	1903	857,046	1936	36,329
1871	321,350	1904	812,870	1937	50,244
1872	404,806	1905	1,026,499	1938	57,895
1873	459,803	1906	1,100,735	1939	82,998
1874	313,339	1907	1,285,349	1940	70,756
1875	227,498	1908	782,870	1941	51,776
1876	169,986	1909	751,786	1942	28,781
1877	141,857	1910	1,041,570	1943	23,725
1878	138,469	1911	878,587	1944	28,551
1879	177,826	1912	838,172	1945	38,119
1880	457,257	1913	1,197,892	1946	108,721
1881	669,431	1914	1,218,480	1947	147,292
1882	788,992	1915	326,700	1948	170,570
1883	603,322	1916	298,826	1949	188,317
1884	518,592	1917	295,403	1950	249,187
1885	395,346	1918	110,618	1951	205,717
1886	334,203	1919	141,132	1952	265,520
1887	490,109	1920	430,001	1953	170,434
1888	546,889	1921	805,228	1954	208,177

 Total : 40,175,330

APPENDIX K

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS IN THE

UNITED STATES

Every four years—on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November—the people of the United States go to the polls to elect their President for the ensuing four years.

At the same time that the people of the United States elect their President, they elect other governmental officials. The Vice-President is also chosen by ballot, and his selection is, of course, second in importance only to that of the President. In fact, there is a mutual influence between the President and Vice-Presidential candidates in the minds of the people, because the people elect the two from the same political Party. Consequently.

ELECTION ACTIVITY: MARCH TO NOVEMBER

Although the Presidential election does not take place until November its imminence makes itself felt many months ahead. During March the first of the "State Primary Elections" to choose Presidential electors are held. Leading contenders of both major political parties undergo rigorous tests of public acceptance or rejection.

From March until the national political party conventions are held in August, when official party candidates are finally chosen, each potential candidate for nomination is given the widest possible hearing, by press, radio, television and on public-speaking platforms. At times these political discussions and debates become sharp and heated.

From the end of the conventions until the day before Election Day in November the major candidates tour the nation. Often they address the voters from the rear platforms of railway trains in countless small communities. They are seen and heard via television by as many as 90,000,000 people during a single programme, and they are heard by millions more in city auditoriums and over the radio.

In a Presidential election year, one-third of the members of the Senate—the upper house of Congress—are also due for election.

This represents 32 of the 96 Senators. At the same time any vacancies caused by death or other reasons will be filled.

All 435 members of the House of Representatives are also due for election. Senators are elected for six-year terms, with a third of the Senate membership coming up for election each two years, while Representatives are elected for two-year terms.

Congressmen are chosen in State elections. Since each State is represented by two Senators, all voters of the entire State vote for their Senatorial candidates. Representatives, who in most cases represent geographical districts within the State, determined by population size, are elected by the voters of each such Congressional district.

FOUR MAJOR STEPS

Four major steps are required for the selection of President and Vice-President. They are :

- (1) The selection of delegates to the national party conventions. This selection is carried out in various ways, as explained later—through State Primary elections, State party conventions, or other means.
- (2) The pre-election national party conventions at which the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates are named and the “party platforms” adopted.
- (3) The public balloting on November 6—the “popular” vote. This chooses “Electors,” the men who cast the formal States’ votes in a later meeting known as the Electoral College.
- (4) The formal casting of the votes by the Electors, which takes place on a designated day in December.

FIRST STEP : SELECTING CONVENTION DELEGATES

The first step in the election of an American President—and the one which begins to claim world news attention in March or earlier during a Presidential election year—is the selection of delegates to the national political party conventions.

The delegates are chosen by various methods. In many States, State-wide political conventions are held at which the party delegates are elected. In others, State party executive committees choose party delegates. In yet others, a mixture of these and other methods is used. But the process which gains most world press attention is that of the “State Primary” elections, held in a number of States to choose their national convention delegates.

Some primaries are elections which choose delegates, but do not directly indicate choice of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. Others designate choices for these candidates, but do not directly choose delegates—who are designated by State party conventions or by some other method. In some States, one party follows

one system, the other another. The majority, however, are "Preferential Primaries," at which voters elect delegates to the national conventions and, at the same time, express preferences for Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates.

The differences between these "Primaries" are many. In California and Minnesota, for example, delegates elected are pledged to support the convention candidates under whose banners they are chosen. In Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Jersey and West Virginia, on the other hand, they are not. In Ohio, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania a delegate is "pledged" only if he signs a pledge. In Oregon an elected delegate is pledged unless he has been elected on the basis of a petition. In Wisconsin, he is pledged unless he has run specifically as an "uninstructed delegate."

Some States require that a Presidential candidate's consent be gained before his name goes on a State ballot; others do not. But again there are variants: in New Hampshire and New Jersey a candidate's name goes on the ballot without his consent—but will be withdrawn at his request. In West Virginia, the candidate must not only consent, but must pay a filing fee.

Essentially, however, the importance of all these "Primaries" during the period of March through June is that they give the voters, nationally, an indication of the response to various potential national candidates. And they stimulate political debate in one region after another.

SECOND STEP : THE NATIONAL PARTY CONVENTIONS

Each year the two major political conventions are held in August. Anything up to a maximum total of 4,640 delegates and alternatives—but with a total vote of 1,372—will attend the Democratic Convention. Delegates to the Republican Convention will total 1,323, each with one vote, plus an authorized 1,323 alternates. Each party will nominate, by a popular election of the delegates, its official candidates for President and Vice-President. A simple majority vote establishes the party "ticket" in each case.

Today the machinery for the conduct of the party conventions is well established. At each convention, a temporary chairman is chosen, usually to deliver the party's "keynote" speech. After a Credentials Committee seats the various delegates, a permanent chairman is elected, as well as members of the four important convention committees: the Committee on Permanent Organisation; the Committee on Rules and Order of Business; the Committee on Credentials; and the Committee on the Platform (sometimes known as the Committee on Resolutions). The first two are purely functional; the Committee on Credentials presents its solution of the claims by any rival delegates to seats at the convention.

The Committee on the Party Platform is by far the most important of the four, and the contest over election of its membership, like that waged over the election of the permanent chairman, often

like hat waged over the election of the permanent chairman, often gives a foretaste of the contest to be waged over the Presidential nomination.

It is interesting to note, however, that this party convention system has been a product of evolution, rather than a process inherent in Constitutional law. The Constitution provides for the election of a President through the votes of Electors chosen by the States—but it designates no method by which candidates are to be nominated. The State Electors were to vote for two men each, and if a clear majority was lacking the House of Representatives was to choose a President and a Vice-President from among those five men receiving the most votes. For some years there were no “parties” as they exist today.

PARTY PLATFORMS : HOW THEY EVOLVE

The Platform Committee draws up the party outline of policy : a notification to party members and to the whole electorate of that party's stand on important domestic and international issues. There are frequently stiff contests over the platform's various “planks.” Public hearings enable non-party groups to present their views. After much discussion and the making of concessions by proponents of one point of view or another, the platform is drawn up and presented to the convention for adoption. Although the actual committee work is done before the nomination of the party's candidates, the platform may be adopted at any time during the convention—before, during or after the nomination.

By the third or fourth day, the climax of the convention usually arrives—the Presidential nomination. The names of candidates are placed before the convention during an alphabetical roll-call of State delegations. Each State delegation names the man of its choice.

When Alabama's name is called, one of its delegates may stand and put forward a name. If the candidate favoured by the Alabama delegation is a resident of another State, however, the Alabama delegation may yield its position to this candidate's State, whose delegation will then nominate the desired man. The roll-call then returns to alphabetical order with the next State, Arizona.

Built up through custom and tradition during the many years of national conventions, an interesting and colourful sidelight of the conventions is that, as each State candidate's name is called, an organ or a band plays the traditional State song, and the delegation enthusiastically parades through the hall carrying placards supporting its candidate. The other delegations and the gallery, if they support the nominee, join in the demonstration.

After the roll-call is finished and all the candidates' names are before the convention, voting begins. Again the States are called

by alphabetical roll, but this time each State announces its vote in order.

CONVENTION CONTESTS CAN BE STUBBORN

On this first ballot, votes of each State delegation are often given to "favourite sons" who usually fade from the picture after the first vote. It has happened that the party's nominee is selected on the first ballot, but this is a rarity.

At the end of the first ballot two or three candidates are usually well in the lead. Then behind-the-scenes activity begins, with each leader attempting to round up more votes. Some State delegations hold back from joining a majority until concessions are made to their State objectives regarding policy.

The roll of the delegations is called over and over again until one candidate has a clear majority vote of the entire convention. This repeated balloting represents a real effort to choose the candidate who, in the convention's opinion, is most acceptable to the electorate generally. Public reaction as the balloting progresses frequently has much to do with the changing of votes from one candidate to another.

As both parties choose candidates by a simple majority, this means that 687 (of 1,372) Democratic votes bring nomination for this party, and 662 (of 1,323) Republican votes will result in nomination.

After the candidate for President is named, the candidate for Vice-President is nominated in the same manner. A President and a Vice-President cannot come from one State, and usually candidates are selected from widely-separated sections of the nation in order to increase the appeal of the party "ticket."

When the national conventions which have nominated the party candidates and adopted the party platforms or programmes are over, the intensive election campaigns proper begin, lasting, until Election Day in November.

THIRD STEP : THE NATIONAL ELECTION

The people of the United States goes to the polls early in November to vote for their chosen candidates for President and Vice-President.

The ballot box often has been called the cornerstone of democratic government. Polling booths are set in many easily accessible places in all cities, towns and rural centres—in stores, schools, and public buildings. The polls open early in the morning and remain open late in the evening, allowing all citizens ample time to cast ballots. In some States arrangements are made for those away from home to obtain ballots in advance, and vote by mail.

THE VOTING

The citizen is free to choose whatever candidate he or she wishes, in complete secrecy, either by marking a paper ballot or by pulling a lever of a voting machine which automatically records the choice.

Each voting place is supervised by election officials designated by the political parties. In order to cast a ballot, each voter must be registered on the public rolls. It is the privilege of a "watcher" to challenge the vote of any person not properly registered. In case of a challenge, an Election Board investigates and decides on the eligibility of the vote.

COUNTING THE VOTES

Immediately the voting ends, officials begin tabulating the ballots, and the count is reported to district centres as soon as it is completed. Newspapers, radio and television stations keep the public informed of the progress of the counting as figures become available. In all villages, towns and cities throughout the country, citizens gather at their radios and TV sets or in front of newspaper bulletin boards. Results are flashed across the country and around the world by Press services.

FOURTH STEP: THE "ELECTORAL COLLEGE" VOTE

Final results of the election of the President and Vice-President are known in fact soon after election day. However one formality remains—the Electoral vote—which is provided for in the United States Constitution. The Electoral College system, as it is called, was set up by the framers of the Constitution in 1787 in keeping with the situation prevailing at that time.

At that time, educational facilities had not become widespread nor was there a real "national" awareness of candidates and interests. Therefore, the framers of the Constitution sought to entrust the final selection of men to fill the most important offices of government to those having the best knowledge and experience. The Constitution provided that these men, known as Electors, were to be chosen in each State in a manner prescribed by the individual State legislatures.

Thus, an "indirect" election procedure was created, with the people of each State voting for Electors rather than for a candidate for President, and with the Electors free to make their own decisions in casting their votes. The members of each State's winning group of Electors were to meet on a designated day in December, cast their votes and send them to the President of the Senate at the national Capitol. Here they were to be opened and the winning candidate for President determined.

THE INDIRECT VOTE SHORT-LIVED

This early method was actually followed only for the first five Presidential elections. Within a short time it became the practice for State voters to vote for an Elector only after he had pledged himself in advance to vote for the man of their choice. Then, in 1808, one of the parties adopted the principle that the party's choice for President bound all Electors nominated by the party. That decision, immediately adopted by other parties, transferred election power directly to the voters within each State. However, the Constitutional electoral law has never been changed, and the nominal form of a choice delegated entirely to the Electoral College remains.

The actual working of the Electoral College procedure in elections today is fairly simple. First the individual ballots cast for each party's candidate for President are totalled in each State. Since a party's candidate for Vice-President automatically receives the same number of votes as its Presidential candidate, no separate Vice-Presidential tally is made. The candidate for President obtaining the most votes (plurality) in each State is considered to be the choice of the entire State. As a result, the winning candidate gets the State's entire block of Electoral votes.

HOW THE "COLLEGE" IS ESTABLISHED

Each State has as many Electoral votes as it has members in the United States Senate and House of Representatives. Since each of the 48 States is represented by two Senators, variations in their Electoral vote spring from differences in their membership in the House, which is proportionate to population. For example, Nevada, the least populated State, has three Electoral votes—one for its Representative and two for its Senators. On the other hand, New York, the most populous State, has 45 Electoral votes—43 for its Representatives and two for its Senators.

After it has been determined which States each Presidential candidate has carried, the Electoral votes of each of these States are totalled. To win the election, a candidate must obtain at least 266 Electoral votes—a majority of the total of 531 apportioned among the 48 States.

ELECTORAL VOTE AND POPULAR VOTE

Because a candidate who wins a State's popular vote by even the smallest margin also wins its entire Electoral vote, there may be a wide gap between a candidate's percentage of the national *popular* vote and of the *Electoral* vote. In the 1940 election, for example, the late President Roosevelt was the choice of 55 per cent of the

individual voters—but won 84 per cent of the Electoral vote.

Moreover, a candidate carrying enough States by small popular vote margins, and losing others by large margins, can actually receive a minority of the total national popular vote and yet a majority of the Electoral vote. This has happened only twice, however; in 1876 and 1888.

Certain populous States are classified as “pivotal,” since the Electoral vote of any one of them may swing a close election. States generally consider “pivotal” besides New York with its 45 votes are Pennsylvania and California, with 32 Electoral votes each; Illinois, with 27; Ohio, with 25; Texas, with 24; Michigan, with 20, and New Jersey and Massachusetts, with 16 each.

The formal Electoral College balloting takes place on the first Monday after the second Wednesday in December, when the Electors cast their votes in their respective State capitals, according to formal procedure. Since they are previously pledged to one party and its candidate on the ballot, the results are virtually assured and already known.

Should no candidate receive a majority of the Electoral vote for President, the House of Representatives would be called upon to choose a President from among the three highest candidates. The vote would be taken by State, rather than by individuals, with a majority of 25 States needed to elect.

The final step comes when the votes of the Electors, certified by the States, are sent to Congress. The President of the Senate opens the certificates and has them counted in the presence of both houses of Congress in January. The result of this tally is the legal end of the election.

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